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APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN.



CHAPTER I.

I HAVE had the courage to dare for happiness. A life of negation, of surrender, drove me to the conviction that to each of us belongs the right to the happiness we most desire. If life is but an experiment, why not try the experiment each in his own way? It appeared to me, as I thought on the subject, that many souls are lost because of misery and of thwarting, and this did not seem to be the Divine order. For years I looked at my happiness through the eyes of another, and I found it bitter, barren, and without color. Then, when the time came, I said that Fate having refused to me what I most wished for, it should give me what I chose for the one who was dearest to me. And I took it.

In my strife for happiness I did not think of myself. My mistakes were made, my headlong course was taken, thinking only of another. Looking only at her, I did not see the path into which my feet were going. When I was but a child I used to hear that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, that his days are few and full of evil, and I did not believe it. In my heart I said that happiness, not grief, is our natural heritage, and because this is so, the whole race of man longs and strives for it. If this life shuts upon us the door of Paradise, we picture the next life opening it, and as here our miseries outweigh our joys, there our joys are to know no shadow. If here we are forlorn, there our destinies are splendid. Here the cross of anguish, there the crown of blissfulness, and the hermit's cell opens into the eternal palaces. All this, I said, is but the invention of poverty. Starved, we prophesy a feast; blind, we dream of color and of light. And in no such paltry subterfuge had I then faith. Of this life only was I sure, and of it—not of death—asked I the completion of life.

I began as a child to reason on this question, and even then I could not understand why happiness was not regarded as a sacred possession, and why people did not band together to protect it. When our neighbor Aaron Garlic was arrested for robbing a hen-roost, it appeared to me that he should rather have been punished for ruining the life of his wife. Her existence was a curse to her because of him. He was harsh to her, and cruel, and she could not even be glad when he was away from her, because she dreaded news of him,—news of disgrace and wrong-doing. He got money, and she went hungry. She could not speak of him without shame, so worthless was he. Yet who cared to rescue her from the prison he made for her, where he was her jailer, and where, at his will, he tortured her? For her there was no deliverance; for him no penalty. And I was but young when I perceived that it was not just that one man should ruin the life of another and go free of judgment. And, perhaps, because I saw how this poor woman's burdens were laid upon her, I have never desired to make another carry the weight of my troubles, and I have lived my own life. Yet never have I been resigned to misfortune. I have not complained, and I have not asked that another should be miserable in order that I might be happy, but I have resented the coals of fire over which my feet have passed. I have never called misery a blessing. I have known the difference between ease and labor, joy and grief, stagnation and peace, and I have called them by their names. Never, never, but once, has my cowardice tried to cheat my brain by compromise or fiction.

It is possible that I have expected more of life because I was taught that our heaven was to come to us, not that we were to go to it. The earth was to be the inheritance of the saints. The people to whom was promised the kingdom of heaven were the very people who lived in the house with me, who ate, slept, and talked under my father's roof. The line between the heirs and the strangers was sharply drawn, and it was only those who were born again who were "conditioned for immortality." All others were dead in their trespasses and sins, and for want of repentance had no souls, so when their bodies died they were dead altogether. And at the Second Coming, many would fly out of existence at the first sound of the trumpet.

Thus, more kindly than some other creeds, ours gave man the choice between eternal bliss and eternal sleep, and to-day I hardly know which is the better.

I lived in a little village in the southern part of Pennsylvania, among the hills, and many a time from the stump of an oak-tree have I jumped over Mason and Dixon's line from Pennsylvania into Virginia. Over in Virginia our minister, Mr. McMasters, lived, while Mrs. Garlic had a small house almost on the boundary, and this her husband sometimes found convenient when the law disturbed him.

My father was not a preacher, but it was his innocent vanity to desire to look like one. Clad in sober black, with a huge white necktie, he would ride miles to strange churches, expecting the minister to ask him into the pulpit. He never accepted the invitation, but it pleased him. He was a man almost absolutely without color. His eyes

were pale, his hair light and very straight, and he was short and stout. My brother, who was much older than I, looked like my mother, who had been a woman of beauty and spirit. Her education had been so slight that I doubt whether she knew how to write; but she sang in a voice so sweet, so clear and noble, that I used to think she had learned of the angels to whom she went when I was only nine years old. I looked more like my father, except for my eyes, which were brown, and in that I was tall and slender. But I was not like him in mind or disposition. I was not content to sit still and sigh. He deplored his fate, I laid strong hands on mine. Nature, he would say, meant him for a minister, but Providence had made him a wheelwright. This was foolishness to me, because Nature ought to be strong enough to force her way. I rather believed that whatever made my father a wheelwright, it was Nature that kept him one, and whatever energy and imagination he had was given to the Second Coming.

And he was not a good wheelwright. His best business was done in coffins, and in his shop stood boards of various lengths, ready for orders. All his ready money came from coffins, and to him a sickly season meant prosperity. He and my brother were both regenerate, and they would sit and talk of the Coming Life until my brother's wife would lose her temper. She thought they should be at work; but then she was not at all converted, nor did she desire to be. She looked upon heaven as an outing, and said if it meant staying forever in the village she had no use for it. My father listened to her in silence when she spoke her mind, and he must have thought that before a heaven of mildness could come to our house with Sophia there, she would have to be much changed. None of them troubled themselves about me. I, possibly, represented to them the legal amount of baggage to which each traveller is entitled, and they expected to carry me in.

The coming of the Master was talked about in our house as people talk of the return of a married daughter or of a student son. And as to us the Cross-Roads was the centre of existence, the millennium was to come direct to us. Any day or hour the Master might appear, and the faithful watched for him. He was to come to us as he did to the disciples who, walking with him ignorant of who he was, spoke of him, but we were to know him. He was to enter our houses, come into our congregation. The little path that ran by our garden fence up to our door was kept in perfect order by my father's own hands, and it was a curious proof of the impression created by his quiet persistence that close to it ran another made by the feet of people who laughed at him, but who forbore walking over the way kept ready for the Master. I used to stand inside the gate and watch these people. Most of them were "doomed to perish like the beasts of the field," and it seemed to me a pity that so few had souls. They looked alike. I never could tell from watching them which of them were conditioned for immortality, nor could I decide from their works. For the second birth we had to take a person's word, there being no other way of knowing. Most of the people who claimed to have souls, naturally went to our church, and I noticed that among the condemned was a large majority of Episcopalians. Mr. McMasters, our minister, was very severe on

what he called in conversation the "hedged-in and hand-tied P. E. brethren." He declared that most of them went the way of Abraham and Isaac, who were as dead as pigs in a gutter. I used to listen to all this with indifference, but I lost all patience when he said that no babies would enter the Second Life, because they were unable to repent of sin, not yet being conscious of it. This was intolerable to me, and I could not fancy our house as glorified and without little Juliet. There was always talking at the table, and in the summer evenings on the porch, about the Second Coming, and a new interpretation was more interesting than any news possible to find in a paper. My father and Mr. McMasters did not always agree, but they both knew a great deal about it all, and it happened that the fulfilment seemed about to be accomplished when I was a girl not thirteen. It was not only that the time reckoned by prophecy had come, but there were also signs and tokens that even Sophia could not disregard. One night after sunset, when we were all at supper, and I had the baby on my lap, Bettie Longstreet came running in crying, and then, hanging to my father's arm, sobbed out, "He is coming!" Now, Bettie, I was very sure, had never been converted, because we had often talked the matter over, and wondered if it made one feel different to have a soul, so she was properly frightened about it, and I jumped up and ran out with the baby. I had made up my mind that if I ever saw him coming along father's path I should go at once and show him little Juliet. I meant to stand right in the way and ask him to give the baby a soul before he went any farther. And I thought, remembering how he felt about the little Jewish babies when he was here before, that he would never consent to have such a lovely little girl as Juliet perish and go to nothingness with Abraham and old Aaron Garlic. So no sooner had Bettie gasped out that he really had appeared than I jumped up and away I went with the baby fast in my arms. As soon as I got on the porch one hasty look satisfied me that he was not in sight: so I ran down the "Jesus way," as the village boys called the path father had made, thinking I should meet him. Between our garden and the gate leading to the road there was a ravine over which two boards made a bridge, but to go over this would take me a little farther from the point where I fancied he would turn coming up his path: so I forsook it and ran over the grass, and, jumping the ravine, got out through a broken place in the fence. But all I saw was a number of people standing looking at the sky.

The sun had gone down, yet a great bank of red and golden splendor lighted the west, and just above all this glory, resting on the edge of it, but against the green-blue sky, was a great white harp. Here and there its edges were lightly touched with gold, and it seemed to be waiting for the Angel to come and strike it. And at that moment, all excited and bent on one object as I was, I thought how fine it was to have the world called by a harp instead of a trumpet. Even a converted person would be frightened by such a peal as Gabriel would give; but a harp would be so much more tender and less terrifying. Still, I did not give much attention to the sky, because I was so busy looking up and down the roads watching for the Master himself.

For this reason I did not watch the harp as it faded away without any appearance of the Angel, but I was just as much relieved as any one.

Very few of the village people believed in my father's creed, but in such a case as this they all naturally wanted to know what he thought of the harp: therefore there was soon quite a crowd around our gate, where he was standing, and he had no difficulty in persuading Napoleon Garlic to ride over to Powhatan Branch after Mr. McMasters.

But the minister also had seen the harp in the sky, and when Napoleon had gone about a mile he met the old gentleman driving along in his sulky, all in a hurry to get to the Cross-Roads, where we lived, and where his church was. Napoleon turned around and came on a gallop back, but Mr. McMasters drove a fast mule, and he soon clattered up, with Napoleon behind. Father had not been clear in his mind about the harp, because, he said, clouds were curious things; but Mr. McMasters had no doubt at all, and he jumped out of his sulky and began to get everything in order. Even Sophia did not oppose him that night, and when he said that the house must be got ready, and the table spread, she not only made no objection, but she helped, and worked very hard indeed. Mrs. Garlic came in, and they washed all the dishes, and let the fire go out, and then carried the ashes out of the house. They took all the sheets and table-cloths and covered everything, even the chairs, with what Mr. McMasters called "pure white linen;" but the very best table-cloth they put on the dining-table. Then, when Napoleon Garlic, who was almost as old as I was, heard that a supper of grapes and figs was to be prepared, he not only climbed our trellis and picked all the grapes, green and ripe together, but he went over to Mrs. Mason's and took all the figs off the two trees she prized, and she was so frightened she did not dare to forbid him.

I had a harder time, because Mr. McMasters sent me to bring in nine other young girls to wait on the table with me, and he bade me see that they were "fair and pure of heart." I went first to Bettie Longstreet, but the very idea scared her, and she flatly refused to come, and indeed went at once to bed. I tried one more girl, but she began to cry, and her mother told me to go home. So I did as she said, and kept out of Mr. McMasters's way until they were all ready to go to church, and I followed with the baby.

The church was one of those long frame buildings, built in colonial times, which you sometimes see in the South. It had eight windows and one door. Most of the wooden benches had backs, but some were broken off. The men sat on one side of the aisle, and the women on the other. This was the rule, no matter who preached, and the church was used by all the denominations in turn. We occupied it one Sunday each month, and as often as we pleased in the week.

This night I sat down on a bench to which there was no back, and as soon as the meeting was fairly under way I put my feet over on the other side, sitting so that I could face the door, because I wanted to be on the watch for the sake of the baby. I never thought of the dreadful fact that, if my prayer for her should be granted, I should be forever parted from her, as I had no soul myself.

At first there was in the church much talking and excitement, but Mr. McMasters silenced it by a creepy chapter out of the Bible, and then they sang. I held Juliet against my shoulder, as I joined in, patting her to keep her quiet. Then the sermon began, but, after the harp, Mr. McMasters could not frighten any one, and people began to think of other matters. By and by a man took out his watch, and old Perry Atkinson stood up and told Mr. McMasters that there was a brother present who had a long way to go.

"Very well," said the parson, looking over his glasses: "let him thank the Lord for that. There are some of us present who have a very short way indeed." And thus he alluded, I suppose, to Abraham and the pigs in the gutter.

"But he may have matters to attend to," rejoined the speaker.

"Let him pray for grace to attend to them properly," was the minister's answer; and he went on with his discourse.

Then he stopped and asked if Father Abercrombie would lead in singing, and father stood up and looked around for me, but, as I sat against the wall, and had my face turned from him, he did not see me: so he asked if his daughter Janet was present. I got up and pushed by the people on the benches until I was pretty close to father, who said, quite loudly, "Give that baby to some one else. You can't sing and hold her."

But all the same he knew that I sang to her almost every time I did hold her: so, as I had not the slightest idea of giving her up, and risk the Master walking in while I was not looking, I just held her tighter, and began to sing. I had not the least hint of what father meant to sing, but I started off all alone with that dreadfully solemn hymn,—

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before.
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

And my brother Joseph joined in with me, and some of the other people, but father did not. This hymn was not in our book, and it taught false doctrines. I never thought of that, but, with my eyes fixed on the door, I sang it through, and I never noticed that father had seated himself and with heavy frowns was looking at me.

When I had finished and sat down, up jumped father as if he had been blown out of a gun.

"Oh," he cried out, "he comes, but in peace, and not to the wicked, but to the righteous only." He called this out as if it was a proclamation, and Mrs. Garlic, who was sitting near the door, tired, and no doubt sleepy, started up with a shriek.

"Praise the Lord," she screamed, "he has come!" and out of the house she flew, and every one after her.

The next morning father said many things to me, and I cried bitterly over them. Then I told him that I should like to go to my

uncle Dalton, and, to my great surprise, he at once consented, and told Sophia that I was to be made ready. I could not understand, nor could Sophia then, why he was so willing, indeed so anxious, to have me go, for I was strong, well grown, and of use about the house, and also his only daughter.

CHAPTER II.

MY aunt Dalton and my mother had been sisters, yet their lives had been far apart. They were both beautiful, but my mother married my father, and my aunt a summer visitor who took her home, educated her, loved and prized her, and finally deeply mourned for her. He had asked my father more than once to send me to him, so that I could go to school, for I was named for his wife, but my father refused, and bitterly, because he resented that they were rich and we poor. The fact that my uncle had no soul and so no share in the coming Paradise ought to have consoled him, but it did not. There were few preparations to be made for my journey, a new gown or two, boots, and gloves were all got on our bill at the village store, and it seemed marvellous to me that my bureau-drawer should hold in it so much that was new and my own. The ready money for the travelling expenses was more difficult, and only to be had after a funeral. So I had to wait until some one was called away or fell asleep, and I grieve to say that when Mr. McMasters grew ill I could not sorrow as I should have done for so intimate a friend of the family. I knew that Sophia shared my feeling, although she said not a word except that he was difficult to please, and too fond of rich food. Yet it was not for him that my father made at last a short broad box of the best walnut, but for Mrs. Longstreet. As Bettie lay on her bed, refusing to be comforted, I sat by her, feeling like a traitor, knowing that I was to have the money she was to pay in her grief. And I reproached myself because I wondered how soon she would pay it, and when she told me to tell my father to line the coffin with silk, I did not carry the message, because all the extras were also to be mine. I had better have done so and saved Bettie's feelings when she found that there was flannel instead.

As my father worked on the coffin he gently whistled, and at this sign of content I wondered. Mrs. Longstreet had long been a neighbor, being kind and pleasant to us all, and Bettie had come in and out as though she had been my older sister, so it seemed to me that my father should have grieved. He willingly, however, agreed with me that Bettie should take her time in paying the bill, and that I was to wait until she did. In this way it happened that Mr. McMasters had time to recover, and to come to our house the day I left, eat his dinner, and go to the stage-coach with me.

Perhaps it was well that he did so, for between my dread of a lonely journey, my grief at leaving the baby, and Bettie's loud lamentations, I think I might have broken down and refused to go, had he not, at the most critical moment, kissed me good-by. This made me furious, and I jumped into the stage without another word, and in a moment we

were off. When I remember my age, for I was but thirteen years old, and how little I knew, and how great were the dangers to which I was exposed, it seems a heartless thing that I should have been turned out of the nest as I was. I might have spared myself all my reproaches thinking that I profited by Bettie's troubles, had I known that my father sent me out of the way because he was going to marry her, and they feared there would be no peace in the house if I was there. And as Mrs. Longstreet had opposed the marriage, my father took her death as a kindly providence, and so regarded it all the days of his life, living as he did in her house, which was better than his own.

But of all this I had no idea as I sat in the coach with an old Dunkard woman who talked to the driver about butter, and a one-armed soldier who complained of the administration to a jolly young man who gave me a newspaper to read, and also bought me candy when we stopped in a village to water the horses. It grew dark as we passed through the woods, and I fell asleep. Every now and then I awakened, and felt lonely, and as if I could cry; but I was afraid of pity, and so I kept back my tears, and would fall to sleep again, and at three o'clock in the morning the driver awakened me, and we all got out of the stage, and he took me to the cars, which were standing by a dimly-lighted platform, and put me in a seat, and told the conductor to keep an eye on me, and so I was launched upon life. Until we reached Harrisburg I had no trouble, but when I came to leave the cars and change for the Philadelphia train I could not find my valise, and in it were not only all my changes of clothing, but nearly all my money. The conductor declared that I had not brought it on the train, and I could not contradict him, because I remembered nothing about it. And so with but a dollar or two I stood alone on the streets of Harrisburg, with no friend. I did not dare to go upon the cars without ticket or money, and I could not go back. I made no plans, nor appeal. I simply began to walk because I could not stand still, and I walked on, day after day, a sturdy, dusty little girl, until I reached Philadelphia. And yet I was not miserable. The weather was perfect. Clear, exhilarating air blew on my cheeks and brightened them, there were flowers, people, houses, dogs, all sorts of things to interest me, and I was strong and used to walking. I had nothing to carry, and I had so much faith in the kindness of the world that I met friendly greetings with a smile and told my little story with honest frankness. And I made many friends. Not once was I refused a meal or a night's lodging, and no one would take a cent from me. More than one farmer's wife offered me a home if I would stay with her, because my energy pleased her. No one was rude to me, and although more than once I had companions whose characters could not be sheltered even under the term dubious, so declared were their looks, they were gentle to me, and directed me over country roads and by safe by-ways. One Sunday I sang nearly all day in a farm-house where I stayed, and in the evening the neighbors came in to hear me: so after this I knew how to repay kindness, and I sang for any one who was good to me and who wanted to hear me. Once I sat under a hedge and sang to some gypsies, and another time I rode nearly all day with an old farmer to whom I sang, over

and over, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," because it reminded him of his mother. When our roads parted,—and I think he went some miles out of his own way for my sake,—he called me a brave little girl, and made me take some money from him, and he said he wished he could know whether I reached my uncle's safely. He did not tell his name, nor where he lived, but I am sure he never forgot me, any more than I have him, and here I say, God bless him!

I was over two weeks on the road. Twice I rested a day, and once I picked blackberries for payment in a field with a family of tramps, who every now and then emptied their buckets in mine. So I had little to complain of in weather or friendliness. I liked the walk, and I was never hungry, and, curiously enough, I never had the sense of begging. My first feeling of degradation was when I entered my uncle's house. He lived twenty miles from the city, in an old town on the river, and I went there on the railroad, because I had the instinct that respectability would now count for something. I had no trouble in finding my uncle's house, as every one knew him, and I was not surprised at the air of wealth and comfort which it presented. I had never seen anything like it before, but I liked it. As I stood waiting to be announced to him, how dirty and forlorn I felt! I peeped into a glass in the hall, and I saw that my face was clean and my hat straight, but I remember that I pulled off my gloves, which I had, comically enough, worn all through my tramp, feeling that, like a patch on a patch, their tatters told too much. I had not sent my name in, because it never occurred to me to do so, and thus when I entered the room it was as a stranger to him. It was twilight, and supper was over. A great lamp was burning on the table, but through the open window the western sky was still glowing and the light shone on the river. My uncle was reading, and his son sat by the window, tuning a guitar. From the moment I entered I saw only this young fellow,—my cousin Ogden. I had not dreamed that an angel could be so beautiful; and my childish judgment was not exaggerated. Man or woman, I never saw another so perfect as he. He was tall, and yet his height was not noticeable, because he was so well proportioned, and he was strong and vigorous with youth and health. His hair was brown with a dash of gold, and his eyes matched it. He had the eyes that flatter women by simply looking at them, so tender and observant were they. He did not mean one-half his eyes would say, for in truth he was indifferent; but he liked to please, and this is easy work when one is young and beautiful. Me he found absurd, as I came abruptly into the room, but he spoke to me kindly, and he looked as if he was friendly, affectionate. But now I only glanced at him as I went direct to my uncle and told him that I was Janet Abercrombie. For a moment my uncle was silent. Then he got up, led me to the light, and gazed at me.

"You must look like your father," he said.

This was the key-tone to the history of my life in my uncle Dalton's house. I lived there for eight years, and I was never the daughter of the house. I was of value, I was trusted, educated, provided for, but I never forgot that I did not belong to them. Had I been like my

mother, had I been beautiful with that family beauty that had bloomed so richly in Ogden, how proud my uncle would have been of me! And yet I was not ugly. I grew into the brightness of youth, but contrasted with Ogden I faded and was insignificant. I make no complaint of my life, for I was most kindly used, and it was not Ogden's fault if I loved him. For years I lived to serve that man. He was kind and sweet to me, he thought of little pleasures for me, and he liked to have me near him. He often told me I should never marry and leave him. I read to him, I played for him, and until I lost my voice I used to go to heaven in singing with him. I waited on him, and when he showed me some careless proof of affection I was abjectly grateful to him. And he drew from me my life's strength, taking all my thought and energy to himself. I gave him my sympathy before he asked for it, and my help when he did not need it. I played at friendship with girls whom I despised because they sought him through me, enduring them because their devotion amused and flattered him. Since then I have watched other women going through the same experience, until I have almost come to believe that friendship between a man and a woman means that she shall give him an affection as thoughtful, as faithful, as exclusive, as love; that he shall have no rival in her attention, and every claim on her time, and that in return he will give her—his confidence.

If Ogden had loved me, I should have hardly been able to bear the happiness; but as it was, I was so absorbed in him that other men did not exist for me, and so all possible lovers passed me by, and I never missed them.

All these years I was studying music. From the moment I appeared in his house, my uncle considered that I was thrown on his care, and he accepted me. He found me useful to him. I became his housekeeper, I read to him, he bought me pretty gowns, and I presided at his table, and went out with him, and he found great interest in my musical education. This began at once, just as soon as he heard me sing, and I had lessons with Ogden. But when I was seventeen I lost my voice because of a cold and of Ogden's carelessness, and then I began to care for the organ, and I worked hard with it to make it sing for me. Yet a great pleasure went out of my life with my voice, and I was the more troubled because I saw that both my uncle and Ogden were disappointed, for it had attracted much social attention.

Then my uncle died, and Ogden married and brought his wife home. I desired to go away, but to this he would not consent, and I had no will but his. I could not have. It was purgatory to me, but I gave up no portion of my care of him, and I was attentive in seeing that he owed all his comforts to me only. And this suited both him and his wife. She was a handsome, dark, little creature, full of caressing ways, and they were happy together. They greatly admired each other, and they understood how to get the cream of social pleasure, and so they went their way merrily and in great content.

Over this part of my life I must pass quickly. There is nothing to tell, and it pains me to recall it. It was full of restlessness, and I was like a buoy which dances on the surface as if sporting with the

waves, while in reality it is tugging at the anchor which holds it. I never heard from my home. My father and Joseph were both dead, and Bettie was married again to young Henry McMasters. Sophia and Juliet had become dreams to me.

Then suddenly a great blow fell upon me. It is almost impossible even now to speak of it, so awful, so crushing was it. Ogden was killed. On a railroad. Coming home from a summer journey. Ogden! And he died at once; but Lillian lingered some days. There is nothing more to tell. And so I left the house which was my home, and I began to work for my living; but I cared nothing for that. I had friends who were indignant because neither my uncle nor Ogden had provided for my future; but I was entirely indifferent to my poverty, and I refused to think of possible legal claims on the estate. If Ogden had thought of my welfare and provided for it, how gladly all the days of my life would I have eaten of the bread he gave to me! But I sickened at the thought of what might come to me because he was dead and I was nearest of kin. Bitter, bitter would it have been to me,—the price of blood, the price of all that made life precious to me. In nothing was I so little poor as in money. I was alone. I had no family, no home, no love for whom to think and work. I lay on my bed and wept through the long nights, thinking of Lillian who was with him. Neither in life nor in death could he be mine, and the very thought of going to him was abhorrent to me, because I should find her there. In life I had tolerated her, in death I hated her. I had known that I could be nothing to him while we lived, but I had not faced an eternity apart from him. Vaguely had I looked forward to the sometime, the somewhere, when those kindly, lovely eyes were to seek for mine; and now he was dead, and she was dead, and they were together forever and forever, and I was alive, and I was alone forever! Ah, how happy should I have been to have had my father's faith, and to have believed them both perished out of God's universe! but I could only picture them in Paradise, and together there.

So I took my miserable way into the world again. I lived at a boarding-house, and I was fed at a long and dreary table, and I lay on my bed in the evening and made geometrical figures out of the pattern of the wall-paper. It tired me to teach all day; I was not used to it, and I missed the household ways in which I had so long gone. On Sundays I played on an organ, and earned a little money: so, with what my scholars paid me, I was supported, and my friends were not concerned, because they knew I was housed, fed, and clothed. Of the mute despair and misery of my life no one knew, and there was no one to care, or to help me, and I cared too little to help myself out of the pit into which I had fallen.

CHAPTER III.

IN these days I fancied that I had lived my life. I had run a gamut of so much suppressed and silent unhappiness and grief that it seemed to me that there was nothing left to me but a listless bearing

of the days appointed to me. But what woman of twenty-two can say her destiny is accomplished or her individuality developed? In the time to come she may be herself, or another.

But one thing I certainly did not calculate upon, and that perhaps because I had so little knowledge of it,—and this was my own character. It was but natural that I should be prostrated by the blow which had made me homeless and so rudely taken all I loved away from me, but after a time life began to run quickly in my veins, and youth and strength led me out into the open again. Instead of lying crushed and tired out upon my bed, I took long walks after my lessons, and I gathered up my strength and studied orchestral music. I suppose I should have turned to some language, or literature, as a heroine does, but I fear I am but a practical person, and it was to my interest as well as my pleasure to take up a study in which I was by reason of poverty, as well as by nature, interested. And so after a time I grew stronger, and began to go among my friends, and to have dreams of the future; but they were poor little dreams, after all, and unlighted by ambition or genius, for I only thought of getting on and making more money, and having a home of my own, and, perhaps, some one in it for whom I could care, but who that some one would be fancy offered no suggestion, except that it was to be a little child. Then, one day, a friend who was a doctor spoke to me.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are a very sick woman?"

At this I laughed. I knew that I often felt weak and miserable, and that when I first arose I dreaded the day, but I also knew that the day brought its strength, and that I never failed in my duties.

"Well," he continued, "you can laugh if you will, but you have used up your strength, and now you work on your will. The moment that goes, you will fail completely, and then what will become of you?"

What, indeed? I had come to the habit of lying awake, and so I had leisure to think. Of all things, least did I wish to become an invalid. I wondered what would become of me if I should, and I smiled as I thought of what people would say when they heard I was in an almshouse, but, really, what else I could do but go to one I could not think. After this I began to take notice of myself, and I found that I neither ate nor slept, and that I was tired all the time, and that "to-morrow" was my time for everything that "to-day" could shirk. When we are ahead of our tasks, we are their masters; but mine were dragging me after them, and I was their slave. So I went to my friend, and I said,—

"Suppose I agreed that you were right,—but I don't, mind,—what would you tell me to do?"

"I should tell you to go to Florida."

"To Florida! There is nothing the matter with my lungs. I have no cough. Now, *that* is absurd!"

"Did I say you had a cough, or weak lungs? And don't you think that Florida would be good for a tired-out woman? Consider, Miss Abercrombie. The winter is coming, and in this temperate zone the winter is hard and cruel. You have neither vitality nor strength

to fight it. You will work hard, and go out in all sorts of weather. In Florida there will be no demand made on your will or your resistance: you can live out of doors, that you need to do, and you will rest, and that is most important of all."

I went home and counted out my money. I had exactly sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, and at the end of the quarter, which would be just before Christmas, my music-lessons would give me seventy-five more to spend, as my organ paid my board. But on one hundred and thirty dollars and fifty cents I could not travel to Florida and spend the winter. So I went on with my work, and grew weaker, and began to have pains and take homœopathic pills because they were cheap and it seemed less like doctoring, especially as I prescribed for myself. One day, however, as I puzzled over my little manual, unable to decide what my symptoms indicated and whether I needed belladonna or nux, or whether I had typhoid fever or a disordered stomach, I began to cry, and then to hate myself for doing so. And then all in a moment I got up, and opened my trunk, and took out a box that contained the jewelry my uncle and Ogden had given me. I did not look in it, but I put on my bonnet and went out and sold it for old gold. I did not expect to do this, it had seemed to me that the workmanship on it was worth something, but the jeweller told me better, that it was only worth its weight, so then I added my watch to it, and I took back to my room nearly one hundred dollars more.

Now I was bound to accept my own sacrifice, and I did not delay about it. As soon as I was through my lessons, I started for Florida, meaning to spend the winter in some cheap place and so get well. For if one must live, it is best to do it with as little weariness of body as is possible.

When I reached Jacksonville, I was told of a little settlement of Northern people among the pines, and on high ground, where the air was healthful and the prices low: so there I went, and stayed in great quiet until late in January.

Then something very strange happened to me. One night I went to bed early, leaving most of the other boarders in the hotel still up. So homely and primitive was this place that the women boarders used to sit in the kitchen and talk to the hostess as she cooked, and this night, I remember, I left three or four there watching her set the bread for breakfast. Some few of the others had gone to their rooms, but they were sick people.

I now know that it was near midnight when I was awakened, but I then thought it later, because I had come to sleep well and long. I was awakened by a voice singing. At first I lay perfectly still and peaceful beyond the power of words to describe. It seemed to me so natural and in place to hear the voice and to hear the song it sang. It was a woman's voice, and most delicately managed. It was low and soft, but every tone was clear and distinct. I greatly dislike the *pianissimo* which has to be made on the piano with the soft pedal, or by a voice with muffled, smothered tones, because the effect is then mechanical, but I delight in it when it is firm and clear, soft, yet sustained and delicate withal. And this voice was plainly of compass and

power, for every tone was firm, and every note well taken. All this I understood, although I did not analyze it at all.

Then suddenly I started up, because I remembered where I was and how old I was, for I was now twenty-five, and my mother had been long dead. For the voice was my mother's, and the song was one I had never heard since she sang it. I sat up in my bed, and the fright made me tremble. But the words, which were Moore's, and were "Oft in the stilly night," suited the hour and my condition, and the sweet, sensuous tune charmed all my terror away, and I lay down again. Then the voice was still, and there were only the sounds of the night and the breeze in the trees.

So I slept, and when I awakened early and left my room for a walk, I met four men who were very quietly carrying out of the house the body of one who was dead.

He had died just before dawn, and now they were taking him away because it was not well to have death in the house where there were so many ill.

When I was told that the dead man was young, and that only his wife was with him, I remembered him. I had watched them the day before, and I had seen the girl, who was graceful, lead him in the sunshine, and when he sat down to rest she had carefully wrapped him in a shabby shawl which she had carried on her arm. I had regarded them with interest because they were poor and looked lonely. No one could have expected him to recover, so wan and rigid were all the contours of his face, so bright and glassy his eyes, and so wasted his figure. But the girl walked with a firm, elastic step, and I noticed that she had a charming smile as she spoke to him. It was she who looked so very poor. His dress was far better than hers, but he was plainly her inferior. In spite of his feebleness, he carried himself jauntily and with an air at once vain and plebeian. But the girl was different, and I liked her because she had held herself apart, and had even had her meals served in their rooms, so that her husband might not be left alone.

As I walked through the pines to a little lake, which gave the village its name, I thought of her with sympathy, but I soon forgot her and her troubles. The night was still present with me, and the sense of exceeding peace still held me. It was so wonderful and so real that I almost thought it a dream, because I could hardly believe that my mother had come back to me. Yet I knew it could be no one else, because I remembered her voice so well, and I had never heard one like it. Thus absorbed in the sweetest memory, I stood by the lake, when suddenly I looked up and saw the young widow coming toward me. She was walking very fast: the sun shone on her hair, which was golden, and I saw that her eyes were brown, and this combination of color stirred me to the heart, because it reminded me of Ogden.

The girl had her eyes fixed on me, and I saw that she was coming to me: so I stood still awaiting her.

The saddest little smile parted her lips as she said to me,—

"You are Miss Janet Abercrombie?"

"Yes," I answered.

For a moment she paused, and turned her head, gazing on the water. When she looked again at me her eyes were full of tears.

"I am alone," she said, "and my husband is dead, and I have come to tell you because I think you must be my aunt."

Now, in all my life no one had ever before claimed me. My uncle and Ogden had owned me as a relation, but I was the shadow, they the substance. But this girl asked my protection by her attitude, her soft, sad eyes, and I said, as gently as I could,—

"I fear I am no relation of yours; but I should like to be your friend, if I can help you."

In reply she said,—

"I am Juliet Abercrombie. Surely you are my aunt?"

"You are married?" I answered, as if I doubted her.

"Yes," she said; "I married Napoleon Garlic only a week ago, and I think you must remember him, because it was he who recognized you and had me look out your name on the hotel register, so as to be sure. You know that I could not remember you, Aunt Janet, because I was so little when you left home."

I took her hand, and led her back to my room at the hotel, and we sat down on two chairs put close together by the window, and I still held her hand as she told me the little story of her marriage.

Never in my life have I had as curious an experience as this first acquaintance with Juliet. Women who have had mothers and sisters can have no idea what it was to me to feel that this girl was my kin, blood of my blood. I was ignorant of all the sweet liberty of a relationship nourished by love and sympathy, but I took Juliet into my heart at once, and forgot that she was really a stranger to me. I watched her as she talked. I noted the color of her hair, the fine poise of her head, her youth and her grace, and when she looked back at me with love and content in her eyes I found her irresistible. And it pleased me to find that she accepted me as she did, and that she had made an ideal of me, meaning to know me some day. Time and distance had not kept my little Juliet from me, and I was very happy. As she told me her story, I knew that mine would have been very like it had I stayed at the Cross-Roads. I too would have been scantily educated, and I too might have found comfort in Napoleon Garlic's neutral gentleness. It was plain that he had been kind to the child, and that she had found him a refuge from the harshness of her mother's temper. When she talked of him it was as a little girl telling of an elder brother's goodness. She did not see him as I did, and there was nothing ignoble to her about him. She told me that his father had finally gone West, where he had died, and that Napoleon had been a good son to his mother, and had supported her, and, when she was ill to death, had nursed her with faithfulness. Then when his health began to fail and his only hope was in a milder climate, I could understand how naturally she would be content to marry him, so as to go with him to Florida.

"I was not his sister," she said, "and there was no one else. It was the only thing to do."

"You were very young," I replied.

"I am almost sixteen," she said, gravely, "and you know the girls of our village always marry young. Mamma was only six months older when she married."

She never once spoke of any love for Napoleon. I do not think she gave her feeling for him a single thought, and he certainly had not regarded her as anything but a necessary companion. He had saved a little money, and he paid her expenses as he would those of a nurse.

"I had no time to get wedding-clothes," she said, "but Napoleon promised me that we would stop somewhere as we went home and get all I wanted. Then, you know, they would be new when we got back to the Cross-Roads." Her face clouded as she said this, her eyes filled with tears, and she softly whispered, "Poor fellow!"

When the time for Napoleon's burial came, I put one of my black gowns on her, and I took the crape veil off my hat and pinned it on hers, covering up its faded brown ribbons. I never put it back on my own, because I felt that, somehow, my period of mourning was becoming shorter. But neither did I allow her to wear it.

As Juliet looked at herself in the glass, her eyes were sad and grave. Then, suddenly, with that lightning change of mood that was almost startling in her, she smiled.

"Come here, Aunt Janet," she cried, "and see how you look!"

She caught me by the hand, and we stood side by side reflected in the glass. "How I looked!" I could not but smile as I saw my worn face by her radiant one. The sombre dress was a part of my dimness, but it threw out her color. My hair was faded and straight, hers was golden and full of wave and curl. My eyes, like hers, were brown, but mine were tired and sad. We were of the same height, but she was slender and I was thin. The color came into her face as she could not but see how the contrast struck me, and she turned and kissed me.

"I wish," she said, "that I knew how to be a comfort to you, dear."

But indeed I had no right to be old. A woman cannot be old before she is thirty except a hard life make her so. It seems to me that a woman grows old when her ambitions are dead, her future barren. When the day comes for her to live in her past, when her present is empty, and she cares nothing for what may come, then she is old, be she twenty or sixty. But let her have ambition, hope, let her love her life and live it, and she will keep her youth in her blood and her bearing, let her cheek fade as it may.

But I had never lived my life. I had, however, I thought, spent my heart, and until I met Juliet I had desired nothing but to be allowed to stagnate in my own way.

CHAPTER IV.

JULIET never allowed any one to stagnate. So merry was she that one had to smile with her, if not at her. I often caught her looking at me with an odd little air of study. One day I demanded what she thought of me.

"Why," she answered, with a half-guilty smile, "you remind me of a hydrangea Napoleon once gave me. It was one of those half-green, half white flowers, you know, and sometimes I used to forget to water it, and then the whole plant would droop and look as if it could never, never hold up its head again; but just give it water and pretty soon it would be as peart as ever."

"Don't say 'peart,' Juliet."

She laughed. "But I mean 'peart,'" she said. "And, no matter how often this happened, it always came up all right."

"Still, it didn't grow as well. It used too much of its strength in reviving."

"And"—now she looked at me with mischief in her eyes—"Napoleon once put iron-filings into the soil to make the flower purple. Do you think, Aunt Janet, if you were put on a diet of mental iron that you would turn purple?"

"Did the hydrangea?"

"Mine didn't; but Napoleon said it ought to have done so."

I looked at her with delight: so much of a tonic was she to me that I felt as if some kind of change was coming over me.

I now had enough of Florida. It was still winter, and we had reports of hard weather in the North, but I wanted to go back and take Juliet, and settle into the life of which we constantly talked, and so get her away from the grave of Napoleon Garlic. For the girl had at once taken possession of me, and I was enchanted to have it so. We were lonely, and we were kin. I made Juliet feel how dear she was to me, and how important, and this her mother had never done, and the girl felt that Sophia was happier now because there was no one to put the house out of order. She said her mother was one of the women who never used but one size and kind of hair-pin, while she liked a dozen different ones, and so they disagreed! We had much in common, and we agreed especially in that what we wanted to do, thought best to do, that we tried to do. Neither of us, desiring to go to Rome, would have turned our backs on the roads that led to it, and declared it was of no use to try. We at least kept our faces Zion-ward. So now, desiring, of all things, to have a little home together, our constant talk ran on this subject. Stored away in a friend's house I had furniture for one room; and it was good and handsome, because my uncle had given it to me for a birthday-present. And Juliet had a few hundred dollars which Napoleon had left to her by a will in which he declared her heir to all he owned. This included the little house in Virginia where he had lived, but that was of no value in our plans. We determined to get a cheap little house, and to furnish as much as we could. I was sure of my organ and of pupils, and we hoped to live along. At any rate, we meant to try.

One day, soon after she came to me, she spoke of singing.

"Why, Juliet," said I, "can you sing?"

"What an absurd question!" she replied. "Do we not all sing?"

I jumped, so startled was I.

"Oh, Juliet!" I cried. "Now I know that you do, for I have heard you."

Her face clouded with pain and memory.

"Did you?" she said. "He died just after. He was so restless, Aunt Janet, and he asked me to sing to him; but I did not know that he was dying. And I was all alone with him."

I sat perfectly still, saying not a word of comfort. And indeed I was irritated with her because she mourned Napoleon Garlic. I remembered him, so unlike her, shallow, plebeian, and I could not endure the shadow he had cast over her. And all in the heat of the moment I said impetuously, what I should have said gently, if I said it at all,—

"When we go North I want you to forget that name."

"What name?"

"Napoleon Garlic's."

"Oh, I cannot do that. You forget how kind he was to me. And, Aunt Janet, it is *my* name now."

"It is *not* your name," I replied. "Your marriage was the affair of a moment, idle, unmeaning. The name does not belong to you. You are Juliet Abercrombie;—only that. What is there about you that suits such a title as 'Mrs. Napoleon Garlic'? It is a farce for you to wear it. It falsifies you. Do you not see that it does?—that it must? Come, Juliet, let the week when you were Mrs. Garlic pass out of your present. It belongs to the past."

Juliet stood still, looking at me, but not saying a word.

"Tell me," I continued, "which name seems most natural to you? To which does heart and brain answer?"

"To my own," she promptly replied. "To Juliet Abercrombie."

"Then keep your own. I do not want you to make a mystery of it, fit only for a novel, but for practical life ignore it. You are tall, and look older than you are, but you are still a child, Juliet. You will find this out when you go North, where girls do not marry at fifteen. I want you to be a school-girl for a while, and not a widow. Do not let this one week shadow your whole life. For indeed, dear, it will do you no good to speak of it. It is really a masquerade on your part to play either wife or widow, and you need only remember that you have done a kindly act to an old friend, who was ill, by coming with him as his nurse in Florida. That is all over. Now enter life as yourself."

She stood irresolute, her pretty eyes filled with perplexity.

"I do not like to be deceitful, Aunt Janet."

"That I do not ask you. We will conceal nothing. Whenever there is a need we will be frank; but indeed, indeed, I do not want Aaron Garlic's daughter-in-law obtruding on our happy life. Are we not Janet and Juliet Abercrombie? Is not that best?"

Impetuous, loving, and, to me, docile, the girl flung her arms around me.

"You always know best," she cried; and so from the moment we entered the stage that carried us to the station she was herself, and not the widow of a village shoemaker, the inheritor of his ignoble name. I think I loved her better from the moment I heard her addressed as "Miss Abercrombie."—And because I would not permit her to wear black, I too put on colors, and so we went back home, and, although it

was bitterly cold, the weather seemed to me delightful, and the air bracing and wholesome.

Let me tell you what to ask of the gods. Ask for tranquillity. It is not stagnation, nor is it submission. It has its ebb and its flow, and it is keener than content, calmer than joy. It is built upon strength, and with weakness it has no part. It gives you days of the endeavor which leads to accomplishment, and nights of peace and rest. It is the equipoise of nature, the centre to which gravitate the uses of life. Great work has been born of terrible grief, and sometimes of wonderful joy, but such work is volcanic. The tasks to which a Shakespeare sets himself are wrought out by souls as tranquil as they are strong. And it is also happiness, enduring and sweet.

Thus ran the days after I took Juliet home. People who met me exclaimed at the alteration in my appearance. Florida, it was said, had worked a miracle, and never had I looked so well. Ah, never had I been so happy! I stood on my own rock, I was living my own life. No longer was I on the outside of all affairs, all interests. I was not a spectator, I was an actor. And yet what gave me all this? Only Juliet.

We had found one of those little houses, not uncommon in Philadelphia, where they build the rear of the house first, neatly finish it, and put a little porch for an entrance. On the little garden which is between the house and the street will some time stand the house proper, but not until the property rises in value. Our house was on a quiet, shaded street far up town, but not a new street, and instead of being shamed by the finer houses around us we were endorsed by their superiority. We took great pleasure in furnishing our house, and truly it needed but little, and then we settled down to work. I taught, and not only increased the size of my classes, but boldly charged higher prices, and I put Juliet under the charge of the best teacher of singing in the city; and because I could not also send her to school, and I very much doubted her going, we read together in the evenings, and I played for her the music I wanted her to know thoroughly, and in this way I became a pianist, and liked the instrument passing well.

It astonished me to see how rapidly Juliet progressed in her music. For one thing, she had little to unlearn. Some fine musical instinct, some unusual physical perfection, perhaps, had given her a natural method that needed little more than training and development. In our tiny parlor her voice was never too large for the room, and yet she could fill the church where she soon sang, without effort. I never heard but one other voice that had the same thrilling clearness and power, the same fine bird-like musical quality; and that belonged to a great singer,—Madame Parepa-Rosa. But Juliet was still a very young girl, and not yet an artist.

One day in the late spring she came to me with a letter in her hand, looking sad and troubled.

"See," she said, her eyes brimming with tears, her lip trembling, "see how cruel I have been! This is from Bettie McMasters; and my mother—she—she is dead! I ought to have gone back to her,

and not allowed the neighbors to nurse her. I have forgotten her, Aunt Janet?"

For the life of me I could not help the cruel thing that leaped from my lips. "She was as well satisfied, Juliet," I said, "for she has never missed you."

Then she cried bitterly; but after this I felt she was all my own, and she clung to me more than ever.

CHAPTER V.

As became a gentleman of wealth and leisure, my uncle Dalton had been a philanthropist, and was concerned in the affairs of several charitable institutions. In one of these, a home for little girls, I had kept up a steady interest, never dropping it even in the season of my greatest depression and uselessness. A year or more before the death of my uncle the directors of this home had bought a house, the title of which was now in dispute. And to engage the interest of old Mr. Richard Griswold in the affair, I one morning set out. It was late in the fall, and I remember it was a clear, beautiful day. It was now two years, nearly, since Juliet had come to me, and I had had much peace and quiet content in that time. We still lived in our little brick cottage, which we had made cosy and pretty, and Juliet was quite independent, as she had a position in a church choir, and also gave lessons to several little girls.

Mr. Griswold's office was in a large, old-fashioned house, facing one of the public squares. But into it the sun never shone nor the wind blew. It was a back room, once a parlor, looking out on a dark, close yard, and over the one window hung a heavy venetian blind, once green, but now brown. The ladders of this blind had been repaired many times, sometimes with tape, sometimes with twine, or even with pins, and it hung awry and looked tired. The furniture of the room consisted of books. They lined the walls, they were piled on tables and chairs, and stood in ranks all over the floor. Indeed, from the door to Mr. Griswold's desk there was a winding path looking as though it might have been shovelled out, and you went to him through an avenue bordered by piles of reports, magazines, encyclopædias, and bound newspapers. All of his law-books belonged to an early geological period, and possibly were in the cases against the wall, as none were ever in sight. His own arm-chair, which was a black and ancient affair, with a flattened and worn leather cushion, stood between a great desk and a bureau. It was easy to see what he kept in the bureau, for every drawer was so fully stuffed that it would not close. In one of the lower ones there were bundles of bills neatly folded and endorsed, and in an upper one was a set of Scott's novels, handsomely bound in a fashion gone by. The top of the bureau was piled high with everything that could gravitate to such a place, but the desk was evidently reserved for current affairs, as on it the papers were fresher and there were but few books. On the chair I occupied had been a pipe, and a little tin case of Liebig's extract of beef, and a penknife with which he

had been spreading the beef on Trenton crackers. But let no one think him an ascetic, or a miser, for there was no gayer, more generous old gentleman in the city. A lawyer of repute, the president or secretary of many prominent societies, he was also a *bon vivant*. He presided at public banquets, and gave toasts as no younger man would presume to do, so finely rhetorical were his habits of expression; and he was, also, always one of the pall-bearers to any dead man of distinction in the city: so both at feasts and funerals was he a familiar figure. He was a tall, spare man, and he wore a very black wig, and handsome gold glasses. His office coat was ancient and shiny, and as I talked to him I watched a moth-worm wriggling on the velvet collar; but the rest of his dress was neat and handsome. He was a courteous old gentleman, but he could be roused to quick resentment if any one shouted into his ear-trumpet. He had no use for view-halloos, he said. I was always well received by him, and he always told me stories of old singers and musicians, because he fancied that I cared for music only, although I always went to him on business, and he also always told me that he was the oldest man since Noah, and that he well remembered my uncle, "but as a figure in my panorama of yesterday; and a fine, handsome figure he makes," he would add, "as I recall him both in his house and in public." That he had a history dating back to Noah I could believe, so curious and ancient were his surroundings, and so suggestive was he of that animal called the elephant by us, which has been left over by mistake, the sole survivor of a curious creation.

He listened to the story which I told into his trumpet in a voice as quiet and clear as I could make it, and he nodded approbation as I spoke.

"Your uncle," he said, "was too good a business-man to be careless, and, as you say, he negotiated the purchase. Still, the title must be looked after. Of course I am out of active business, except for some old clients; but my nephews will do it as well and readily. Bernard!" he called.

From behind the bureau, where he had managed to have a desk bestowed, appeared Bernard Mendoza, one of these nephews. He had peeped out and smiled when I first appeared, and had, necessarily, heard my story.

"Where is Duncan?" asked Mr. Griswold.

"Shall I call him?"

"Are you a Quaker or a Yankee, that you answer me by asking a question?"

"Neither, thank heaven," replied the young man, who was a South Carolinian of Spanish family, "and Duncan is, I suppose, in his office."

"Go and bring him here," said his uncle; "and come yourself, for you have a chance to oblige some very good and very lovely ladies."

Young Mendoza smiled and nodded, and off he went. I knew both of these young men, and Bernard Mendoza I heartily liked. He looked like a Spaniard, and this pleased me, because I dreaded fair men, remembering Ogden, and he held his head well, as became his blood, and he was frank and cordial in his manner. Duncan Macfar-

lane I had known longer than Bernard. He was the elder of the two, and had made one of the court of young men which it had pleased Lilian to keep around her, and he had more than once been drafted into the duty of escorting me and thus walking behind her or making the fourth in our carriage. Then I discovered that she meant him—some time—to marry me, and so I disliked him as much as I could. It was not easy to dislike him. He was a good friend, and thoughtful, but he was blunt and obtuse, and, Ogden said, mentally all thumbs. Ogden did not like him as Lilian did, and I could see that Duncan was never cordial with him; yet he was constantly with Lilian, and so familiar in our house.

When they came back together, Duncan brought Bernard's chair from behind the bureau and placed it in the avenue from the door, the only spot where there was room for it, and Bernard carefully balanced himself on a pile of books.

"Are we going to talk about music?" said Duncan. "If we are, I speak for the piano. I don't know the difference in tunes played on the violin, but on the piano I do,—generally."

To this I made no reply, for I thought Duncan Macfarlane's pleasantries sometimes clumsy, and I fancied his uncle agreed with me, for he said a little testily that I had business to put into their hands. The old gentleman held his trumpet to his ear when remarks were made, but not always when questions were asked.

"I am sorry," replied Duncan, "that Miss Abercrombie has anything to do with the law." So then I told my story as briefly as I could, because when business and not reminiscence was on hand Mr. Griswold liked to come to the point, and it also was characteristic of him that he made me state the case to the young men. I noticed that it was Duncan who asked the questions and assumed the responsibility, but it was Bernard who afterwards always came to see me and report their progress, although Duncan met the Board of Directors. The affair became a little complicated when it was investigated, and dragged on until spring, but I never again went to Mr. Griswold's office, because Bernard Mendoza said it was better for him to come to me.

And he came in the evening. Sometimes he had nothing at all new to tell me, but it seemed he thought it proper to report progress, and after a time he ceased to speak of business, and finally grew bold enough to ask for Juliet at the door, or to walk in unannounced. From the very first I saw what I had to expect. It was not their love for music, nor the pleasure they took in singing together, that made these young people so pleased to be together. Bernard made his meaning clear, and he courted her favor bravely. I own I liked to see such wooing, it was so direct, so gentle, and he made so charming a lover, and was so handsome. But I was in doubt about her; for, although she liked his attentions, I was far from being sure that she cared for him as much as he did for her. Indeed, I was not sure that Juliet meant to marry. I was afraid that she did not. But I wished her to do so, for it was easy to see that if I was content with our life, Juliet was not. She was ambitious, and she wished to have fortune and celebrity. As I saw that I should have a rival in her heart, I preferred that this rival should be

a husband rather than a career that would take her from me. Her plans were all for a public life,—on the stage. She had constant social triumphs, and there were professional people who strongly urged her to sing in opera, and this she meant to do as soon as she could complete her education in Europe. I believed that Bernard would not separate us, for he too was lonely, having no family nearer than his uncle and the Macfarlane family, and he showed that he was fond of me as I was of him, and, with me, he could not bear to think of her as buffeted, disappointed, or spoiled by the life of a public singer. But I said nothing to her, fearing to arouse her opposition. But while they were over the cribbage-board, which was only an excuse for teasing each other, I would play the music which I knew should say to Juliet what she must understand; and sometimes she would listen to it, but more often she was annoyed by it, and would ask me to play something more jolly and pleasant, because, she said, such serious music seemed like work. And when Duncan Macfarlane came, as he often did with his cousin, he always agreed with her, and called out for "tunes." I was never quite sure of Duncan, and I often wished that I had some good reason for not liking him. I did not want to like him, but I did, although I was quite sure that I did not understand him. Perhaps he hurt my self-love because I was never at my best with him. And neither was Juliet; yet he pleased her, and he used to persuade her to do things that I did not like. I could not think of him as caring for her, but sometimes I fancied that he did not mean her to marry Bernard. Yet, if this was so, why should he be a dog in the manger? For he did not want her himself: of this I was sure.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE night we all went to the theatre. It was in the late spring, and the night was soft and warm. The house was crowded, but it was perfectly silent, and not even between the acts was there the usual hum of voices. Every one listened, and with their eyes as well as their ears. It was Salvini who was playing Lear, and he spoke in Italian. For the actors whose parts were in English we cared nothing, but it was with pain and grief that we followed the old king. And when the curtain fell and left him lying dead, the people arose and filed out like a funeral procession, and friends barely spoke, and there was none of the customary hubbub and cordial congratulations on a pleasant evening, but instead silence and serious faces. It was not only the actual tragedy that affected us, but the key-tone to all that is irrevocable had been struck, and our own lives had answered.

So deep and sombre was the impression made upon our little party that we walked home talking very little, and when I opened the door with my latch-key we stood silent for a moment in the hall, and then the two young men went away. But before I had come back from the kitchen, where I had gone to see that our one little maid had left everything safe for the night, the bell rang, and when Juliet opened the door, there stood Duncan and Bernard again.

"See here, Miss Janet," called out Bernard, coming back into the house, "where are you? Do you know this won't do at all? We shall all have the nightmare to-night. Duncan is talking of his wrongs, and I feel as though I was going to cry. Let us go get some supper."

"Some supper?" I cried. "Do you know, Bernard Mendoza, what time of night it is?"

"You do not," was his answer: "you go by clocks and watches, and they are good for nothing but to mark the hour for leaving off work. Time, Miss Janet, is what we make it. I make it supper-time now."

"Oh, if you are hungry," said I, "we can give you something to eat, and we can even make you a cup of coffee."

"I'll hold that over for another time, but just now we want to be with people, and to see lights, and to have the sense that Lear had, in reality, a very good time indeed."

"As for the people," I replied, "they are all in bed,—all but burglars, and the men who print to-morrow's paper."

"Come, good Nicodemus," he answered, "come and see." And then he turned down the gas in the kitchen, where we were talking, and Juliet met me in the hall and put her soft gray wrap about me, and we all went out into the street. I ran down the steps, and Bernard after me, while Duncan closed the door and followed with Juliet. I was now in a gay good humor. The little frolic at an unusual hour excited me; and when Bernard drew my hand into his arm with the touch of ownership, I smiled and went lightly by his side. I felt like a young girl with a lover, and it amused me to find myself so pleased.

And then Juliet just behind us laughed, and Bernard stood still.

"Why, Miss Janet!" he said, "do you know I thought you were Juliet?"

So shallow was my gayety that it fled at these words.

"I was certain," he continued, "that I saw Duncan put that cloak on Juliet."

After this we went along quietly, and I felt no longer like a young girl, and he talked to me sensibly, and of Salvini, and when I drew my hand from his arm he did not seem to know it, and so we soberly walked, and I could hear Duncan teasing Juliet about her insensibility to everything that was not superlative.

The night air was warm and heavy, and we fancied we could perceive the odor of wisteria and early blossoms in the air.

Down in the city there was still noise and bustle. The saloons and cigar-shops were open. In drug-stores we saw ladies drinking soda-water, and carriages from the opera-house dashed by, giving glimpses of gay dresses and pretty wraps. The electric lights made the streets look like part of a gigantic stage, except that the stage does not achieve such sharp, deep effects in its shadows.

Bernard took us to a fashionable restaurant attached to one of the great hotels, where we found people sitting at tables, waiters coming and going, lights, mirrors, flowers, and everything full of life and pleasure. But I was out of humor with it all. The two young men and Juliet seemed a part of the scene, but I was not in tune, and I sat

silently waiting for the supper which Duncan had ordered. He would not tell what he had chosen, and so, with pencil and paper, Juliet and Bernard were guessing out the bill of fare, which was distinguished chiefly by its erasures. As I watched them I thought of Lear, and I grew cross because the tragedy was so useless, and I said that I always wanted to shake Cordelia.

"In which desire," replied Duncan, "you would have had the sympathy of her father."

"You are too young and too untender to suggest such wickedness," said Bernard. "The idea of shaking Cordelia is sacrilege."

"I should have certainly done it if I had been Lear, or Regan, or Goneril, or Kent, or Burgundy, or any member of the family. A good shaking would have done that young woman good and saved no end of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter with Cordelia?" cried Juliet.

"Her temper," said I.

"Her temper?" scornfully repeated Juliet. "Why, she is one of Shakespeare's loveliest heroines. There is nothing the matter with her temper."

"All the same," said Duncan, "Miss Janet is in earnest; and if she ever owns a Sunday-school, there will she read Lear to illustrate the result of want of control over temper and tongue."

"You are exactly right," I answered. "I don't know a better homily on the subject."

"You will have to prove your assertions," said Bernard. "I agree with Juliet that Shakespeare has created no more lovely creature than Cordelia."

"It is not necessary for me to prove anything; for certainly you can remember? The whole family had violent tempers, but Cordelia was a virago."

"Now, that is treason," cried Juliet, "and I won't stand it."

"Indeed, she was almost—mind, I say *almost*—vulgar."

"Oh?"

"That is what Shakespeare meant," said I. "You have only to consider the situation. Here is a fond old father, and three daughters. He wants to please himself by pleasing them, and so he fancies he should like to see them enjoying the dignities to which they are heirs."

"Yes," interrupted Duncan, "and, because he was vain as well as fond, he wanted all the world to have the benefit of the exhibition of family affection which he is about to give, and he not only invites the whole court, but Cordelia's suitors, to it."

"He wanted witnesses to his abdication, not to the filial devotion of his daughters," returned Bernard. "You would not have had him walk in while they were at lunch, and say, 'Here, girls, is my crown. Break it up into three pieces, and make them even. All I want is a hundred or so knights: the rest you can divide.' You could not expect the people to be satisfied with that."

"Of course not," said Juliet, quite as complacently as if she had said all this herself.

"Oh, you can *infer* what you please," I cried, "but look at facts. The facts are that, as Duncan says, the whole arrangement rests on the daughter's exhibition of filial affection. The first thing the king does is to ask Goneril if she loves him; and what does she say?"

"Do you ask me?" said Bernard.

"I do."

"She says a good deal, but the amount of it is that she loves him better than eyesight or liberty."

"And Regan?"

"Oh, she adored her father. She loved nothing else. She was an enemy to all other joys."

"And Cordelia?"

"Cordelia was more noble than George Washington. He saw that the odds were in the favor of confession, and he confessed. She saw the same, but she did not confess. She said that not even for a third of the kingdom would she tell the truth."

"Now you are flippant," cried Juliet, her eyes sparkling; "and I don't like it! Duncan has gone over to Aunt Janet's side, and you should stay on Shakespeare's—and mine."

"My side is Shakespeare's," I retorted. "He is clear enough. And it is all very well to remember how Cordelia, when it is too late, seeks her father and tries to mend the misery she has caused——"

"*She* 'caused'?" interrupted Juliet.

"Yes, she caused it. Why, see how she hurt and mortified her father, insulted her lover, allowed faithful old Kent to be sent into exile for defending her. And why? Because she is in a rage with her sisters. Because they are fulsome, she will not be just. The dull old king does not understand her hair-splitting, and she will not as much as say she has the ordinary affection of a daughter for him. She never gives his wounded heart a thought. Even as she goes off she is cool enough to taunt her sisters and to scoff at Burgundy, but not to give her father one last look of regret. 'So young, and so untender!' I think so!"

"When you are excited," said Duncan, "the likeness between you and Juliet is remarkable. Her eyes have a way of dilating and growing darker when she takes mental atropine, just as yours do; and if your hair was as near red as hers is, you would look like sisters."

"Red!" cried Juliet; "my hair red!"

As she said this, she took off her hat, and ran her hand over the fluffy curls on her forehead. The light shone on the soft curls and wavy locks of her bright little head, her soft, dark eyes were glowing with youthful happiness, and I looked at her and smiled. It would have delighted me to look like Juliet, but never in my prettiest, most youthful days had I had that charming air, that soft radiance of complexion. But I only said, "It would have pleased my uncle Dalton if I had looked like Juliet."

Duncan gave me one look, black with anger, full of an indignation for which I could see no foundation in my careless speech, and then he called sharply to the head-waiter and asked if our supper was to be served as a breakfast.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day after our little supper, which ended merrily enough, Bernard asked Juliet to marry him. It was plain to see that he would do this; but I was not sure what her answer would be. The girl was often beyond my comprehension, and now I could not be certain which would conquer,—her love, or her ambition. I thought she must love him; but I knew that if she accepted him she would have to surrender all her desire to sing in public, and I was not sure that she would do this.

But this day she came in, her hands full of pink roses, and her face sweeter and lovelier than any flower that ever grew. Her eyes were filled with soft light, and she stood off for one moment, looking at me. Then she flung down the roses, and ran to me, and threw herself on her knees, with her happy face looking up at me.

"Oh, Janet dear," she said, in the tenderest voice, "how dearly he loves me!"

I think we were three preposterously happy people, and Bernard and I certainly did spoil Juliet. Nothing pleased me so much as to see how kind and devoted he was to her; nothing amazed me more than to see how he influenced her. And yet she did not yield to him without struggle, and sometimes she was irritable and showed a sense of bondage. I sometimes wondered at the patience with which Bernard met her changes from gayety to fretfulness, but he thought it nothing more than the unrest of a wild creature caught in a cage. Sometimes it seemed to me the rebellion of a free, rather than a wild, creature. He did not know, as I did, how differently she had planned her life, and he counted her experience by the years she had lived.

One evening, when he had left the house laughing at her, and not realizing how bitter was the retort she had thrown at him, I told her that she had best take care, because his patience must have its limits. "You can see how hasty and hot-tempered he is. Why do you try to provoke him?"

"I do not try to provoke him," she answered, sitting wearily down in the chair he had occupied. "It is he who provokes me. I cannot bear the blindness that refuses to see the storm that is coming."

"What nonsense!" I replied. "You are romantic indeed, Juliet! What storm is coming?"

She did not answer, but began to fold a slip of paper between her fingers.

"Are you still longing for the stage, Juliet?"

"No," she answered, "I do not long for it; but I wish I had chosen it. The stage may be a master hard to satisfy, but it asks no questions."

The meaning of what she said turned me cold.

"And what questions does Bernard ask, Juliet?"

"Oh, he asks none!" she cried, throwing away the bit of paper. "He has no idea that there are any to ask. He takes Juliet Abercrombie

on trust, and fancies he knows all about her. It is of Mrs. Garlic—Mrs. Napoleon Garlic—that he will ask questions.”

To this I could make no reply, and we silently looked one on the other.

“You ought to have told him,” I finally said. “You ought to have told him long ago.”

“I have never had a chance to tell him,—never! There has never been a time, a single moment, when I could tell him. For, Aunt Janet, I liked him from the first; and there has never been a time when I felt that *now* he could go and leave me.”

“He would not have gone. Not for that. Not if you had properly explained it.”

“There is no proper explanation—for him! None at all. He would be a relentless judge. He would pronounce me deceitful, untruthful.”

“Oh, no! oh, no! Not if you told him how young you were, and that you never meant to deceive, only ignore.”

She shook her head.

“He will never forgive me.” Then she laughed. “Do you know, Aunt Janet, that I often feel as if I should like to spring it on him? I’d like to see how he would look when I should say, ‘Oh, by the way, Bernard, our marriage-notice must read, Mr. Bernard Mendoza to Mrs. Juliet Garlic, widow of the late Napoleon Garlic, shoemaker.’”

“Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind,” I cried, in alarm, for she looked perfectly capable of exploding the affair in just this manner. “I shall tell him myself. To-morrow. And you shall not have the name of Garlic on your cards. It is *not* your name; and that of Abercrombie is as good as Mendoza.”

“Hardly,” she answered. “Mendoza is an historic name, and makes you think of Moors, and of knights in armor charging on them, and of castles on the tops of mountains, and of Spain; of statesmen, and poets, for Bernard says that while his ancestors fought in line with their peers, they thought and wrote far ahead of their time.”

“Very well,” said I.

“And you don’t claim such a splendid record for our family?”

“Why, yes, I do. I know so little of my forefathers that I do not know their names, and so they may have been knights and poets both.”

“Those we *know* were not. And as for our marriages!—you cannot get over it, Aunt Janet, Napoleon *was* a shoemaker. I have often sat by him when he made shoes, and when he mended them.”

“Oh, Juliet,” I cried, “be reasonable! Don’t be so bitter and hard! It does not become you. It is not necessary. Let us face your position in a better spirit. It is bad enough as it is.”

A bitter smile passed over her face. “It certainly is,” she replied; and again we were silent. Then she spoke. “I shall tell him,” she said, “but not to-morrow. I want to have a little day of happiness without a flaw. When it is all over I can console myself by singing.”

“When it is over?”

She nodded her head. “It will be over after a little. Bernard will never marry me after I have told him.”

So she went her way, and tried to be happy. She grew capricious, and made Bernard her slave. He served her with unflinching goodness and in all sorts of delightful ways. As a lover he was perfection. Never servile, but always attentive, and never maudlin, but ever tender, he was a lover who kept his dignity and his lady's as well, and yet gloried in her service. His one object was to make her happy, to be the source of all her pleasures. He walked with her, he read to her, and if she treated his attentions with indifference, met his plans with refusals, he never showed feeling nor resentment, but set himself to something new for her.

If I had not comprehended the struggle going on in Juliet's life, I should have judged her unworthy of such love; but I knew how truth and love were fighting in her heart. I knew that she was persuaded that when she took courage to tell him she would also have to have the courage to lose him. And I knew how dear was his love to her.

I ought to have interfered, but I was afraid. If her happiness was to be the price of honesty, I could not be the one to pay it out. But it is feeble wisdom to try to bury a secret quick with life, either under mountains or seas. It fights for life and air, and both will it have, let ruin follow as it may. Better, far better, is present calamity than accumulative disaster.

But this I did not then realize, and, having had but little experience with life, although I thought I had had much, I fancied that when it twisted itself it would of its own accord untwist. Now I know that the logical development of a twist is a knot, and that the swords which cut knots are not often at hand. And both Juliet and I possessed one of the worst characteristics of cowardice—of the difficulties upon which we had time to think, we were afraid, while we rushed upon those which suddenly confronted us. And so there came a time when the ferment in Juliet's young blood refused to be inactive. As she would not do what she knew she ought, she tempted Fate and did what she knew she ought not to do, and Fate promptly gave her a foretaste of what she expected lay in waiting for her.

One night when Bernard had gone away from the city for twenty-four hours, Juliet said she would console herself and fulfil a neighborly—a Samaritan—duty at the same time; and so, after an early dinner, Duncan Macfarlane called and took her to the house of a young friend just married. All through our little dinner she had been very still, but I noticed that the arrival of Duncan excited her, and she left me with him and ran up to get ready to go. It was now winter, and when she came down she had on her heavy wraps, and a pale blue zephyr scarf was wound around her head and neck. It was late when she came back, but I had been very busy, and when she came in alone I reproached her for allowing Duncan to go, because I had a little supper waiting them. She laughed when I said this.

"He was afraid to come in," she answered; and then she flung off her wraps and stood before me in evening dress. She had worn a trained black silk that we shared between us, we were so near of a size, and the neck was turned in so as to show her lovely throat, and she had laces there, and on her elbow-sleeves. Roses were in her belt, and

in her hand she carried a superb bunch of them. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were brilliant with color.

"You little scamp!" I cried. "Why did you not let me see you before you left? and when did you get all that costume up? Did Duncan give you the roses?"

"Oh, Janet dear, I have been in heaven!" she said.

"So I should fancy from your eyes."

"For I have—I, Juliet—I have sung to an orchestra! Oh, that is life, Janet! It is far finer than singing to an organ, and we have sometimes, you know, thought that divine; but the orchestra is alive, and it calls, 'Come on, come on, rise higher, *fly!*' It made the blood rush through my veins keen and strong. I felt as if I never could stop, and I could hardly wait for my turns to come. I did not sing any great songs, but lovely ones, and for an encore I chose Mozart, because you like me to sing his music, and the only flaw in my perfect bliss was that you were not there to hear me. But I sang to *you!* Somehow, I fancied you would know I was singing, and guess how happy, how happy I was!"

"Are you crazy?" I cried. "What do you mean? You waited for your turn? Oh, Juliet! you are but teasing me?"

"Indeed I am not," she answered. "I never was more serious, if there is anything serious about it when every nerve is tingling, every drop of blood dancing; for I *can* sing, Janet!"

"If this is the truth, Juliet, why did you conceal it from me? You know how it would have delighted me."

"You would have told Bernard," she said.

"Oh, who put you up to this?"

"Put me up?" she repeated. "Ah, that is not pretty, Janet dear. Say, rather, who helped and encouraged me? Why, Duncan. Who else?"

"Duncan?" I cried. "Oh, Juliet, it is not worth while to throw away your happiness in this way. What will Duncan ever give you to compensate for Bernard's indignation?"

"Did you ever see Bernard very angry?" was her flippant reply. "Well, it is becoming to him. His lips become resolute, and his eyes blaze. And he does not look at you. He looks away,—out of the window,—into space. Generally his face is too amiable; and amiability is not good for a man who is not a blond."

I did not answer her. I began to close the shutters and get ready to go up-stairs.

She sat very still and quiet on the lounge, and her face had grown pale and the light in her eyes was darkened.

"To-morrow," she said, "I shall see him. He will come back in a morning train. He was to have gone yesterday, you know, but I persuaded him to wait until to-day. I told him that I wanted to go with him to the church festival last night, but it was really because I wished to have the coast clear to-night. What do you think he will say to me?"

"I don't know. You are perfectly well aware of his feeling about your being a public singer."

"It will not be the singing he will care for this time," she said, in a tired voice.

And Juliet read her lover aright. Never had I liked Bernard as well as I did that day when he came in straight from the station with a newspaper in his hand. He looked worried, but that was all. So generous and honest was he that he never doubted that there was a mistake, that an explanation was ready.

"Look here, Juliet," he called up the staircase to her. "I have something to show you! You have a namesake, and in all your life you'll never sing as well as she does."

Juliet came slowly down the stairs, and she took the paper, but she did not look at it. She had not read any of the notices, although she knew that I had bought all the morning papers and that they were in my room. But Juliet cared little for the past; her eyes were always on the future.

I was in the parlor. I had been copying music, and I stayed there. Juliet sat down by the fire, holding the paper in her hand, and Bernard stood smiling at her.

"You look tired," he said.

"I am," she answered.

"And how do you think she feels?"

"Who?"

"The other Juliet Abercrombie."

"Oh, nonsense!" she answered. "You know there is no other."

"You don't mean that *you* sang last night?"

"Certainly I do."

He answered her not a word, but he turned and went out of the room. We watched him as he put on his overcoat and hat in the hallway, but we said not a word. Then he went out of the house.

After a little Juliet spoke. "That, I suppose, was the Mendoza blood!" she said, and she too left the house, and it was hours before she came back from a long walk.

Now, as Juliet told me the story, without apology, she was not so much to blame, except for her most lamentable concealment. Her singing-teacher, Mr. Leopardi, was an old man, and poor, because of an improvident son, and in the long years of his life he had never had such a pupil as Juliet, and it deeply disappointed him that she had surrendered a public career, for he was training her for opera. When there came to him a letter from the leader of a famous orchestra saying that his chief soprano was ill and that her place in the concert to be given in our city in a day or so could not be filled, he telegraphed back that he would fill her place and that he would guarantee a success. Then he sent for Juliet, and he told her that if she would but sing, his future, because he was her teacher, would be secure. Juliet was fond of him, and he had been kind to her, so she consented, and then did not know what to do, because she was sure Bernard would be violent in his disapproval, and she did not tell me, because she resolved to bear all the blame herself.

We looked for Bernard that night and the next, but he did not come. Then there arrived a little note, and this was all it said:

"I see, Juliet, that I am a tyrant to you, and that I am keeping you from what is more to you than I am. But, although it seems to me that I should *never* be able to reconcile myself to the sight of my wife on the stage, and that the life we should have to lead would be a life robbed of domestic sweetness, still, I might have consented to it had I seen that it was a necessity to you. Now I feel that if you can so plan to deceive me, and that with the help of another man, I must be very little to you. This is all I need say to you, I think.

"B. M."

When Juliet read this she laughed, and she gave it to me to read.

"He kills two birds with one stone," she said, "but he does not know it! If he objects to a secret *début*, what will he say to the secret widow?" And she laughed again, and I should far rather have had her cry. Then I said, just to test her, that perhaps it was best to separate, and she replied that there could be no doubt of that, and she turned to the piano, where she was sitting, and went on with her scales in a clear and brilliant voice.

I did not pretend to understand Juliet in the days that followed. My own experience in life had been so simple and straightforward that I found in it no clue to her complex nature. I had thought she would turn to me in her trouble, but she seemed to have no trouble at all. She studied and took her lessons. She visited, and in the evenings we spent together I played while she sang. She was in good spirits, but she never spoke of the past or future, and this was not like Juliet, because she was a child in expecting gifts from coming days, and so I knew she was only "silent, not dumb."

And the months went by, and we said nothing to each other of what filled our hearts, and I knew nothing of either Bernard or Duncan until one day I met Mr. Griswold at a lecture, and he came and sat by me. He said, when we arose to go out,—

"The Home had no more trouble about the title?"

"None at all. Your nephews attended to it, and there can be no more dispute about it. We were perfectly safe."

"That is well," he said. "It is comfortable and of advantage to be safe. But what is the matter with Bernard and your niece? He told me they were to marry?"

Now, I could not shout the story of a broken engagement into his ear, nor could I tell it to his trumpet, going, as we were, down the hall, in the crowd, so I only smiled and said something inane.

"I suppose you know that the two boys have separated, and that Bernard has his own office?" he then said.

Now I did lift up my voice, and shout, "No! Why?"

"Temper, I think. I did not ask the explanation, because I did not mean to interfere. In a quarrel interference is fuel. The best extinguisher is silence and time, taken together. But I am sorry for Bernard. It is Duncan who has the money and the connections. The Macfarlanes made money during the war, and the Mendozas lost everything. A young lawyer has to wait, and Bernard, I hear, has not had a case in two months. When I first entered practice I resolved that the

first eight years I'd take all the cases I could get, with or without fees, but that the tenth year should pay for the nine preceding ones. And it did. I had two big cases that year,—a railroad, and an actor's divorce. Different lines of practice, but both paid well. But when a man has no money, and his people are dead (and that is Bernard's position), the law is worse than Jordan, as roads go!"

Every one must have noticed how often it happens that after a person has passed out of our lives and we neither hear of nor see them, suddenly the spell is broken, and we have news of them, we meet them; paths once more cross, and the air echoes their names and their doings. And thus it was with Bernard. I told Juliet what Mr. Griswold had said to me, and she replied that she had that very day met Duncan, who had told her that Bernard had thrown up his partnership, and was out of town, but he did not say anything of a quarrel.

"And why does not Duncan come to see us?" said I.

Juliet looked at me with surprise in her dark eyes.

"Why, how could he, when it would so displease Bernard?"

"It makes no difference to us how Bernard feels."

"No," she said, and that was all.

Then we saw him. It was at the theatre, and he sat just in front of us, on the other side of the row of seats, and we saw him plainly. He had not borne the separation as Juliet had, and he looked like a man ill with a fatal disease, so pale and wan was his face, so glassy his eyes. I remembered that I had heard that his mother had died of grief for his father. He rested his head on his hand, and once I heard him cough. Juliet never looked elsewhere. Her eyes were fixed on him. When the performance was over she held me back, and so he came upon us, not knowing we were there. When he saw Juliet the surprise was like a blow to him, and he staggered back. Quick as her thought, Juliet slipped her hand into his arm, and held it with her young strength.

"Bernard," she said, "come home with us."

He looked down at her, his eyes brilliant with happiness, and then tears came into them, for he was very weak, and sudden happiness is sometimes harder to bear than sudden pain. And so he came back.

I said to her afterwards that she had shown true courage,—that I should not have dared, because I should have feared a repulse.

"There was not much daring about it," she replied. "He longed for me, as I did for him. It is easy enough to be brave when you know that the enemy's heart is on your side."

I made no answer, for she knew more of love than I did. I had only known the love that sacrifices, never the love that trusts or dares.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Bernard came back to Juliet changed in many ways. The quarrel and the separation had awakened in him that sense of masterhood which belongs to the masculine temperament, and, while

he tenderly considered the girl, he was no longer her slave. Sometimes I have seen him look at her as if he almost pitied her for the constant surrender of her will. This was needless. Juliet was decided enough in temperament, but it now pleased her to submit to him. It made some amend for the past and for the present, and it was easy to give up in trifles when she was holding her own in what was of supreme importance. For she had promptly decided upon her course, and she frankly told me. "He will die," she said, "if I allow him to leave me again, and he will leave me if I tell him. But after I am bound to him, when I have him constantly by me, he will forgive me my silence; for that is all there is to forgive." And that was true, for there was nothing illegal or wrong in the marriage. And I came to believe that Bernard was one of the men who will forgive in the wife what they would bitterly revenge in the betrothed; but I could not believe that he would die of love, ill as he was when she called him back, because this is true of so few men and women.

I do not know what these young people said to each other that evening, but they made a peace that was delightful to both, and Bernard took her into council upon two proposals which had been made to him. One was a legal position in the city with a salary of one thousand dollars, the other was an excellent connection in Canada with an old lawyer. Juliet wasted no time in giving her opinion. Canada, she said, was impossible, he could not endure the cold; and on the salary they could live with me; "and you know, Janet dear," she said when she told me, "that you are happier here with your friends than you would be there." "But Bernard has not asked me to go to Canada," said I. "He has asked me," was her reply.

And so they were married, and for two happy, peaceful years we lived together. Juliet was the housekeeper, and she liked it. She made great use of the Household Columns in the Saturday newspapers, and every Wednesday night we had a new dish, even if our usual dinner at that hour had to be changed into a supper to make a place for it.

In the second year the little girl came to us. She was my god-daughter, but she was not named for me. She was called Sophie. "I was not just to my mother," said Juliet. "I thought her harsh and unloving; but how could I have borne the poor, barren life she led? and I might have had it had not Death interfered!" she added, but under her breath, as if she was afraid that the baby would hear and understand.

But the child had as many names as a Spanish princess. Bernard called her Dolores, after his grandmother, and Isabella, for his mother, and Jean Ferdinand, after his father, and the "Czarina Jeannette," after me, until Juliet proposed that there should be days assigned for the different names. Bernard was so proud of her that one day he marched Duncan in to see her and so join the worshippers. The cousins came in together as cordial and friendly as ever before, and Juliet and I realized when we saw Duncan how much we had missed him. He stayed to dinner, and afterwards we all played whist, and listened for the baby, who sometimes stirred in her sleep and so gave Juliet the delight of rushing up-stairs to soothe her.

After this Duncan was a frequent visitor, especially Saturday nights, and the little maid put his plate upon the table whenever he appeared, knowing that he was sure to stay over meal-time. He was like a breeze in our life, which might have stagnated in stillness and sweetness.

Then one day something astounding happened. Juliet and Bernard were up-stairs with the baby, who had gone to sleep in excitement and so was restless, and Duncan and I were alone, when he said that Bernard had made a happy marriage, and I replied that it had made us all happy, and that I loved Bernard like a son.

"Now, that is absurd," replied Duncan. "Why don't you say like a grandchild? I never knew a woman who so persistently tried to make herself old; and your will is so strong that you try to look so."

"Indeed I do not," I said. "I should like to look much younger, but when a woman comes to my age she has to realize her years."

"But you 'realize' those which are coming instead of those that are gone."

"I don't care much for those that are coming."

"You ought."

"But I don't."

"Well, I do; and I am but three days younger than you are."

"You are a man," said I, "and your life is before you. Mine is behind me."

"Indeed it is not. But you ought to have been born old. That would have suited you. I think perhaps you would have looked forward then to good days, and you and I would have grown young together, and to-day we'd plan all we should do as girl and boy when the time came. Now we spend the days in which we ought to be taking our pleasure, in earning money for those which we will have to endure."

"'Endure'?" I repeated. "Is that all the future has to offer? I think fighting is better than enduring, although I know less about it."

"Of course it is better," he answered, "and it is not in you to endure, although you think it is. That is Juliet's part in life, not yours. But she will take what she wants, and that you never will. She is the wiser."

His tone startled me, perhaps because I was always on the watch.

"You will never again make trouble for Juliet," I cried.

"I never did. I own I was glad to be her escort the night she sang, because I was glad to have her do it."

"But you must have known it would make trouble?"

"Of course I did."

"And you called yourself Bernard's friend?"

"Oh, I was not thinking of him."

"You ought to have thought of him. You know how violently he opposed even the idea. Why should you, of all others, seeing how fond he was of you, why should you want them to quarrel? It almost killed Bernard."

"He would have got over it. But do you not know my object?"

I was silent. He came near me.

"Do you not know it?" he repeated.

"I do not."

"Do you not guess it?"

"No!" I answered, crossly. "Not unless you wanted to annoy us."

"And I did. I wanted to annoy *you*."

I laid down my embroidery. "Annoy me! What satisfaction could that give you?"

"I hate a slave!" he exclaimed, walking the room, "and you are one, Janet Abercrombie. A born slave! You had no thought in life but Juliet. She filled up your horizon; and I was tired of it. I wanted you to see her as she is,—a pretty, self-willed woman, who seems to yield so that she may govern. There was nothing too exacting for her to ask, nothing too precious for you to grant; and it was not wholesome for either of you."

"You are very impertinent."

"But one cannot change nature, I suppose, and you have it in you to submit. Years ago, when I was a very young fellow, it used to irritate me to see how absorbed you were in Ogden Dalton. He was superbly handsome, but that was all there was of him! You were porcelain to his crude clay."

"Duncan Macfarlane," I cried, "leave Ogden alone! What he was, what I was to him, certainly does not concern you, and I will not bear it."

"Still, you were a slave to him, and, because of him, to Lilian," he repeated.

I was so furious that I could not answer.

"You think that your idols all have feet of brass," he said. "Suffer me to show you that they are clay."

For answer I stood up, meaning to leave him, but he came in front of me.

"Oh, I am not nearly through," he said. "I have a great deal to say yet! Do you not know why I wanted Juliet to disturb your calm and show you how shallow your foundations for happiness were?"

"No," I replied; "I haven't the slightest idea. Perhaps you wanted to oust Bernard and marry her yourself."

He laughed at this.

"No," he said. "But I did want to marry you."

"Duncan," said I, "will you let me go up-stairs?"

"It is not time for you to go, and it is not polite to leave me. I still want to marry you, Janet."

By this time I was so excited that I sat down and cried, and he stood still and watched me, and I hated him for it. Presently he came to me, and drew a chair close to me, and took my hand in his, and would not let me draw it away.

"You do not believe me, but I love you dearly, Janet."

"Love me!"

"Yes, love you. Why should not a man love you?"

I laughed. I could not help it, being so nervous and wrought up.

"They never have," said I.

"You have never allowed it. I have seen men try to make love to

you, but you never turned your head to listen to them. You do not know the alphabet of love."

"Nonsense!"

"You do not!"

"Very well. I am too old to learn it."

He took my hand in his own. "Let me give you a lesson in what you should say. Now repeat after me: 'Duncan, I know I have been insensible to you, and even now——' Go on."

"'Duncan, I know I have been——'" I obediently began.

"'Insensible to you, and now——'"

"'Insensible to you, and now——'"

"'Even now——'"

"'Even now——'"

"'Do not do you justice; but I will believe that you honestly love me.' Go on."

"'Do not do you justice; but I will believe that you think I am a hopeless idiot.' Is that right?"

"But I am in earnest."

"So am I."

"Janet!"

"Duncan!"

He jumped up. "I am not jesting," he exclaimed. "Never was man more in earnest. Do believe me, Janet. You do not guess how tenderly I regard you. In all your life you have had no chance, for you have always been overshadowed. Come with me, Janet, come, and you shall really live, your life shall have in it vitality and strength. Come!" He stood in front of me and held out his hand; but I shook my head.

"Janet!" he softly repeated; but still I was silent. I could not go to him. Then the quick color came into his face.

"Is it because of Ogden Dalton that you are so cold, so inflexible? Has he done you this harm?"

At that moment I could have wished to love Duncan, but my heart was like ice to him, and I said, patiently, as one owns to a fault he cannot cure, "Yes. It is because of Ogden."

My curious lover grew white to the lips.

"Damned vampire!" he said, and without another word he went away.

For a week we saw nothing of him, and then he reappeared behaving as usual, and neither Bernard nor Juliet saw any change in him. But I did, and I knew as well as though he had called it out to me when he entered the room, and repeated it when he left, that he was but biding his time and had not given up. And he was good to me in many little ways which showed how his thoughts hovered around me: yet, although I could not but be kind to him, as any woman must be to the man who attentively loves her, the idea of marrying him was absurd and disagreeable to me.

But Duncan was a man who could wait. His heart might fire his brain, but the brain dominated the heart, keeping it under until its day should come. And no one guessed what had happened, and our family peace was not disturbed by it.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN from the skies falls the fire that consumes our fields and destroys our flocks, but leaves our neighbor's very boundary-lines in bloom and peace, is it a special providence that smites us but smiles on him, or is there in some of us a magnetic power that attracts all that is malignant? I have seen those who by no ill ways of life or of temper deserve such a fate, spend all their days in fighting misfortunes. And it was not one kind of trouble, such as might come because of this or that condition in life, but it seems as if no wind, whether of war, pestilence, or famine, could pass them by, but as if each was compelled to wheel about and blow bitterly upon them. They are like

Ships that spell-bound roam the deep,
And pass by many a happy shore,

upon which they may never touch nor land, while others go gayly along, fanned by winds of fortune only, and tarrying at any port they fancy.

But no such thoughts as these came to me one afternoon in early June, when Sophie was over eighteen months old, and I went peacefully home, carrying her a dainty blue plate for her own simple dinners. Little did I think, my mind being partly on the baby and partly on the organ rehearsal in which I had just taken part, that Misfortune had overtaken me and was walking by my side, and that when I entered my door and closed it I should shut out Happiness and see her no more for many long days. I remember how I tarried on our little porch and looked at the small garden all in bloom. The vines had grown heavy and shaded the house, and the woodbine was in bloom. The roses and the white lilies were crowding together against the fence, and the pinks were all in bud, just ready to burst. Over on the tiny grass-plot lay a forlorn little rubber doll, close at the side of the porch stood the baby's carriage, and near it Juliet's wicker chair, with a book left open. I looked on all these signs of home peace and blessedness, and my heart was filled with thankfulness. Back in the house I could hear our little maid singing, for in our house every one sang, and her voice was low and pleasant. Then suddenly I heard Juliet moan as if she was in great distress, and I ran into the house, and up into her room, only to see her sitting quietly with the baby asleep in her arms.

"Why, that is absurd," she replied, smiling. "What should I moan about? Certainly I should not wake the baby by any such performance as that! It was a noise in the street, or a shutter that creaked."

But it was nothing of the kind. It was Juliet's voice, and it was a stifled cry of anguish, such as I knew well in after-days, but which I then had never heard from her.

It disquieted me greatly; and when Bernard came home, and Juliet laughed about it as she told him, for over such little things we gossiped

at our table, I could not be merry with her, because it still sounded in my ears.

After our dinner was over, Bernard and Juliet went into the parlor, because we were afraid to have the baby out after the dew might have begun to fall, and I drew the wicker chair close to the window, so that we made a group although I sat out on the porch. And it was then Bernard took twenty dollars out of his pocket, and told Juliet that there was the reason for her moans.

"If you will give it to me," she said, "I will groan or laugh, just as you wish."

"Oh, you shall have it," he answered, "every cent of it, for heaven only knows when I can give you any more, because my country needs me no longer."

We were a little dismayed at this news, because Bernard's salary was of the utmost importance in drawing together the ends which must meet, but we cheered up and felt confident about the future, for we had thus far lived plainly and with care, and had been comfortable and independent, and as for the work we did in earning the money, neither Bernard nor I shrank from that. All he wanted was to make us happy and to relieve me from any need to work. But I liked to feel that my shoulder was helping to run the wheel, although I was often tired and would have been glad to command my time.

This loss of money was only the beginning of the cyclone of misery that swept through our lives. That very night the baby sickened with diphtheria, and in less than a week she was dead, and Juliet lay very ill with the same disease, with the doctor looking seriously enough as he watched her.

As soon as it was known what the disease was, our little maid went away, and Bernard and I were left alone in the house. I could not give my lessons, even had we had a nurse, because parents would have been afraid of contagion, therefore, as the season was nearly over, I stopped them all, and collected what money was owing to me. Bernard nursed Juliet through the day, and we relieved each other at night, but I had to go alone with the undertaker and minister when the baby was buried. Here is misery enough in a few lines, but it came like a storm, sudden and quick, and I have no memory of it that needs the telling in greater detail.

Duncan Macfarlane was in Nevada, and our other friends were afraid to do more than call at the door, inquire, and go away relieved when I told them there was nothing they could do. It was reported that Juliet's case was of the most malignant form, and this frightened the people. But, because we could not yield, Bernard and I kept up our courage, hard as it was when we saw how fast our little store of money was going and knew that there was no more in waiting. We never told Juliet of the frugal meals we ate down-stairs, and she little guessed the perplexities into which the rent, the gas-bill, the undertaker's bill, and all the expenses of life and death were plunging us. But as she grew better, and came down-stairs, she began to comprehend it, and all her troubles together made her depressed, and it was hard to keep up her heart, or to get her beyond a point where her convalescence

was really more painful and trying to her than her sickness had been. The doctor told us we must take her away from the city; but how could we do that? By this time Bernard was free to go day by day into the blazing streets, where business was stagnant and friends absent, to eat out his heart in misery and mortification, looking for work. For it mortified him deeply to find himself so helpless. There was so little he could do. He had been educated for a lawyer, and lawyers do not pick up cases on the street, nor is it to their credit to beg for them. Our one anchor was my salary as organist, and this was but little, compared with our needs. It is not well to go into the details of the privations in the little house, but we were more unhappy and more helpless than any of God's creatures ought to be, for it does sometimes happen that the tide comes in and catches us at the foot of a cliff up which we cannot climb, and we are neither birds to fly nor fish to swim.

And then in the middle of August Juliet's second child was born, and again she was very ill. We now indeed had trouble, which we had to take with set teeth, and this time we had sore hearts; for, what with mortifications and privations, and, at last, debt, even Bernard began to lose energy and faith. He was not used to struggle, nor to the worrying, mean expedients with which we now were tormented. I was desperate, and it seemed to me that my very muscles tightened as I resolved that poverty should never get the better of us and spoil our lives. Curiously enough, Juliet now became the hopeful, cheery one. Her little boy brought back her smiles, and it amused her to see how dark his eyes grew, and how black his hair. She declared him a Spaniard, and gave him his grandfather's name of Ferdinand; and as I heard her softly murmuring her tender caressing talk to him, I could fancy little Sophie back again.

It used to amuse us sometimes, for we had not lost the power of viewing our misfortunes in prospective, to see how few resources we had. We were not at all like the heroes of novels, who always have jewels to sell, for we owned none; and no friend ever sent us an envelope with two or three hundred pounds in it; and neither did an uncle die when we were at the worst, and leave us all his property. We used to talk of these possibilities and resolve what we would do when any one of them should happen; and it was true, as Juliet once declared with a little tremble in her voice, that the first thing Bernard and I thought of was something to cure her.

It came to be September, hot and dry. The streets were dusty and ill of odor, and the very air seemed to weary in staleness and want of vitality. And we were very poor. I had paid our rent, and had gone home tired out and weak, with twenty-five cents in my pocket and two peaches in my hand. On my way I stopped and bought a loaf of bread, and I carried it into the kitchen, where I found Juliet sitting on a chair, looking very pale.

"Janet," she said, "there is not a thing to eat in this house."

"But there is," I replied. "Bread, peaches and chicken, and tea,—and lots."

"I see the bread; but the chicken!—oh, Janet!"

Still, there *was* chicken; a piece of the breast, too.

It was a very ancient fowl, which Bernard had bought because he thought it was so large and looked as though it might taste like turkey. He insisted that I should broil it, because Juliet liked it so, and I did, but I was not an expert in cooking, and I did not know that there was any way of making it more tender. Therefore it had lasted a long time. In private Bernard told me that it tasted like sleeve-buttons. He had sold his own to buy it.

Having proclaimed my larder, I sent Juliet back to the baby in the parlor, and I took off my hat and began to prepare her supper. I made the tea in a little china pot, and I cut the bread, and pared the peaches, and brought up the chicken and laid a rosebud on it, and carried the waiter into the parlor.

The Supreme Court, I told her, had decided that butter was against the law, but that fruit could be substituted; and here it was. And so I drew up a little table in front of her, took the baby, and sat down to see her eat.

I recollect how hungry I was, and how much I wished that I too had a peach, but when I remembered that all I could give Bernard was tea and bread, I stopped thinking of peaches for myself. And then in came Bernard, looking more happy than usual, and he took the baby from me, and together we made Juliet eat every bit of her chicken, although she declared it made her teeth ache. Bernard had news that cheered us all. His uncle Griswold had returned to the city, and he was amazed when he found that Bernard had no employment, and had said it must be attended to at once. "What I shall have to do, I do not know," he said, "but it will be something." And he kissed the baby, and then he kissed Juliet too.

On the sofa lay the book Juliet had been reading, and he picked it up and laughed at her choice. It was the history of a Pennsylvania Quaker settlement, and he said it was as dry as dust.

"But I like it," answered she, "and it is not at all dry if you read between the lines and see what must have happened. There was one of the family, Samuel Scatterworth, who was a preacher, and once going to yearly meeting he stopped at an inn, where he saw a God-fearing and modest young woman who pleased him. So as he mounted his horse the next morning he said, 'Phoebe Tatem, when I come again next year, if the Lord wills, I will marry thee.' Now read between that!"

"But did he marry her?" said I.

"Why, of course, or why tell the story? Just think of her waiting a year on such an offer! and do you suppose there were no other young Quakers who wanted to marry her? But I don't know whether I should rather be called 'Tatem' or 'Scatterworth'."

"Talking of names," exclaimed Bernard, "I heard of an odorous one to-day, and it came in a letter from Duncan."

"From Duncan?" cried Juliet. "Is he coming home?"

"Not yet. He seems to have no end of work. And I expect it pays him well." Because he said this with a little sigh, Juliet asked, quickly and gently, what Duncan had written.

"And the name?" I added.

At this Bernard smiled, and he lifted the baby up on his hands and held it aloft as he said,—

"Señor, how should you like to be named Garlic?"

"Named *what*?" I cried, and I ran to Juliet; but she sat perfectly still, white and like a stone.

"Garlic." Then he turned in alarm, looking at us both. "What is the matter with you two? Why, I shall fare worse than the barber's brother, if I have to suffer for merely mentioning the name of the vegetable."

"There is nothing the matter with us," replied Juliet, who took the blow which she saw coming with a strength possible only to a woman weak and on her mettle. Then she smiled,—such a pale little smile,—and she put out her arms.

"Give me our baby, Bernard," she said.

He did not understand the force of this appeal, but he gave her the child, and sat down by her, pushing the little table away.

"Duncan wants me to ask you if you, either of you, ever heard of a man named Garlic in your old home?"

I turned from the window where I was standing,—at this moment I see the geraniums all ablaze in the garden,—and I said,—

"Yes: I have."

"And was his name Joseph?"

"No."

"Thomas?"

"No."

"Well, authorities differ about his name. What was your Garlic called?"

"Aaron," said I, boldly.

"That's the man! Aaron is the name his partner persists in claiming for him, but he has signed himself both Joseph and Thomas,—but always Garlic. Juliet, you are sick! Are you faint?"

"I am perfectly well," said Juliet, but she drew away from his arm, and, leaning against the sofa, held tightly to her child. I think she took breath, as I did, when we found the name was Aaron, near danger as that was.

"You have heard of the Lightning Mines? You know Duncan has something to do with them? No company need want a neater bit of property, for it has already turned out tons of money. Now comes a man named Ferris,—you never heard of *him*? No. He says that he and a man named Garlic bought that very tract of land ten or more years ago, and that he can prove it, and he has convinced the company that as Garlic is dead his heirs had best be consulted about the title. It was a long time before they knew where Garlic came from, and then Duncan heard that he came from the Cross-Roads, Pennsylvania, and naturally thought of you and that you might know something of him."

"I don't," I said.

"But you can tell Duncan how to begin his search."

"No, I cannot." Then I added, "They are all dead,—every one of them."

"They must have had some relations. Leeks, for instance?"

At this feeble joke the baby might have smiled, but I did not. I kept my eyes on Juliet.

"I never heard of his having any relations."

"But you will tell Duncan what you do know?"

"I do not know anything," and I took up the waiter to carry it out of the room, but at the door I stopped. "Juliet don't know anything of Aaron Garlic. He left there before she can remember. Don't worry her, Bernard." And I put the waiter down in the dining-room, and went up-stairs and cried. I was very weak, and I did not see how either Juliet or I could face any more trouble just then. And I was unjustly angry with Duncan for throwing this firebrand into our home.

After that I was restless, and I could not sit down where Bernard was, for fear he would ask me more questions, and I could not stay out of the room, because I thought Juliet might betray herself, or even confess, and I felt that rather than bear all that betrayal or confession would now bring, I would kill myself. Much of this terror came from physical weakness, from hunger, worry, and the trials of the summer, rather than from cowardice. In the night, after the others were in bed (and I prayed both asleep, Juliet not being able to bear such agony as I was suffering), I realized how weak I was, and I went down-stairs to get some food. In the dining-room stood Juliet's tray, reminding me that I had not given Bernard any supper, but the poor boy had got it for himself. And I sat down and laughed, and laughed, like a crazy creature, because I found that he had eaten all the bread, and there was nothing for me but some sugar! But on the kitchen-table, under a flat-iron, was a five-dollar note, and I remembered then that he told us that he had boldly asked his uncle for fifty dollars. I was at once indignant because old Aaron Garlic had made me forget it, and we might have had a good supper before we went to bed! For at that moment, and in the middle of the night, I thought that nothing on earth would be so delightful as a good cup of coffee, some bread and butter, and a piece of broiled rare beefsteak. This was exhausted nature's way of asking for stimulant and nourishment.

CHAPTER X.

WE had a very reviving breakfast, and we allowed Juliet to come to the table, from which she had been exiled while Bernard and I did not share her poor little list of dainties. And the good meal, the smell of the coffee and the meat, the taste of butter, the grapes, and the breakfast-rolls, made us all merry, and because we had been extravagant we were the merrier. It was such a delight to *dare* to be extravagant. And when Bernard went away, Juliet made use of the age of her worn little slippers and threw one after him.

After he was gone, she came back into the dining-room, where I was busy clearing away the dishes, her eyes sparkling, her tone eager.

"Well?" said she.

In a moment I was sobered.

"Oh, Juliet," I cried, dropping into a chair, "what are we going to do? We have denied the truth, and judgment is come upon us."

"Oh, I am not concerned about that," she replied, violently trembling from excitement. "Bernard told me more about it after we were alone. I could not ask him questions when you were present. Oh, Janet, we are very rich!"

"We? How are we rich?"

"The mines are so valuable, Bernard says, that the company will offer stock in part payment to the owners rather than give all the property is worth in money. But the money payment will be a fortune to us."

"I do not see of what importance all that is to us."

"Do not be so wilful, Janet! Was not Napoleon an only child, and am I not his widow?"

Even at that moment I resented this. I never could bear to think of Juliet's being married to Napoleon Garlic, so repulsive was the memory of him, so disagreeable all the associations with his parents.

"I'd rather starve than claim his money!" I cried out.

"You have starved long enough, Janet dear," she said, gently, "You must have thought me very blind indeed if I have not seen how you and Bernard have struggled ever since my little girl died. If you fancy that I have not known how I have been guarded and protected, you must fancy me heartless and careless indeed. What bitter tears I have shed over the tempting food you have brought me, when I knew how little you and Bernard could have for yourselves! If we knew more of such poverty we might have fought it better; for there must be ways, if we knew them! I have often tried to think of something I could do; but there was nothing, unless it was that I should get strong and use my voice in public."

I put my arms around her, and we cried together. It was not a bitter weeping. It was a happiness to both of us to have the barriers which love had built between us swept away, and to be frank once more. And then we smiled, and joked over things we remembered and told each other as if they were news, and she said, "Do you remember how"—and this and that, and I would return, "And once"—and so on, until the little boy cried out, and Juliet ran—really ran—up-stairs to him. I looked at the clock, and it was almost noon. It was little more than eight when Bernard went away.

All the rest of the day I was like one in a dream. To have been offered a decently sufficient income would at that moment have seemed a miracle; but the possibility of a sufficient fortune within reach overwhelmed me. I was too dazed to know what I was doing, and Juliet laughed at me when she found me sitting on the stairs, holding a broom and staring into vacancy. She was as cool and alert as a woman could be, and, also, as determined. We talked very little about what absorbed us, and in the afternoon I went out for a long walk, because I was too nervous to face Bernard and to answer the questions I was sure he would ask. But Bernard came home with his own news. Mr. Griswold had been prompt, and Bernard was installed in a new position. It was not very brilliant, and it was only for six months, but

it was legal work, and there was a salary. "I can easily remember," said he, "when eighty dollars a month would have been half-pay indeed; but just now it is wealth. It looks so to me."

"May I tell you what it looks like to me?" said I. "It looks like a farm I know, and it looks like trees, and grass, and an old shady bench under an oak-tree, and Juliet sitting on it, and a herd of cows coming home at night, and Juliet drinking pure milk, and going down the lane to meet you, and it looks like both of you getting stronger and rosy, and the baby growing. And it looks like my packing a trunk to-morrow, and both of you—all three of you—going off the next day."

"And doesn't it look like four of us going?" asked Bernard.

"No."

"Then it is a false prophet," cried Juliet. "Do you think we would go away and leave you here?"

"I shall be very busy. I could not go away. Remember, there is my organ and Miss Saddler's voice. It is the organ that is to prevent every one who has heard you from finding out how uneven and thin her voice is."

"Very well," Juliet replied: "you can take the farm out of your prophetic vision. It has no existence."

But I would not give up the picture I had made, and finally Juliet consented to go from home for a few weeks, but she did this, I knew, in order that she might grow well enough to attend to her inheritance.

As Bernard was half-way up the stairs that night, going to bed, he called to me that I must be sure to tell him about the Garlic man in the morning, because Duncan must have an answer.

"Very well," said I. "You rest content. I will tell Duncan myself."

"You will write to him?"

"I will."

And so he went away, satisfied.

But I was all on fire. Little doubt had I that Juliet would that night tell him the whole story, and I was ill with dread and anxiety. I could not go to bed, and I sat crouching on a chair, listening to every sound. The whole scene passed and repassed before my fancy, and I pictured Juliet's anguish, the consternation of Bernard, his indignation,—but here I stopped. I opened my door when I thought how possible it was that Juliet should fly to me for refuge and comfort. As I did this I heard voices and the sound of one walking; but their room was under mine, and the noises were confused to my ear.

And so nearly all night I watched, and everything became quiet, and there was no word from the room below my own, and when the morning came I was afraid to meet them.

I waited in the breakfast-room until I was so weak and nervous that I could not stand up. When they came in they were in gay spirits, and Bernard carried the baby, while Juliet brought her own hat in her hand. She had meant to walk a little way with Bernard, but when she saw how white I was she would take no denial, but forced me to go in her stead. The fresh air, and the great relief of mind at the horror

postponed, exhilarated me, and Bernard talked only of what amused me, so when I came back home and found Juliet dusting the parlor I could not believe that my fears through the night were anything but nightmare.

It seemed as if my anxieties were but food for Juliet's mirth; and when I told her of my night of fear she flung her arms around me and laughed as she kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other. "You dear creature," she said, "it was not Bernard walking. It was me! I was showing him how old Mrs. Garlic used to look with her funny little gown of rusty black, and that small cape she wore over her shoulders, and her great overshoes that came flopping off at the heel. I had on his slippers for the last performance. Don't you remember how she minced as she walked? And did you ever smell that dreadful cough-mixture she used to make? But perhaps you never had coughs? I did, and the old woman made me a fresh brew for each one."

"Oh, Juliet!" I cried, in horror, "it is not possible that you were laughing over the Garlics!"

"Indeed I was," she replied; "for, Janet dear, it will never do to go into paroxysms of fear when their name is mentioned. I told Bernard expressly that I remembered her very well, but that I never saw the venerable Aaron, who was never mentioned except with a shake of the head."

"And what did you say about Napoleon?"

"Nothing. Until I can say all, I must say nothing."

"When will you say all?"

Juliet sat down on a low stool, her feather duster in her hand.

"Janet," was her reply, "we will have to be quick about this affair. If the lawyers have traced Aaron Garlic to the Cross-Roads it will not be long before we hear from them, and Bernard must not know it from any one but me."

"Of course not; and you should tell him at once. You should go after him, go to the office, and bring him home, and tell him at once. He may hear it before night."

"Gently, gently," said Juliet. "First I must establish my claim on the land."

"Bernard can do that for you. It requires legal knowledge, and he will know what to do."

"He! Bernard! *Bernard* do it? Why, don't you know him better than that? Do you think he would profit by my deception? It would be like the price of blood to him. He would be incensed if I dared to claim it. And you know"—then her dark eyes filled with tears—"that *I* could never, never do it against his command!"

As I saw the tears I hardened. "Surely this deceit is worse than disobedience."

"And I don't believe," she added, "that as a married woman I could move in the matter without his consent and co-operation. I do not know, but I think this is so."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. The first thing is to consult a lawyer. I must do it at once."

I sat still and looked at the girl. I have said that I did not understand Juliet; and now her perfect fearlessness, her cool reliance on her power to work the future to her will, impressed me with a feeling that was not all surprise, but partly respect, partly belief, so much value is there in courage in the moment of danger.

"You are right about Bernard," I finally said; "but neither will he allow you to touch the money."

"Do you know what money means?" she cried. "It is not indulgence, nor luxury: it is freedom,—*freedom*, Janet! Ah, do not tell me that the rich and the poor alike have trouble. Once I might have believed it; now I never shall. The rich woman may lose her baby, as the poor one may, but she has not the anguish of seeing it starve, of seeing it fade away without nourishment, medicine, or doctor. If foul air sickens it, the rich mother can carry her child to pure air; but the poor mother watches the breath as it draws in poison, and cannot even give her own as something better. When poverty becomes your master it means degradation, humiliation, wickedness. It means that opportunities pass you by, that misfortune drags you down. I came to understand this when I was ill, and I saw you growing hollow-eyed and Bernard looking like a ghost, and when I knew there was no money to bury my little girl——"

"Oh, yes, there was, Juliet. We had money for that! And poverty is bitter and cruel, but it does not degrade."

"But it *does*," said Juliet, fiercely. "I do not mean narrow incomes, nor economy, nor denials, but poverty, *poverty*,—when you starve, and are cold, and you go up and down the streets wondering where you will get a little money, and you have no other thought, because you are hungry and cold and you suffer, and when you go to sleep thinking of it, and you wake up in the night and think of it, and you arise in the morning, and nothing has happened, but you are still poor, and hungry, and cold, and there is still no help!"

"Juliet! Juliet!" I cried, "*you* know nothing of this!"

"No, but hundreds of other people do; and where I have but dipped my foot and shivering drawn it back, they have gone in deeper and deeper, and the water has grown colder and blacker, so after a while they drown."

I cannot describe the look in Juliet's face as she said this, and she was still so pallid, and her eyes were bright and had that glassy, haggard look that comes from suffering and worry.

"Janet," she continued, but her voice sinking, and becoming calmer, "we had better look at matters as they really are. You see that with us life goes on crutches, and if they break we fall. Suppose Bernard or you had been taken sick also? Suppose you had lost your organ salary? What would have become of us?"

"Juliet Mendoza," I said, "you have no faith! Do you not believe that God sees us and pities us and will help us?"

"Yes," she said, wearily, "I do believe it; but I see that people do starve."

To this I made answer,—

"You can be happy if you are not rich. You will never starve."

"Perhaps not; but I am going to try to be happy and rich! I don't want fine clothes, nor a fine house, Janet dear, but I do want *freedom*! I want to feel that I do not have to pledge my soul to keep my body alive, and I want to use my brains for something else than contriving how to feed and clothe my child. I intend to educate him in the way we think best for him. And I do not mean that we shall be trembling in the balance of no work, no wages, and, therefore, misery."

She paused, and leaned her head against a chair; the excitement faded from her face, and she grew pale, and her eyes closed. She was not fainting, but she was very weak, and I had to help her up-stairs and put her to bed.

And now she was ill indeed. As soon as Bernard came home he went for the doctor, who told us that the fight was this time against brain-fever, and that there must be quiet and peace in the house. And so for hours Juliet lay in great pain, and entirely prostrate; and as the baby wailed and could not be comforted, I thought ever of all she had said to me, and in the night when she could not rest, and I bathed her head and hands and tried to soothe her, I said, suddenly, and not because I had meant to do so,—

"Juliet,"—and I knelt down and looked her in the eyes,—*"I want you to listen to me. You are worrying yourself in futile thought. You are not well enough nor independent enough to do what is necessary. If you stir one step, Bernard will hear it; and then comes the storm, and if it breaks on you now it will kill you."* She feebly pressed my hand, for she knew it was true. *"And you were right in deciding that the money is yours and that you should have it. There is no reason why you should not. It has come to you naturally and legally; and you even told me that Napoleón had made a will and left you everything."*

"He had a cousin who was bad, like his father, and, although there was but the little house and the few hundred dollars, he said there should be no trouble over them for me," she whispered.

"Now listen," I repeated. *"All that you could do I will do. I will make every inquiry; I will find out just what steps are to be taken; and what I can I will do for you, and when it is necessary I will tell you, and you shall then do your part."*

"And you will see at once?"

"At once."

"You will not tell Bernard?"

"Never. You shall do that."

She drew my hand to her lips and kissed it. *"You are ever, ever good to me."*

After that she did not sleep, but she was quiet, and when Bernard came softly in to relieve me of the watch she smiled so naturally and so peacefully on him that the poor fellow's face lighted up with joy, and I went off to sleep, happy in the thought that the crisis was over, and with no prevision of what my promise was to cost me.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I attempt to recall the days and weeks which followed my promise to Juliet, I get only a sense of confusion and haste. And yet this was not true at all. I had to work quickly and do much in a short time. I had to have advice, instruction, assistance, and I had to be circumspect and keep my own counsel. But we arise to such difficulties when they come into our lives, and I saw clearly, and I was alert. I said to myself, "What next?" and I took each step understanding it. Divested of lawyers and of legal terms, the law is not difficult to understand where business is concerned, and there were no perplexities in my way. Juliet's claim on her father-in-law's property was simple and easy to state, and I at once sought competent advice. I went to a lawyer whose knowledge and discretion were alike to be trusted, and I stated the case to him. I gave him no names, and I told him that I did not come to put the affair in his hands, but to ask what action I was to take. Thus far I was his client, and when legal forms were to be procured I should also want to come to him.

He sat silently looking at me when I said this.

"You make an unusual request," he said, "and you ask me to take hold of a case in an unusual and not professional manner. But I will give you any advice you need; and if you fail in establishing your claim, remember it is your case, not mine."

"It is not my case," I replied. "I am making my inquiries for a friend."

"We will waive your friend," he replied, with a little smile. "I prefer knowing no third party."

"Very well," said I, a little nettled because of his doubt of my honesty. "You can speak to me as if I was the claimant. At this stage it makes no difference who is the person most concerned. I am the one who has to procure the necessary information."

"Where is the property?" he asked.

"In Nevada."

"Where does the widow live?"

"In Pennsylvania."

"Where did the father-in-law live?"

"In Virginia."

"Where was the husband's will made?"

"In Virginia."

"Where were they married?"

"In Pennsylvania."

"Have you the certificate of marriage?"

"Yes."

"Can the widow be identified?"

"Easily."

And thus he cross-questioned me; but I did not then tell him Juliet's name, nor did I ever tell him that she was married again.

Then once more he sat silently regarding me, as though he was

making a diagnosis of my mental idiosyncrasies,—as, indeed, I suppose he was.

"I have no doubt," he finally said, "that you will make some great blunder. This is always in the amateur to do, and you will do it. You will let some little cord slip, and find too late that it tied all the bundle together, or you will overdo the business. But if you want to burn your fingers, do so. I can see that you are determined. Now take a piece of paper and write what I tell you."

Briefly, tersely, he gave me my orders. He told me what I should have to prove, what documents I should have to possess, what witnesses, what steps I must take.

"Now do you think you are equal to this?" he asked.

"I will try."

"Keep that paper, and when you have followed any one of my directions, say so on another record, which you can call 'progress,' and come to me and let me see how you are handling it." And I did so.

As soon as she was able to be moved, Bernard took Juliet to the country, and I was then free to act and think, and I gave myself up to my task. I had incessant work, and some perplexities, but I found few real difficulties. The recent date of nearly everything connected with the claim was a strong point in my favor, and there was not the least trouble in proving Aaron Garlic's claim. His partner Ferris in establishing his own had necessarily made that good also. I had some intelligent help from Bettie Longstreet, my father's second wife, and the way in which she did just what I wanted without comment or question proved what I had long suspected, that in business where both curiosity and inquisitiveness are to be avoided it is better to deal with women than with men. My lawyer asked me few questions, but he had settled the position for himself, trusting to his own shrewdness, and I soon knew that he had inquired of others concerning me, and that he knew who I was. It amused me to see how he prided himself on his ready reading of what he fancied my shallow mask of incognito.

Then the time came when the claim was in order to be presented to the Lightning Mine Company, and my lawyer told me that it must be given into legal hands. He said that I had done admirably. Plainly, it pleased him to show himself so magnanimous.

I listened to him, and did not answer. But I left him, and on my way home I borrowed five hundred dollars, and the next day I started for Denver, where the agents for the company had an office, with which I had corresponded. I was not afraid to borrow the money. I now was sure that Juliet would be in a position to repay it, and if her claim failed I meant to earn it. Until the last moment I would not trust the business to an agent. It must be nearly complete before any mortal but Bernard should hear the whole story. He, first! And surely it would help Juliet to be able to say, "I have deceived you by being silent, but I give you this, not as a bribe for forgiveness, but because I have it, and I love you!"

And if he did not forgive her, was it not best that she should not be cast off into poverty?

So I went to Denver myself, leaving a brief letter for Juliet saying

I had business in the West and that I would explain when I returned. This, I knew, she could read between the lines, and I could not help it if Bernard should wonder.

I reached Denver ready for combat. The claim was heavy, and would certainly be disputed. I could not sleep while I was journeying, so busy was I feeling the links in the chain of evidence, trying to find its weakest place. I supposed many obstacles, and I supposed all sorts of additional proof, and now, for the first time, I trembled because I was a woman and not a lawyer, and I had dared to take this responsibility. Tired and disheartened, I came to the end of my journey, yet as soon as I was refreshed by food and a bath I went to the office of the company, and told them that I had come on the business belonging to Mrs. Juliet Garlic. I was received courteously, and listened to with attention. There was no opinion given, no question raised, and the interview was as brief as the paying of rent. The money involved was not mentioned, and I gave them the papers for which they asked with a reliance on their sincerity and honesty that would have vexed my lawyer had he known it.

For a week I waited in Denver, and then came a letter. It was very short. It did not cover one page of paper, and it told me that the claim of Mrs. Juliet Garlic was allowed, and that the company desired a personal interview with her at their principal office in Leaping Rock.

Now, by this time I knew all about the Lightning Mine, and I knew that Juliet's fortune would mount into the millions. Into millions of dollars, and six weeks before—not more than that—she had had no butter for her bread! Here was the proof that she was a rich woman, here the crown to my labor! It seemed to fall from the skies into my lap. Surely never had such a fortune been wrested by law so readily, and by a woman without a lawyer to stand in front of her. But of all this I did not think. I was not elated. I was not glad at all. I only realized that they wanted to see Juliet, and at once.

It was impossible! Should she tell Bernard and immediately leave him? That was out of the question. Tell him and ask him to bring her? The idea was absurd. And Juliet could not take the journey; she was still too ill. And there was the baby!

I did not know what to do. I sat down and wrote a letter to the company, and I told them she was ill and could not come, and asked if the business could not be transacted without her. I tore this up, and wrote a long, long letter to Juliet, telling her what I had done, and leaving it all in her hands to decide upon, and then I tore that up also. I could not give this responsibility into her judgment.

Long sat I pondering and seeing no way out. Leaping Rock was far from Denver, yet I almost resolved to go there. Surely I could convince them that she could not come. If I knew just why they wanted her, I could make answer for her. I should at least know what the hitch was, if hitch there should be. And then like a flash it came to me that perhaps they had felt that there was a mystery, and that they might suppose her dead!

I grew so confused thinking over all this that I felt I must have

fresh air, and, although it was now late in the day, I arose and began to prepare for a walk, and so put all my papers away and safely locked up this fateful letter.

Then, as I tried on my hat, and turned my head looking on my bureau for my gloves, I caught the reflection of myself, with my head turned to one side, and in almost profile. It was like a blaze from the skies: it seemed as if a voice spoke to me, so sudden, so clear, was the way out; and I dropped on my knees and hid my face in my hands, and I was cold with the shock.

Thus it came to me that the choice was given me, that the way was open, and I had either to take it or return Juliet to poverty. I heard her impassioned cry, "Money is not indulgence, nor luxury: it is freedom!"

All the fire, the purpose of my life seemed to climax in this supreme moment of agonized decision. I had never before lived; I had never before known what inflexible power abides in the will. Reluctant, protesting, my will dragged me on. I had lived my quiet life as other women live; I had loved, surrendered, grieved; I had been content, happy, forlorn, resolute; but now Life, real Life, the power that animates, that creates, that ordains destruction, that orders the sun to shine, the winds to blow, the pestilence to rage, rushed through my veins, and I was overwhelmed. It is those who do great deeds, who commit great crimes, who are thus baptized in this fire of the soul, and they, they only, know what it is! Think not, O reader, quiet and self-satisfied in your trivial life of little duties, with no greater temptation than comes to any domestic creature, well fed, and put into a groove of shallow sentiments, with your morals formulated for you, your temptations hung with red danger-signals, that you know anything of the struggle that tore my soul as I knelt, or rather lay, on the floor. In all my life I had been honest, open, except in this one matter, and what had at first seemed but a thread of cotton, that I could tie or break at my will, had grown into a snake, and its coil was around me, its eyes numbed me, its breath held me. And I could not look away.

I did not dare to refuse to dare. My purpose seemed to be my soul, and I could not let it go. I, only I, could carry to the end what I had begun. Yet in terror hung I back, because I was honest and true and on my soul there was as yet no lie. But my will and my brain still dragged me on, and they conquered me, so that there came the moment when suddenly I sprang to my feet and ran out into the air of the night. And I was determined to do it.

CHAPTER XII.

I SAT in front of my mirror and looked at myself, and then at a photograph which lay before me. I saw myself with my hair combed back behind my ears and knotted in the back. My eyes were dark enough, but my eyebrows were too pale. I wore a black dress and a linen collar. Everything about me was simple and plain. No time need be wasted over such a toilet as mine. I looked as if life had

tired my very heart and taken sparkle and gayety from me. I wondered how I looked when I was animated,—if my eyes grew brighter, my face less resolute. I did not know. I came to my mirror thinking of many things, alone, grave, in a hurry. I knew nothing of Janet Abercrombie as she appeared to others. But with the face in the photograph I was familiar. Every expression of Juliet's was known to me. I had seen it gay, and in great grief; I knew it radiant with health and joy, and wan and thin with illness. It was a lovely face to me, fresh and unworn. The dress in the photograph was simple enough, but it was a simplicity very unlike my own. The pretty, fluffy hair crowned the head in soft masses. It curled in rings on the forehead and about the neck. The dress showed the soft white throat, around which was fastened a bit of narrow black velvet. I looked long at this picture, and then I looked at myself. I took down my hair. I combed it out. I piled it up on the top of my head. It curled readily, and I cut it off over the temples and made it loose and in rings such as Juliet wore. I took off my collar and turned in the neck of my dress and laid lace in it. I tied a little black ribbon around my neck, and again I looked at myself. I took a burnt match and delicately darkened my eyebrows, and I now laughed at myself, seeing how much I was like Juliet. It pleased me because it was almost like seeing her! And for the first time it came to me that my style of dress had never expressed what I was, and that I had disguised myself by an unbecoming fashion. I had never struck the natural key-tone of my own appearance.

But my hair did not please me. I had pretty hair, long and abundant, but it was faded. It made me look like Juliet's ghost. In my Bible I had a lock cut from her head, and I laid this against my own hair, and mine was colorless indeed by contrast.

I sat down unreasonably disheartened. It was unreasonable because who where I was bound was to know that Juliet was brilliant in color? Which of the owners of the Lightning Mine, except herself, knew that she was young and golden-haired? Surely I looked more like Napoleon Garlic's widow than she did. I was nearer his age, I was not gay nor beautiful, and she was both. I could far better pass for a widow than she. In her very bearing there was buoyant happiness. She looked like what she was,—a happy young wife. It was I who looked as though the grave might hold all I loved, and my faded hair, my sad eyes, were suited to the widow Garlic.

Yet I knew! To me it was a necessity that the woman who bore Juliet's name should look like Juliet and not like her aunt Janet. If ever she was described, the description must be that of Juliet, and so must have color. I put on my linen collar again, but I did not rearrange my hair, and, putting on my hat, I went out into the street to look for a hair-dresser.

I soon found one, and although the place was small, it looked prosperous. It was clean, and the stock was evidently neither stale nor ill chosen. On the counter played a little fountain of fragrant water, and a bird sang in a cage. A young girl with a rose in her belt stood behind the counter. There was no one else in the store.

I took out the lock of Juliet's hair and showed it to her.

"You dye hair," I said. "Can you make it that color?"

The girl smiled.

"I think so," she said. "That is a very uncommon shade in nature, but none is more desired when hair is made blonde artificially."

"But can you do it?" I repeated.

"You will have to see Madame Beckwith herself," she replied.

And then she took me into a large back room, where there were a great many mirrors, a great many chairs, and a lady sitting in front of one of the mirrors in one of the chairs, having her hair dressed by a woman. In another chair there was a little girl whose hair was being cut by a man, and walking slowly up and down the room was an immensely fat woman.

The young girl turned and walked with her as she told her my errand, and I had to follow, for Madame Beckwith never paused when she addressed me. Her voice was strong yet soft, and her eyes looked keenly from a very large, flat face.

"Let me see the specimen." And she held out her hand to the girl, who gave her the hair. "H'm! That is lovely hair. Natural, too. Will you take off your hat?" she said to me. "You must excuse me for walking, but I am very nervous, and my business keeps me in the house, and unless I am in motion I suffocate. When was your hair that shade? When you were a young girl? I see this lock is young hair."

"Mine was never that color, Madame Beckwith, but I should like it to be."

She laughed. "Naturally you would. You are pale, but that color would be very becoming. It would make your skin almost—almost creamy. Well, it is not impossible. You are quite sure that your hair has not bloomed?"

"I do not know anything about its 'blooming,'" I said, keeping pace with her, and carrying my hat in my hand, conscious that five people were listening to our conversation, "but I should like to have it made blonde. I think you call dyeing it making it blonde?"

"My faith," said she, "you don't think I should *dye* it! Your hair needs treatment, stimulating, not dyeing. Perhaps you do not know much about hair?"

"No," I said, "I do not."

"Very well," she replied, walking a little more slowly. "Hair the color of yours ought to be golden at some period. This generally occurs in childhood. You know how often golden-haired children grow up to have dingy brown, about like your own?"

"Yes," I meekly answered.

"And you have seen other girls whose hair brightened when they first grew up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that period of brightness is the blooming. It comes to all hair, but of course is most noticeable in the yellow shades. It very seldom happens to a woman as old as you are. You are perhaps thirty-five?"

"Thirty-one."

She made no reply to this, but she probably fancied that my desire for golden hair was a desire for youth, and that my statement about my age was governed by the same desire. But for this I cared nothing.

Then after a pause she said,—

"Well, a year or so makes no difference, and you are still quite young enough to have that shade of hair and to look well in it." She then quickened her pace, and called to the woman hair-dresser, as she passed her, "'Do not make your customer's hair too high! Do you not see that she is tall, and her head narrow?'"

When we reached the other end of the room I said,—

"Your mission, Madame Beckwith, is to rectify Nature's mistakes?"

"Certainly. The beautiful takes care of itself. Your teeth are pretty and very white. Do you ask me to do anything for them? No. Yet I could redden your lips, and so make your teeth look even prettier. But you are content. To rectify mistakes is to assist Nature's highest development. The fault in your appearance is your hair. It is very poor in color,—meaningless. You ask me to remedy *that*."

"But I am not so vain as you think," I retorted, with rising color. "For my own sake I should not care if my hair was blue!"

"No? Well, a good shade of natural blue hair would be a fortune—in a Dime Museum! But it is not the desire for a fortune that animates you? I understand! I have had great experience in the reasons that govern both men and women. A very young person makes clothes of first importance,—good clothes, I mean, not becoming ones. They like to feel that they are smartly dressed. After a time, men or the women who wish to please consider themselves. They see that Nature has made mistakes here and there, and that the years have deepened these and are lessening their fine points, and then they bring Art to the rescue. They consider the colors and materials when they buy clothing, and they come to me for what is most important,—the texture of the skin, the color and the quantity of the hair. Do you know what I do? Well, I will tell you frankly, for I can see you have already made up your mind about me, and I am not used to be judged,—people appeal to me."

"I am not judging you, madame: I am much interested."

"You know that I am a Frenchwoman?"

"I should not have thought so. Your English is admirable, but your intonations are foreign: still, I should not have thought you French."

"German?"

"I do not know."

"So! Now you see you have judged me! You have even made a question of my nationality. You have decided that I am not French, you will not say that I am German. And you are right. I am a Hungarian, and I speak four other languages almost as well as I do English. I should speak them quite as well if I used them as I do English,—in my business, and every day."

I smiled at this, and it pleased her, because she saw that she had

impressed me, and she had strong dramatic instincts. She walked more slowly.

"I do not hesitate to tell you the principle on which I conduct my business. I assist Nature. That is all. There are people who assert that the object of Nature is decay. I say no. They say that a plant springs from the ground, grows, bears leaf and flower, simply to produce seed, and then dies. To this I say no! I assert that the object of Life is Life. It is the Conditions that are wrong,—the Conditions of Life. You understand?"

"I listen."

"And think? I wish you to think. I both read and think, but not in English. That is a good language for trade, for money-making, but not for thinking in."

"In what language do you think, madame?"

"In Hungarian. I read in German. But I will speak of that another time. I claim that if the Conditions of Life were better it would not be the grass to which man is compared, but the evergreen. The evergreen is hardy. It bears heat and cold, it can stand Arctic winters and tropical summers. And so should man. The law of growth is at the least the law of fives. Do you know what I mean?"

"Not at all."

"You ought. It is very simple. It is a deduction from observation. When does a boy complete his growth?—become a man?"

"Legally, at twenty-one."

"And naturally. But, to be more precise, at twenty,—four times five. That is one period,—the period of growth. Now, the period of youth should be of the same length; and so should that of manhood."

"Is not the first period that of youth?"

"Certainly not. The first period is immature, crude. Youth is completion, and it assumes the use of powers matured, strong, fresh, and vigorous. The unknown is then explored. Life is experimented with, the brain and the whole system investigated. Youth is the second period in life, and is also twenty years. That brings us to forty. Then comes maturity, from forty to sixty. The next period is what you may call the natural pause,—the rest-time,—the ripening of the seed. The blossom is gone, but the plant is still vigorous, and there is only here and there a yellow leaf,—a gray hair, a dimmer eye. And then from eighty to one hundred comes old age,—if indeed it ought to come then."

"You give us long life."

"We should have it. Our present limit is absurd, wicked. Map out for me the life of the vigorous old men whom you know, or of whom you have heard, and tell me if it cannot be thus divided. In them there is nothing abnormal. You recognize that? The abnormal you see in those who grow old prematurely. What we do—we who should be called Artists in the Human—is to contend against the Abnormal."

"I am afraid I do not follow you."

"It is easy. Now see. I tell you that I assist Nature. I say that the Conditions of Life are wrong,—climate, habits, nourishment. And I say that we are in our youth until we are forty. You recall that

I have said so? Well. Now, a lady comes to me, faded, yellow, and wrinkled. She wants a cosmetic to renew her bloom. I have no cosmetic. But I say to her, 'You are too young to fade and to grow wrinkled. You have no right to do that until you are at least eighty.' 'Eighty!' she cries: 'why, by Nature I'll be a mass of yellow wrinkles then?' 'Pardon me,' I say; 'by false ways of life you may be, but not by Nature.' And then I look at her as a physician would. I see that most American women need nourishment,—not food, for sometimes they eat like pigs and show it, but nourishment. And I tell her what she must eat, and what she must not touch. I do not simply say, 'You must drink milk.' I say, 'You must drink so much milk, and at such hours,'—you see? that is the secret of a successful physician:—he makes a direct grip on his patient's habits,—and 'You must walk at such times and for such a time.' And then I give her the wash she needs, and it is not a cosmetic. This climate has certain injurious effects on the skin. The counteraction is produced by all my washes, but each complexion has its own weakness, and for that I make my remedy. Thus I assist Nature, I arrest premature decay, I correct conditions of climate and life. You see?"

"I cannot tell you how much you interest me, madame, but I have very little time."

"True; but you must comprehend my theory. You do not please me when you think I will dye your hair. I will treat it; and you must follow my directions, and it will bloom, and have its own color naturally."

"And how long will that take?"

"By Christmas your hair will have a gleam all through it, and by spring it will possibly match the lock you have in your hand."

"But that will never do! I must leave here in a day or so, and my hair must match this lock then."

Madame Beckwith frowned, and walked with short, quick steps, and very uneven were they. Then she sharply asked,—

"Is this positive?"

"Positive."

"Then there is nothing to do but to dye it." She drew a sharp, irritated breath, almost a cry. "It is a thousand pities. Your hair is a beautiful chance—gives a beautiful chance," she corrected herself. "Could you not wait two weeks?"

"Not one."

She stopped in front of a chair.

"Sit down," she said. "I will do it myself, but it is a great pity. It only needs stimulating treatment."

As she combed my hair out she said, "I can do this at once, because I do not have to bleach it at all. There is no color that needs to be removed."

And it was not an uninteresting process, but it was long, and before I left the chair night had fallen. My hair was first washed, and with much manipulation made dry, like hay, indeed, and there was no natural oil left in it. It was then covered with a paste that smelt like a chemist's shop, and left to harden for at least a half-hour, and while

this process was completing I was served with a cup of coffee. This refreshed me; for I was growing faint. The paste was then washed from my hair, which was carefully oiled and well brushed by the man hair-dresser, and a liquid was poured on it, very little at a time, and this was rubbed in by the hand. Every one seemed to take their turn at this process, and every little while Madame Beckwith would compare the lock of Juliet's hair with mine, and perhaps order more or less of some other most mysterious compound. By this time the business was serious, and not a word was spoken except when necessary, and I went to sleep. I was not sure that when all was over I should not be bald or have purple hair, and more than once I realized my folly in trusting my hair to a stranger who was perhaps worse than a quack, but I was soothed in spite of my fears.

"Now!" cried Madame Beckwith, and, startled, I awakened, and, looking in the glass, saw myself with a mass of beautiful golden hair falling over my shoulders.

"Behold!" she again cried, and flung it out like a cloud. Her face beamed with triumph. "Nowhere—not in Paris—nowhere could this be more beautifully accomplished! I took great trouble for you. In two hours did I do what should have taken months. It is good work; and if your health were not superb you could not have stood it. It is not dyed! It has been treated."

She put it up with quick, skilful hands, and I blushed to see myself, so changed, so fair was I.

It cost me much money, but it was a great success, and there was not a defect in the color, while the skin of the head was clean and pure.

When I was about to go away, Madame Beckwith took my hand.

"I wish," she said, "to answer some of your unasked questions. To yourself you say, 'Why does not this woman rectify Nature's mistakes in herself? Why is she old, fat, ugly?' I reply, because of the conditions of my life. I have my business. I cannot have fresh air, exercise, and I grow fat and coarse. How else, when I live in a room heated, and dry, and filled with the effluvia of hair? I grow sallow, and I am both nervous and indolent, yet what can I do? I have my business, and I must attend to it, for I have a family to care for and to educate. After a time they will be older, and I will have made money enough, and then I shall retire, and I already know what is necessary for me to do in order to redeem myself. I cannot renew the youth I have lost, but I shall *rest* properly and in vigor. Do you know that is a great secret? for the old person to rest properly? to hold on to life, to have vigor, hope, interest, and yet to have laid aside care and to *rest* content?"

CHAPTER XIII.

I do not believe that in either of the Americas there lived at the moment a woman calmer, more composed, than was I when I journeyed on to Leaping Rock to see the officers of the Lightning Mine Company. I should, I suppose, have been apprehensive, tormented with nervous

fears about detection, but I was entirely at my ease. The villain who has been successful in his enterprise will understand this. Let him come forth and speak. He who knows how to dive is not afraid of the surf. Daring will nerve, success gives vigor to the will, calmness to the brain, and the man who is undetected can ruffle his way without dismay or terror. I had no time to give way to apprehensions. The step, full of peril, had been taken, and now I needed firmness and resolution if I meant to go on and not fall.

And I had a curious feeling that I *was* Juliet. My glass showed her to me, I saw that I moved like her, stood like her. A hundred little traits in common were apparent to me, and my fancy was so affected that I began to eat dishes of which Juliet was fond, but to which I had been indifferent. It was hardest to get used to the interest with which strangers regarded me. All my life I had passed unobserved, but now eyes followed me, and I could see that men pointed me out, one to the other. This was not pleasant to me, and did not flatter me, although the glances were friendly and kindly enough.

With the officers of the company I had no trouble. Everything was left in the hands of the president, who was plainly the controlling power. He was over sixty, and moved like a stout stone statue. He had a large double chin, and his mouth was complacent, his eyes crafty. He was ignorant and rich, and he prided himself on the possession of qualities that had made him rich. But he had no "qualities" which lead to success: what he had had was opportunity. And as he was, to himself, a final authority, his instant recognition of me as "Mrs. Garlic" was enough. When he afterwards recalled that as soon as I entered the office he had met me, called me by name, he was pleased by his own quick perception. He had known it could be no one else. It also pleased him to show me much flattering attention. If he had not had a wife, I fear, he would have proposed that the widow Garlic's claim should be put into a new husband's hands. As this was not possible, he made everything easy for me, and was in the best of humors until I refused to sign any of the papers presented to me. For this I had good reason, and here I drew my line, being steadfast.

I pleaded that although I had every trust in the company, in its honor and generosity, I was not a lawyer, and the interests involved were too large for risks. There was, necessarily, business which needed legal intervention, and this I would not trust to a Western lawyer. I declared that all papers must be referred to my own lawyer, and that I should go home and personally consult him. I agreed willingly that they should appoint their own agent to confer with mine, but I held to it that I should choose my own.

Mr. Barlow—this was the president's name—argued long with me, but nothing moved my resolution.

For now my work was done! I meant now to go home, and say to Juliet, "Here is your inheritance. Claim it. Say what you please of me, your fortune has been proved to be your own."

Everything was now made ready to her hand.

So, finding me inflexible, they yielded to me, and I made ready to go East again. For the last time I went to the company's office, and,

as we parted, Mr. Barlow, with pardonable self-complacency, asked me if I thought such a large transaction, involving so much money, would be so promptly and simply carried through in the East.

"What your lawyers' bills are, I do not know," he said, "but from what I have heard of your aunt's business ability, and from what I see of your clear head and quick decision, I should imagine that you did not allow them to draw you deeply into their clutches. As for us, the whole affair has been in the regular course of business. It has not been a single fat plum on a tree, but has belonged to the regular crop on our lawyer's potato-field, and goes with the other tubers into the measure. They won't believe you down East when you tell them how simple and plain the affair has been!" And then he smiled, and his bright little eyes beamed with delight, so well did he appreciate himself.

And I? Well, I was satisfied. I had carried the inquiry, the proof, the settlement, through without help, except that of the pilot who showed me a chart of the rocks which were to be avoided, the path which was to be followed. And no one was injured, and Juliet was served. I thought of Bernard, and that Juliet could go to him and say, "You know that I have loved you,—you only,—and you loved me when I was poor, and you have tenderly cared for me when I was sick and miserable, and will you turn me away because I am rich,—when it is love and not money that has knit us together? Is it possible that money can tear us apart?" I said this to myself as I walked back to the inn where I was staying, and I went carefully, picking my way over a muddy road. Then, crossing a little street, I suddenly turned as though I had been bidden to do so, and face to face met Duncan Macfarlane. Surprise and pleasure lighted his face. He sprang forward, he took both my hands in his own.

"Juliet!" he cried.

Then, standing thus, with my hands in his, there came into his face perplexity and dismay, and, letting my hands drop, he rubbed his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"I do not understand," he said, with a little gasp. "What have you been doing to yourself? Who are you? You look—you look—so strange! You are like—why, Janet, I thought you were Juliet!"

Duncan was not tall, but neither was he short. I was five feet seven inches, and he looked down on me. He gave one the impression of strength, so muscular and powerful was he. His head was handsome, and well set on a short, resolute neck. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and his skin, well bronzed by exposure, deepened into healthful color on his cheek. He was a good friend, an enemy easily prejudiced. As he now stood looking at me with eyes that were both doubtful and pleased, I grew irritated with him. I had always resented Duncan Macfarlane. He had never taken me at the valuation with which I wished to be taken. He measured me, judged me, as he pleased, and his conclusions were not to my liking. It tired me to even think of being what he insisted I was. I did not wish to realize myself as he realized me. I preferred myself as I saw myself.

"Don't be absurd," I said. "You remind me of the stock actor in a melodrama. Of course I look like Juliet. When did I not?"

"What is the matter with your hair?"

"Is it out of order? Has the wind blown it?"

"Janet,"—and he turned to walk with me,—*"do not speak to me in this manner. It is not worthy of you. Pardon me if I have offended you, but to meet you here, so unlike yourself, is a great surprise to me."*

It was also a great surprise to me, and I could not readily find an answer to him. Duncan did not like silence. He liked to have things explained, cleared up, and, turning to look again at me with eyes of grave scrutiny, he continued,—

"Who is with you? Bernard?"

"No one is with me," I said. "I came here on business. It is really not worth discussion, Duncan."

"Very well," he answered. "Are you at the Louvre?" for such was the astounding name of my inn, and I replied that I was.

"I supposed so," he answered. "It is the only endurable house in the town. I am there also. I came to attend to some business, for,"—and he smiled as he spoke,—*"you see, I am franker than you,—I came to attend to some legal business, and to see a beautiful Eastern widow, who has suddenly become rich, but who is not open to reason. I am to go East with her, if she will permit me; after her, if she will not."*

At this my heart leaped as if it would burst, and I gave one wild glance at him, but his eyes were gay, in his face there was no suspicion. But I—I could not longer feign, nor could I confess, nor indeed listen, and with a little hoarse cry I fled from him, and to my room in the inn, where I locked the door and came from it no more until the midnight train was due, and then I crept out and went away softly. I did not even take my trunk with me, so afraid was I that the noise would arouse him. The money for my board I left in my room, and with it a note saying that I should send for my trunk. I also left a note for Mr. Barlow, in which I stated that urgent and distressing news had made me go at once. And I hoped that no one would guess that the news was that I was to face Duncan as Mrs. Garlic!

Now that I was on the verge of detection, I grew fearful, and the cars could not fly fast enough.

I went to St. Louis, and there I tarried to get strength and collect my wits, and from there I sent for my trunk. It was several days before the trunk came, and when it was brought into my room Duncan Macfarlane came behind it. A child might have expected this! As for me, I began to tremble, and I could scarcely keep back the tears from my eyes, so unhappy was I at seeing him again.

I could not endure the look with which he regarded me, and I sat down, and covered my face with my hands, because my heart was broken, but he thought I was ashamed, and he came closer, speaking gently. All he said was, "Janet!" I could not answer. For Bernard's wrath I was prepared, but I had never once thought of Duncan as judging me and finding me guilty and without defence. Then again he called me by my name, and, drawing up a chair, he sat down in front of me. Do you know that this is either a most familiar or a most aggressive position for any one to take? The lover, the friend,

sits by your side. It is the one who does not care, or he who wishes to argue, to judge, who chooses to sit and face you. When Duncan did this, I drew back.

"Janet," he said, "this is not well. Had you no confidence in us, that you should treat us in this manner?"

I laughed at this: "I do not know that you should reproach me with anything."

"I have a right to reproach you," he answered. "You cannot ignore the interest I have in you, and that gives me a right to know enough of your life to be able to protect you. You need not shrug your shoulders: I have that right, and I mean to exercise it. You have certainly developed an extraordinary amount of business ability, but you have been rash and foolish about it. In the past week, while I waited for news of you in Leaping Rock, I have heard much of you, and I know that you have been business-like and prompt. I do not know a man who could have done better."

"Thank you," I replied.

"But there is much I do not understand. Janet, I want you to tell me the story of it all. You need a friend. You look tired, worried. There are lines on your face that I never saw there before. There is no one who would serve you more gladly than I will."

I drew away the hand he had taken.

"There is nothing to tell. You know the facts. There is a large claim. The heir has appeared, everything necessary has been proved, and the proof has been admitted. That is all there is of it. If I have chosen to attend to it, what is to be said against me? I have not bungled over the business. And you know perfectly well, Duncan Macfarlane, that if I had asked counsel of you—but I never once thought of doing so—you would have been opposed to my taking one step by myself."

"Of course I should."

"But I have done well. Had I put the business in the hands of a lawyer, it would have cost no one knows how much, and it might have gone on for years."

"All that is true. There is no doubt but that you have managed with economy and skill, but that is not all."

"What else is there?" and I arose, and walked away from him to the window, but he followed, and stood by me.

"You may have had your own reasons," he continued, "for having concealed your marriage. That is your own affair,—although, I acknowledge, it has been a great shock to me,—but——" And he paused.

"Well?" said I.

"Your name, Janet? Why are all the papers in the name of Juliet and not Janet Garlic? Which is your real name?"

"Oh, either."

"Don't answer me in that way!" he angrily cried.

"Don't question me, then," said I. "I am sure I do not know what right you have to do so."

"See here," he replied: "we are not going to discuss any question

of 'rights.' I mean to understand this affair. I am not going to meet you in a little hole of a Western town, hundreds of miles from your friends, disguised,—for you *are* disguised, and do not look like yourself,—and bearing a name no one ever heard of before, making claims—establishing claims—that are unusual in their magnitude, and not know what it all means!"

"Very well," I answered. "Find out."

"There is no use in your trying to put on an air of indifference. You look desperate, not indifferent. In the first place, tell me what your name really is."

"What should you like it to be?"

"I should like it to be Janet Abercrombie, but is it Juliet Garlic? Or stay, perhaps *you* prefer Mrs. Napoleon Garlic now? There are good reasons why you should like it best."

After a moment's silence he said,—

"Do you not mean to answer me?"

"No," I replied, "I do not. Why should I answer you?"

"You must answer me!" he exclaimed, and he laid his hand on my shoulder, and with quick, gentle strength turned me around so that I faced him; and boldly enough I looked at him.

"I will not answer you."

"What troubles me—really troubles me most of all," he continued, "is the change in your appearance. How this is made I do not understand, except that your hair is different in shade, and you wear it in another way, I think. But why you have made this change I cannot imagine. If you had any object in looking like your niece, I could understand that you have taken excellent means for doing so, but that is out of the question."

"Well," said I, "how do you like it? Is the change an improvement?"

"Yes," he answered, "if it is a question of beauty. You have become a very handsome, striking woman. But I like the old Janet best. She was sweeter, lovelier."

"Thank you."

"When I heard Barlow and the rest talk of you, I hoped—*hoped*, Janet—that it was only a freak of vanity on your part. I thought perhaps coming among strangers you had idly resolved to come in a new character. Was I right, Janet?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Then it was only vanity?"

"I did not say that."

"Janet," and again he took my hand, "do trust me. You can have no better friend. No one can be more anxious to help you."

"I need no help," I cried, and I wrenched my hands from him, and bade him leave me. Without a word, he went away.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT next?" cried my heart, and Fate at once answered the cry by a knock at the door. I opened it, and there again stood Duncan.

"I am going away," he said. "I shall never annoy you again, Janet, but before I go I must give you a letter that was sent under enclosure to me."

The letter was from Juliet, and I took it from him with great joy. How delighted I was to see that bold, free handwriting once more! I did not notice Duncan as he left me: I threw myself down into a chair, and tore open the letter, which was long. Is it the unexpected that happens? What prophet could have predicted the contents of that letter?

This is what Juliet said:

"I cannot imagine, Janet, what you *have* been doing, but you have brought me into the greatest trouble and perplexity, so that I hardly dare look at Bernard, and I lie awake at night crying and crying, and wondering what I *shall* do when he finds it all out, and when he leaves me, and takes the baby from me. He thinks I am distressed about you, and indeed I am, but it is because you have been so *very*, *VERY* imprudent, and are so reckless. I think the least that you could have done would have been to have consulted me and kept me informed. I think I have a right to *that much*! When you said you would attend to things for me, of course I thought you only meant to see a lawyer and make inquiries. I now see that no one would have served my interests as Bernard would, but, as things are, it is impossible to *ever* speak of it to him. You have no idea of his feeling about it. When Duncan's letter came saying that he had met you in some little Western town where you had established your claim to the Garlic property as the widow of a son, I thought I should have died of horror and fright. I could not believe that *you* had passed yourself off for the widow. I cannot yet understand *why* you did it! And then Duncan said you had run away from him, and he begged us to use our influence over you. Of course the very first question Bernard asked was whether it was so,—that you had been married? And I in my fright and ignorance said no, you had not. What else could I say? But he would not believe; and at last I had to tell him that you had never seen Napoleon Garlic after you left home as a little girl, but once, and then you did not recognize him nor speak to him. You know Bernard well enough to know how he can sit still and brood over anything and then burst out like a sudden tempest; and he has forbidden me ever to see you or speak to you, unless you are—as he thinks possible—proved insane. And this is because he thinks you have concocted the whole affair, and forged a marriage to get the money! So you see what terrible mischief has been done by your reticence. I am almost distracted. I know your *motives* were good, but you ought to have told me. From what Duncan said, the property

must be very valuable ; but I hate it ! I did not need money to make me happy,—with Bernard and our child, life has been blessed to me. And I can never, never forget how happy I was with you before my marriage, and how good you have been to me ; but oh, how ardently, dearest, dearest Janet, I wish that you had not so desired this fortune ! I cannot bear to write to you in this way, but how can I help it ? And, Janet dear, oh, my dear, Bernard has forbidden me to write to you, to see you. He says little, but he is almost as unhappy as I am. He looks haggard, and never has a merry word to say. He told me that he had honored you above all women for bravery and honesty. I can only pray that all this trouble may be cleared up.

“Your heart-broken

“JULIET.”

I laid down this letter without a moan. The cruel injustice of it aroused no resentment, that Juliet ignored her own responsibility did not disturb me. I was stunned by the letter. I thought I did not care, but I felt tired and sick : so I lay down across the foot of my bed and went to sleep.

And in my sleep Nature had her way, and was no longer held in check by my will, and so, when my weary brain, my sad, unresting heart, cried out that they could no longer endure, she gave them rest, and when the chambermaid came into my room in the evening she found me insensible and cold, lying quiet. As it happened, there was in a room near my own a kindly woman who understood both sickness and sorrow, and when the maid ran for help she went by instinct to her. And for days that neighbor nursed me. It was a short illness, but it was severe, and when I was able to go about my room I did not care whether I lived or died. I suppose I should have longed for death, but I was too miserable to long at all. I should have liked to forget. That was all.

The first thing that aroused me to any action was my hotel bill, which was quickly followed by my doctor's, and then I counted my money and found that I had very little indeed left. I could no longer stay at the hotel ; and I found a cheap boarding-house, and when I could not afford even that I went to a lodging house. Here I paid a low rent, and my food cost almost nothing. The house in which I found refuge was a poor place, and my fellow-tenants were sewing-women, and men who sold cough-drops on the street, or who went about sandwiched between advertising boards. There was also an old Irishwoman who was a peddler, and a little girl who ran of errands for a dress-maker. The poverty of my surroundings did not trouble me. I should have liked a better bed, and more cleanliness of paint and paper, but I did not really care. I sat in my room, wrapped in a shawl, and, as I remember myself, it appears to me that I did not even think. My brain had not yet recovered from the shock that had stunned sensibility. And indeed why should I have cared ? Who, shipwrecked, thrown out on the waves, laments that his trunk is lost, that his dinner-hour is passing by ? Not I.

After a while I came to know Theresa Kretzschmer, and she per-

suaded me to come into her room, which was warmer and sunny. It was a poor room, but it had three windows fronting south and on the street, and these windows were filled with plants, and I liked to watch the leaves grow and the flowers expand. Theresa was proud of her plants, and she liked to talk to me of them. She was a Polish Jewess, dark-eyed, pale, and with a severe cough. No one could have been poorer than she, often she had nothing to eat, and I have known her to buy coal rather than bread, because if her fire went out her plants might freeze. She earned what support she had by sewing for a tailor, but the motion of the machine was too hard for one so weak, and two days' labor would often make her ill in bed as many more. Yet she never complained, but was cheery, and often talked of what she should do when she was well again. She had wit, and vigor of expression, and had been educated: so, as we were women who were poor and in trouble, we came to be friends. And after a little I too became a sewing-woman, and helped Theresa, and she became better, and could do more, because I used the machine, and she did the hand-work only. After a time it angered me to work for such wages as we received, and I found some that paid us better, and then we became sure of both food and fire. We had long talks together, but never of our troubles. Theresa told me of her life in Poland, and much of a year she spent in London, and I used to repeat poems to her, and sometimes—for I had voice enough to please her well—I would sing, because it seemed to rest her to hear me. Once I repeated Mrs. Browning's "He giveth His Beloved Sleep," but she asked me never to say it again. I think it made her life seem even harder to her. But nothing pleased Theresa as much as her flowers; and when her great oleander bloomed in December, just before Christmas, she was proud and elated indeed. Everybody in the house came in to see it, and it seemed to make them all happy. And I picked a flower from it and laid it against some leaves of her rose-geranium.

"See, Theresa," said I, "a man would be proud to wear this, or to carry it to a lady, and you could get a good deal of money for your blossoms. I will early to-morrow morning tie up twenty or thirty little posies, and old Bridget Lane will sell them for you, I know. She never has anything but coarse pins and evil-smelling soap in her basket, but she always chooses the fashionable promenade in which to look for custom, and I am sure she will be glad to brighten her stock and to sell them for very little commission."

"Twenty or thirty?" cried Theresa. "Why, you would take all I have on the tree!"

"Oh, no," said I. "There would be some left for the next day."

"But I could not sell them!"

All in vain were my arguments. Theresa refused to think of either wine or medicine in exchange for her flowers, and so they bloomed and faded on the tree. But later—after Christmas—a baby died in the house, and there was no money to buy flowers for it, and then Theresa cut off every leaf from her rose-geranium and left it perfectly bare, and she, herself, covered the little one with their green fragrance.

When I look back on that part of my life it seems as if it might

have lasted years, but it was only the life of one winter. I heard nothing of Juliet, and I made no attempt to hear. My past was dead and in its grave, and there I let it rest. My only concern was about Theresa, who was growing very thin and pale, and who coughed at night and suffered so that I went in very often to give her drink and to keep up her fire. But she was always cheery. One night we sat sewing,—I, in a low wooden chair, she, propped up on the bed. We were making Easter-presents for a fancy store, and the pretty ribbons brightened up our room. The table, holding our lamp, stood between us. Once she laughed: "I can sew," she said, and she held her needle out to me, "but thread my needle I cannot." So I took it and threaded it, and, looking up as I gave it back, I was just in time to catch a quick, frightened look, and Theresa was dead.

After that I sunk into apathy indeed. There was no one to arouse me, and I worked all day, and in the evening took long walks, tiring myself out in the fresh air, so that I might sleep. The one thing that I could not bear was to lie awake. I would have taken opium rather than lain awake, for in the night I *felt*. And so the winter wore away, and March came in, not cold nor blowing, but damp and enervating, and I was weaker and duller than ever.

Then it happened that going slowly along one night I met Duncan Macfarlane again, and this time he was looking for me, and he caught me by the arm. "Janet!" he said, in a voice full of exasperation, "in all God's universe there is no other woman so determined to make every one who cares for her miserable! This time you do not escape! Take me home with you, for I have much to say to you."

I laughed. "Come!" I said, and I turned toward my home. He drew my hand into his arm and held it there. When we came to the house, with its closed and empty store below, the dim windows above, he said, in the same tone of impatience, "Do you live here? *Here?*"

"I will show you," I answered; "but let me go ahead and get a light. The staircase is very dark."

"I remember the house perfectly," he replied. "Go on, and I will follow you."

I led the way without a word, and lighted my lamp, and opened the draughts of my stove, and then faced my visitor.

He stood in the middle of the room, gazing around him, and holding his hat in his hand. To me the room had ceased to seem comfortless. The lamp burned cheerily, the fire was beginning to glow, by the window the geranium was again green and full of young leaves. To him it was all wretched, barren, forlorn, speaking of work, privation, and penury.

"Where," he said, "is the woman who lived here?—the German Jewess?"

"She was Polish," I replied, "and she was my friend. She is dead."

"Dead? Then I hope she is also forgiven. You taught her to deny you well, Janet."

"She never denied me," I said. "She never had any occasion to do so."

"Oh, but she did, and to me,—in this very room. She told me that you did not live here, that she had never heard of you."

"Duncan?"

"But it is true. Just before Christmas, I saw you come out of this house, and I followed you, but in the crowd I lost you. Then I came back, and the Jewess denied ever having seen you. It is true I had no idea that you *lived* here! I told her you were probably visiting the poor."

"You should have asked for her fellow-workwoman. In those days I had a poorer, smaller room. I owe to her much of my present comfort: I am her heir."

"She left a will?" And he smiled, but not pleasantly.

"No. But no one disputes my right to have and use what she left. I have on her boots this moment." And I put out my foot and showed him a boot made of lasting, laced at the side, without heels, and wide and flat. "That was Theresa's boot, but her foot was smaller and prettier than mine."

"I do not want to look at it," he said, impatiently. "It is perfectly absurd for you to put such a thing as that on your foot."

"I am glad to have them, Duncan. Will you sit down?"

"It is late, Janet. You must promise to stay at home to-morrow morning until I come."

"No," I said, "I will not. I will promise nothing. And I have work to do to-morrow, Duncan. I do not wish to be interrupted."

"Very well," he replied. "Then I shall stay now. I wish to understand all this. My God, Janet, what *does* it mean?"

"Oh, Duncan, if you only knew how weary I am, you would go away."

"Do you work so hard, Janet?" He spoke gently, and with anxiety.

"It is not work that wearies me. It is life, Duncan. Do not make me think of it all."

"Do you want me to go away now? Will you go to sleep if I do? But you know I will come back in the morning."

"I do not want you to come back, Duncan. Leave me in peace."

For answer he put his hat on the floor.

I did not care because of the hour. In that establishment respectability was taken for granted. Where so many glass houses were gathered together, no one threw stones. It was an orderly, quiet house, and the worst evil in it was poverty, and the depression that is engendered by it. I also sat down, and I looked at Duncan. It really mattered little whether he went or stayed. It had never been worth while to send Duncan away. He came back when it suited him to come.

CHAPTER XV.

So we sat there together and in silence. Duncan might have been waiting for me to speak. I do not know. I was far off. I saw a room, small, bright, pretty. There was a fire burning, a piano open.

By the piano stood a girl singing. I saw another room, up-stairs, and the same girl was there, and she held a little child in her arms, and she sang to him. I saw her ill,—her face white and thin, her pretty hair tossed on the pillow. I saw her coming and going, gay and sad. Ever and ever saw I Juliet. And I saw her as a ghost sees. I myself, I was not in the room with her, and her eyes never met mine. She was alive, but I was dead. And then suddenly a sharp pain darted through my heart, and I cried out,—

"Oh, tell me of her! Is she well?"

"Juliet?"

"Is she well? Did it do her good to go to the country? Is Bernard good to her?"

"Of course he is good to her! Why should he not be? Yes, she is well,—or was when I last heard."

"And happy? Is she still happy? And is the boy well? They were at home this winter? In our own house? Juliet would not stay in the country all winter?"

"What on earth are you talking about? Don't you know they are in London?"

"In London?"

"All winter. They went there before Christmas. Don't you know that?"

"I know nothing about her, Duncan. I have heard nothing for a long, long time."

"How long?"

"You gave me her last letter."

He made no reply to this, but his face grew hard.

"Have they never tried to find you?"

"How should I know? No, I do not believe they could want to find me. They would be glad never to hear of me again."

"Janet!"

"It is true, Duncan."

"This is worse than I feared. But you have been hiding from every one, Janet. You need not blame any one but yourself. You do not know how difficult has been my search for you. I was in despair about you. I have looked everywhere for you,—here and in Philadelphia,—wherever I could go. You have hidden well."

"I have not hidden at all. I have not thought of hiding. I have lived along. Indeed, I think I have been dead."

He drew a long breath, as though he was in pain.

"It has been foolish in you to waste time in looking for me."

"I am always a fool where you are concerned, Janet. And you know nothing of Bernard and his wife?"

"Nothing."

"Not of their good fortune?"

"Their good fortune?" I repeated. "Oh, Duncan, has she the money? Is it that?"

"It is money. That is generally what good fortune means, Janet, and to them it was a godsend. It is not very much, but there is a valuable little estate, and money to keep it up if they choose to live there."

"To live there?" I was like an echo, repeating his phrases.

"In England. The property is there."

"Oh, Duncan," I cried, "do not torture me. Tell me what you mean."

"Come, come," he said, "don't be so excited. Do you want to be the only millionaire in the family? Bernard had an aunt married to an Englishman, who settled upon her a pretty little place in Cheshire. It was her own, and when early this winter she died she left it to Bernard. There is an income as well, and if Bernard wishes to live on the property they can be very comfortable. But you should have heard all this long ago."

"It is my own fault, Duncan."

"Then let them go. I do not want to talk of them. It is you for whom I care. I find you forsaken, poor, unhappy, and I do not understand it. I want you to tell me the whole story. Begin at the beginning, Janet."

"There is nothing to tell. You see that I am poor, but I have not said I was unhappy. I have not complained, Duncan."

"Oh, God!" And he groaned, and put his hand over his eyes. I was sorry to see him suffer, but what could I do? Every one suffers. It is the only real thing in existence. Everything else passes. It is only suffering that endures. I wished that his pain could numb him. I knew that this was the best that could happen.

"Do not care so much," I said, in feeble effort to console him. "Indeed, it is not worth while."

He half laughed as he drew his hand from his face with a gesture as though he was throwing something away. "Of course it is not worth while. I really do not believe you have human blood in your veins, Janet."

"Duncan?"

"Except for Juliet. To her you are fire. You are the tide, she the moon. You are the quicksilver, she the sunshine. To me you are ice, and I but the winter wind to freeze you tighter, harder. I am a fool!"

"Oh, Duncan," I besought him, "do not say anything of that! Be my good friend, but say no more. You are so mistaken. You do not care for me. Do not throw anything more on me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot bear any more."

"I do not mean to throw anything on you. All I ask is to take your burdens off you. God knows, Janet, that I do not want to care for you,—to love you,—that is the proper word,—to *love* you. What happiness has it ever brought me? What but a waiting and much trouble? I have had my fourteen years of service, and I have not won even Leah."

"Take Leah," I said. "Rachel is deceitful, scheming, false. You are happy in escaping her."

"Let us be done with trifling," he answered. "I repent deeply that I consented to leave you at the hotel where I heard that you were afterwards ill. Tell me exactly what happened."

"Nothing. I have nothing to tell."

"I should like to shake you, Janet Abercrombie."

"Very well."

"How can I convince you that you are doing great wrong to yourself? I do not speak of the pain you give your friends,—you give me."

"Duncan," I said, "I cannot submit to this. Is it not enough for me to bear the grief of my own life, without having to hear you charge me with ruining yours? What is to hinder you from loving some one young and sweet, from marrying her, and being happy with her?"

"What is to hinder?" he repeated. "You. You hinder. Why are you so hard-hearted? Is it Napoleon Garlic who now stands between us?"

How could I help but laugh, and like one insane? I could not cry, and I laughed and could not control myself. And Duncan was hurt and vexed, and he told me that I cared as little for the dead as for the living.

"I cannot comprehend you. Surely you do not think I want your money? You know that I loved you before you heard of it."

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I do not think any one will want to marry me for my money!"

"Have you lost it? Is this the reason you are living in poverty?"

"I cannot tell you," I said. "There are reasons why I cannot discuss it."

"But you will have to speak of it. Every one knows about it. You cannot make a mystery of it. Your friends have wondered enough over the absurd stories told of you."

"That cannot be!"

"But it is. What else could you expect? You claim an immense fortune, you spring a tale of marriage, of widowhood, on people who have thought you unmarried. What else can you expect?"

I turned from him, bitterly wounded. It is hard to be defenceless, and to be given over to one's friends for discussion.

"And Juliet?" I asked. "What does Juliet say to all this?"

"She is in London."

"And people say such things of *me*?"

"What things? Naturally the widow Garlic interests the people who knew Miss Abercrombie."

"The 'widow Garlic'?" I cried. "Who calls me that?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you came to Theresa asking for me by that name?"

"I called you Mrs. Garlic. How could I expect you to repudiate your name? I fancied you with plenty of money, relieving the poor. Certainly I asked for Mrs. Garlic."

"You need never do so again. I like Abercrombie best,—Janet Abercrombie,—Miss Janet Abercrombie."

"Why do you so hate the name?"

"It is evil. To speak it is to invoke trouble, Duncan. There is a curse on them, from Aaron Garlic down."

"Was the son cruel to you? Has he ruined your future, as in some mysterious way he has your past?"

"Napoleon Garlic was a kindly soul, Duncan, but I wish he had never been born. But do not talk to me of him."

"I do not wish to talk of him. The names of the two men who have wrecked your happiness are not as delightful to me as you seem to think."

"Duncan!"

"Oh, I mean it!" And he walked to the window and looked out into the darkness. Suddenly he turned, and came quickly back to me. He took my hands in his own, and held them like a vise.

"You are *not* a widow!" he cried. "You never married that man!"

I fought to get my hands free, but in vain.

"I shall lose all patience with you. What has Juliet Mendoza to do with this? Tell me!—this moment! What has she to do with it?"

"I love her better than my life," I answered, "and she ~~has~~ forsaken, forsaken me! I am never to speak to her, to write to her."

He flung my hands from him, and he looked at me,—ah, not like a lover!—not like a lover did he look at me,—and he said, with contempt,—

"You need tell me nothing, Janet. I remember: it was *Juliet* Abercrombie who married Napoleon Garlic and was his widow! What a victim you have been!"

For answer to this I fell down at his feet, prone on the floor, and, he thought, dead.

How strong were the arms that lifted me, how faithful and tender the heart that gave me rest, and when at last I cried with passionate pain and rebellion because of my troubles, he tried—how like a lover!—to comfort me, and at last bade me remember that there were people in the house who would hear me.

"I do not care for the people!" I cried out. "I am miserable. Even the grave will not hold my misery. Forlorn and outcast and alone will my soul go into another life. And I deserve it! I deserve it!"

The hot tears rained down on my cheek, and I put my hand to wipe them from his eyes.

"Do not care so much for me, Duncan. I am not worth it."

And at that moment the door was gently opened, and the woman upon whose child Theresa had laid her geranium leaves came in. Without a word she took me out of Duncan's arms, and he staggered to a chair, weaker than I was.

"She is broken down by loneliness and poverty," he said. "But at last I have found her."

"She is your wife?" said the woman.

"She is going to be. To-morrow we are to be married, and she will be happy again."

But I did not marry Duncan the next day. Instead of that I lay in my room, ill, it seemed, to death,—so worn out and weak that I could not answer Duncan when he spoke to me. And I was content to have it so. Life and I had parted, and I felt it sweet to go away, in sweet

peace. It filled me with unspeakable happiness to know that Duncan sat ever at my side, and that when I opened my eyes I saw him. I cared nothing for the doctor, or for the woman, who was watching, trying to do something for me, but Duncan was like an angel of protection and repose, and whenever I awakened from the sleep into which I was perpetually falling, I found my hand still in his. There were flowers in the room, and on the bed some deep pink buds just opening, and their fragrance made me think, as I would arouse, that I was dead, and the quiet of the room seemed natural, yet when I opened my eyes and saw Duncan, and saw how the sun shone in through the windows and on Theresa's plants, and I knew I was still alive, I was content with that also. And it pleased me well to be silent and look at Duncan. In his face were lines of care, worn by days of vain search and nights of anxiety, and he looked older by years. These signs of faithful love were precious to me, and no other face could have been so fine, so beautiful, as was his. In his eyes there rested a deep peace, and he was almost as silent as I was. The futile, feverish ambitions and longings of past years, the unsatisfied desires which seek for peace in life instead of peace in the soul, passed away from me, and in that poor room I could have stayed forever, had Duncan stayed with me. I forgot that he had ever been less to me. It seemed that we both had been but waiting for this supreme moment of content and confidence. And I thought that had life, instead of death, been my portion, I could have made Duncan happy. If deep and true love, if tender care, if sympathy and comradeship, if mirth and happiness, if comfort, if gratitude and faithfulness, could avail against the pain and wear of life, all these should wait on him, surround and keep him safe. And I knew I could trust him. That firm mouth, those honest, clear eyes, the manliness and the strength of my lover, were dear to my very soul. And I did not vex myself because I was poor and pale, worn and no longer young, knowing as I did that he loved me better, knowing how much I needed him.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Bernard, in London, received a letter from Duncan which he did not understand, although he fancied he did, he did not tell Juliet of it. He was much worried about her. She had never recovered from her illness as she should have done, and he could not but know that she was grieving for me. He meant to force her to forget me, and he tried to fill her life so full that there would be no room for even a memory of me. And he had much to help him. In a great city new to her, and full of interest, what lack could there be of entertainment and diversion? And there was the estate, on which they intended to live, and there was new furnishing to be planned, and much to be bought, and money for the buying. She had a brougham of her own, a nurse for her child, and when her birthday came, what but a great string of pearls for the pearl of Bernard's heart? They made friends, and he took her everywhere. She threw herself into the life he created for her, and then she would draw back from it. She was fitful, and full

of caprice. He knew that she not merely tried to seem happy, but she wanted to be so, and he deeply pitied her. Perhaps he was more patient with her, thinking as he did that he understood her. For when the first heat of his indignation was over, and the interests of his new life had influenced him, he was sorry for me, and he sometimes found himself thinking of me with what was affection and regret. Yet never did he forgive me. He considered me scheming and false, and he blamed me for Juliet's misery. When he saw her so unhappy and restless, he wondered at her faithfulness, her passionate love for me. He thought I had wounded her to the death, and it incensed him that I had had the power to work so ill a fate on so fair a soul. That neither of them spoke of me only made the trouble blacker. And yet, through it all, Bernard loved me as he might a sister who had bitterly hurt him.

So, because he thought silence best, he did not tell her of Duncan's letter. It was hardly a letter. It was a message to Juliet, and it ran thus :

"I want you to tell your wife that I found Janet in St. Louis, very poor, living in lodgings, and sewing for a living. She has been very ill since I found her, and to-day for the first time is sitting up. I have implored her to let me send for a minister who would marry us, and then I could take her away and get some comfort and health for her. But she will not consent ; and I cannot, while she is so very weak, compel her to consent, because the mention of it gives her so much distress. She has made up her mind to die. And she will die, if the burden is not lifted off her mind. Say *that* to Juliet. I know nothing, but I divine a great deal. If Janet were well, I would have no inferences, no half-confidences. From beginning to end, she should tell me the whole miserable story, and where the sin belongs, there it should rest. Say this also to Juliet. Say to her that I cannot force Janet to speak. It would kill her. And tell her that I am determined that the sweetest soul that ever lived, the bravest, most loving victim that ever suffered, the woman who saw life through the eyes of those she loved, and tried to shape it to their liking, shall not go to her grave because she is unprotected, unguarded. I cannot leave Janet, or I should come at once for Juliet. I know that if she was to see her, broken down, worn and weary beyond words, but more beautiful than ever, Juliet's heart would do her justice. She looks like a saint, with her bright and beautiful hair around her like a glory. I do not mean to let her die. Tell Juliet that *I trust to her*, but that if word does not come quickly to me, I shall do what any honest man should do to protect the name and save the life of one as precious to me as Janet has always been."

And all this Bernard understood as a vehement, unreasonable demand for Juliet's forgiveness and presence, and he kept the letter in his pocket, and said nothing.

But when women have loved each other as Juliet and I had, and when each is suffering because of the other, the very air will carry messages, and Juliet grew paler and more restless, until Bernard insisted that she should go to Italy with him. And she consented, because she did not care where she was.

The night before they were to start, Bernard was out, and came

home late, to find Juliet lying on the bed, asleep, but moaning. She still had on her evening dress of some creamy gauze, and her pearls were around her throat. He stood and looked at her, and when she again sobbed he awoke her.

She got up and sat on the side of the bed, and looked at him with tears in her dark, soft eyes, and he put his arm around her, and drew her to him, and the two walked up and down the room in silence, but every little while she shivered, and he knew she was gently crying. So at last he thought it unwise and foolish to any longer ignore her trouble, but, as will happen when we speak under the pressure of feeling and on impulse, he said the last thing he meant to say, and what she did not expect to hear. He said,—

"Will you be contented if you know that Janet is happy?—that she will marry Duncan Macfarlane?"

"That is impossible," replied Juliet. "Janet will never marry."

"She will do everything that one does not expect of her! Surely, Juliet, if she chooses her own path, and if she wins as good and upright a husband as Duncan, and a great fortune also, you ought not to worry until you make yourself ill and me perfectly miserable. It is affection thrown away."

"How do you know all this?"

"Duncan wrote to me. He is perfectly infatuated."

Then she asked him for the letter, and he refused to give it to her, and neither did he tell her that it was one long message to her. He took the man's right to judge for the woman, and he told her only that I was in St. Louis, that I had been ill, and that, for some reason, I had not yet received the money for which I had intrigued. But he did say that as soon as I had recovered I would, no doubt, marry Duncan. He did not add that he understood from Duncan's letter that I refused to marry until I was reconciled to Juliet. He did not think I had a right to have so preposterous a demand considered.

To what he told her, Juliet made no reply, but at last she said, aloud, to herself,—

"How could she help but be ill! Night and day she cries to me, and I do not answer her!" Then she looked up at Bernard: "What do you suppose *she* has been doing these interminable months?"

"Repenting, I hope." Then he added, "If Duncan can overlook her conduct, and she can make restitution, she ought to thank heaven for its mercy. But, since he wrote that she hesitates about marrying, I have had a little hope about her. I respect her for her reluctance to disgrace an honest name."

"Duncan Macfarlane's name?" said she.

"It is a good name. The name is honorable."

"Oh, Bernard," cried Juliet, wrenching herself from his arms, and facing him, "say no more! If you talk of disgrace, of shame, of deceit, talk not of Janet! Duncan need have no fear of his name! It is yours that is disgraced, not his!"

Bernard looked at her in dismay. He thought that worry had turned her brain: he could not understand the meaning of her face or her words.

"Oh, it is true!" she cried, holding him off. "It is true! Go away and leave me, Bernard Mendoza; for I—I, not Janet—I am the widow of Napoleon Garlic!"

What spoke? Her brain? Her heart? No: her soul! Sometimes the soul will not be hindered. Before Death comes, will it force its way to the Judgment-Seal, and call out its crimes, and cry for sentence.

Yet who could judge her now? Not Bernard! The woman he held in his arms, sobbing, weeping, irrational, was his wife. He loved her better than name, family, life. All he desired was to forgive her. To judge her, was his hardest punishment, and in his heart she found her best advocate. It pleaded for her. It cried out that if he condemned her he condemned himself to misery unspeakable, intolerable; that if he could not persuade her to be happy, what was left to him but torture? He soothed her as a mother might; he taught her that there is a love strong enough to cast out fear and all reproach; and when, at last, he understood her story, broken, incoherent, mixed with stifled cries and caresses, and when he knew that she had had so great a fear of him, and had dared so much rather than lose his love, he asked her if he was indeed so hard, so brutal, and he was down on his knees begging her pardon and saying he was the sinner,—that he had not been gentle, and that a man ought not to be trusted with a woman's tender heart. And she, not being able to endure this from him, fell on her knees beside him, and so the two together asked for strength and for pardon from the One to whom both belong.

And Bernard, being a generous man, and not one to reconsider or rejudge, loved Juliet better and better, and all his life was more tender to her.

When daylight came they hastened to telegraph to Duncan, and so from under the waters of the ocean that then divided us came flashing this message:

"Tell Janet that Bernard and Juliet send her their dearest love, and they humbly beg her to forgive them both."

The fortune? As things go in this contrary world, neither one of us needs, or desires, a great fortune. Bernard has his property in England, and Duncan earns a good income: so neither Juliet nor I have reasonable wishes unfulfilled. And the money is not pleasant to us. Yet we use it. There is in a bank a very large sum kept in deposit, to which we all have access, and we do not account to each other for our use of it, but Bernard sees that the account is kept up. This money we give away. We find—especially Juliet and I—many people who are the better for it. But Duncan and I are quite certain that as the little Mendozas grow older, and the family expenses and demands increase, neither Bernard nor Juliet will hesitate to use for themselves an inheritance that is so justly their own.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL RECOLLECTIONS OF W. D. HOWELLS.

STRANGE how long we may live in the neighborhood of an historic pile and be unmoved by its associations! The thought came home to the writer on a recent spring day while strolling in the vicinity of St. Francis Hospital. This building rises proudly from the heart of Ohio's capital, and is pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture. "A Modern Instance" lay snugly hidden in my pocket, and, as it made its presence known by an occasional whiff of printers' perfume, my fancy caught the observant eye of its author looking out from the second-story window of St. Francis, where often in early manhood he "dreamt those dreams." Some years before the building became the abode of charity, motherly Mrs. Jenkins dispensed there the hospitalities of a boarding-house in which many a struggling aspirant found a home. Previous to Mrs. Jenkins's landladyship, however, there came to Columbus, Ohio, in 1851, a shy, awkward lad familiarly known to his companions as Will Howells. He secured a situation as compositor on the *Ohio State Journal* at a salary of four dollars per week. This, the first money he ever earned and received as his own, was turned into the family treasury to help keep the wolf from the door. As the son of a practical printer and visionary journalist, he had shared from infancy the vicissitudes inseparable from a family whose chief cherished high journalistic aims without the financial ability wherewith to make them practicable. The future novelist was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. The Howellses were Quakers, of Welsh extraction. Grandfather Howells was early attracted to America by his democratic sympathies. He became a fervid Methodist, and his son in turn was converted to the Swedenborgian faith, in which belief the novelist was reared. Mother Howells was of the Pennsylvania stock of Deans. The Deans were a sturdy race. Four sons of Grandmother Dean were noted steamboat-men in the early history of Ohio and Mississippi navigation. They were strong characters, and had the educational defects, together with the traditional good sense, of the pioneer, which enabled them to accumulate wealth and command influence each in his sphere. The novelist was named William Dean after the eldest of these sons, and it is from the maternal side that he inherits that pluck and industry to which much of his success is attributed. When William was three years old, his father moved from Martin's Ferry to Hamilton, Ohio, where he purchased the *Hamilton Intelligence*, a weekly journal, in the office of which William Dean learned to set type. His father was a man of cultivation and fine literary taste, but dreamy and impracticable. He is still living, at an advanced age, proud in the success of his gifted son, and beloved by his progeny, among whom this incident is jokingly related. On one occasion, while his wife was ill, the old gentleman was sent to the grocer's to buy some butter. The day passed, and he did

not return. The family, becoming alarmed, began a search, which resulted in finding him in his room, buried in the contents of a book which he had purchased on his way to the grocer's. Forgetful of his errand, he had returned home and spent the day in its perusal. The *Hamilton Intelligence* remained family property until after the inauguration of President Tyler in 1841, when, having had conscientious scruples about supporting a slave-holding President, the elder Howells sold the journal and removed to Dayton, Ohio, where he purchased the *Dayton Transcript*. This investment was a failure. Discouraged with journalism, and trusting to retrieve his fortunes as the superintendent of a prospective paper-mill, he removed his family to Greene County. After waiting there a year, however, this project also failed. But the silver lining dawned in 1851, when the father was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Representatives, and the son secured a situation, as has been said, on the *Ohio State Journal*.

Despite poverty and few or no school advantages, William Dean Howells was always an eager student. Almost from the time he could read, it was his favorite pastime to write verses and print them upon slips of paper for the amusement of himself and some of his companions. It was on the *Ohio State Journal* that he met a kindred soul in a fellow-compositor,—James J. Piatt. His services as *Journal* compositor, however, were interrupted in 1852, when the family moved to Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, where his father purchased the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, upon the mechanical department of which his five sons worked. The *Sentinel* is now the property of the novelist's eldest brother, Joe Howells. He likewise inherits the Dean thrift. What soldier does not recall the song-envelope that flooded the Union army and rebuilt the fortunes of its inventor, this self-same Joe Howells? When the young compositor returned to the capital, it was as Columbus correspondent to the *Cincinnati Gazette*. He was then nineteen years old, and before he had completed his twenty-second year he was news-editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, from which time dates the beginning of his literary career. These were hard-working days; but in the dim quarters of the *Journal*, as the novelist once said, "his star of hope rose." He became inspired with a love for Heine. Translations and imitations of the German song-bird flowed copiously from the ambitious poet's pen. His infatuation for Heine became so absorbing that it evoked many a jest from his companions.

With the pardonable vanity of the self-taught, he was fond of displaying his knowledge of the languages by translating for the press. His contributions were generally prefaced, "We translate." Of the many rhythmical satires this pedantry evoked, the following paraphrase is probably as good as any:

THE POET'S FRIEND.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The robin sings in the elm,
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking stupid things,
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings.

THE POET'S FRIEND.

BY A. R. LAURENS.

An owl sat perched on the limb of a tree,
Dismally tooting up at the moon:
The stupid cattle all hastened to see
What in thunder could mean such a tune.

The owl screeched out, "'Tis a beautiful song,
But asses cannot appreciate it."
"Your song," quoth they, "is in some heathenish tongue:
Why the devil don't you TRANSLATE it?"

Mr. W. T. Coggeshall, author of "Poets and Poetry of the West," and United States Consul to Brazil during Lincoln's administration, was the literary editor of the *Journal* when Howells became a member of its staff. Coggeshall was a man of talent and culture, and to his judicious encouragement, no doubt, Howells owes much of his early ambition for a literary career; while to the rigid discipline imposed upon him while book-reviewer on the *Journal* may be traced the strength of his later prose. He delved into Spanish and Italian literature, and without the aid of a tutor became proficient in both languages. His friendship with Piatt was renewed, and in December, 1859, they brought out together their first volume of poems, entitled "The Two Friends." James Russell Lowell said of it in the April *Atlantic* of 1860, "This volume is a very agreeable one, with little of the crudeness so generally characteristic of first ventures,—not more than enough to augur richer maturity hereafter. Piatt shows greater originality in choice of subjects, Howells more instinctive felicity of phrase in the treatment of them. . . . We are pleased with a thorough Western flavor in some of the poems, and welcome cordially a volume in which we recognize a fresh and authentic power, and expect confidently of the writers a yet higher achievement ere long."

Piatt was already a contributor to the *Atlantic*, and from the local success of "The Two Friends" Howells now speedily won a broader recognition. The story of his first successful contribution to the *Atlantic* has been variously told. It takes us back to St. Francis in Mrs. Jenkins's day, when W. D. Howells, A. T. Fullerton, James M. Comly, J. Q. A. Ward, Wager Swayne, and a host of ambitious young men who have since attained distinction, were numbered among her guests. Mr. A. T. Fullerton, Howells's room-mate at St. Francis, sent the first contribution from the West to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was a poem entitled "By the Dead." It attracted considerable attention, and was the subject of many a disquisition among the struggling aspirants that gathered round Mrs. Jenkins's table. Fullerton encouraged Howells to send a poem to the *Atlantic*. He did so. It was rejected. He was greatly depressed by its failure, which he considered a disgrace. Some time after, while he was walking with a congenial friend, the conversa-

tion turned upon the respective merits of Fullerton's second effort, "The Birth-Mark," and Piatt's "Morning Street."

"Will," cried his companion, "you can write a *better* poem than either of these." The face of the timid aspirant glowed with what was apparently a new thought to him, but nothing more was said about the matter until some time had elapsed, when he laid before his friend a pleasant letter from James Russell Lowell enclosing twenty-five dollars in payment for the "Andenken."

"I don't want to use the money. What shall I do with it?" cried the happy poet.

"Put it in the bank," was his friend's practical advice. Going to the National Exchange Bank, where he had a friend in its president, Howells deposited the practical juice of Parnassus without taking a receipt for the same. Some time passed, when he again sought his friend's room, apparently with a perplexing load upon his conscience. Appreciating the diffidence of his guest, the friend noticed when Howells rose to leave that, although they had talked of many things, they had failed to touch the subject which the poet had most at heart. No sooner had the door closed upon the retreating guest, however, than it suddenly opened again, revealing the poet's distressed face.

"Say, Jim, when you have money in the bank, *how* do you get it out?"

Howells was exceedingly self-depreciatory in his youth. He had not that confidence in himself which his friends thought his ability warranted. Always a diligent, conscientious student, his "Andenken" was followed by four other poems, which appeared in the *Atlantic* in that first year of literary success. He now had an audience in the company of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and a host of the ablest writers of the age. But while quaffing of Castaly he wrote stories also. Occasionally he read them to his companions, but they were deficient in plot and incident, and consequently failed to interest his auditors. He did not publish these stories, but they held the germs of what the poet's maturer judgment has moulded into the novelist's art. Subjective and analytical in thought and treatment, the ideal and the romantic were eschewed from these early prose efforts. But, undaunted by disparaging criticism, he worked on, biding the time when his art would find a hearing. Another proof of the efficacy of Buffon's genius! Howells was always a prolific writer. Not until he wrote the *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, in 1860, did his field of observation broaden. With the money that this book netted him,—one hundred and ninety dollars,—he took a trip down the St. Lawrence, visiting Montreal, and coming home by way of Boston, where he first made the personal acquaintance of James Russell Lowell; then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who introduced him to James T. Fields and Oliver Wendell Holmes. His letters to the *Ohio State Journal* describing this trip are incorporated in "Their Wedding Journey." So full of the wine of youth, these early bits of description are the novel's freshest charm. The "Life of Lincoln" not only brought him his first extensive pleasure-trip, but secured him an honor similar to that which rewarded the biographical effort of Hawthorne.

It is pleasant to recall his social life at the capital. His ready wit and brilliant conversational powers made him a welcome visitor everywhere. Stepping to a book-case, he was wont to take down a volume of Thackeray or Dickens, and, hastily scanning its pages, entertain a roomful with the drollery of his remarks. He cultivated the acquaintance of people of talent, and was passionately fond of music. In these social rounds was found the key-note to many of his early poems. But it was at St. Francis that his youthful fancies met a happy consummation. The boarders frequently gave social hops, and to one of these informal affairs came a beautiful girl. She was a stranger in the city, a guest of her aunt,—a sister of ex-President Hayes. In the interval of the dance she hastily sketched upon her fan a caricature of a fellow-guest, J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor. Ward was an awkward young fellow, and the caricature was so clever that it occasioned much merriment among his friends. Howells was attracted to the fair stranger by this ludicrous evidence of her talent. Thus in the sculptor's outline was kindled the novelist's flame. Shortly after he entered upon his duties as consul to Venice, and a year later Miss Meade joined him in Paris, where they were married.

His life abroad was fruitful. The impressions garnered there distil an aroma through all his writings. It was "*Venetian Life*" (1866) that brought him his first general recognition as an author,—a recognition that came through the English rather than the American press. On his return to this country he wrote for the *New York Tribune* and *Times*, and was a salaried contributor to *The Nation* until called to the assistant-editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which position he held until 1872, when, upon the retirement of James T. Fields, he became the editor-in-chief. In 1881 he was succeeded by the present editor, T. B. Aldrich. His subsequent career is well known to all lovers of good literature. Harvard College paid a unique compliment when she invited Howells to teach Spanish and Italian in her classic precincts,—an honor which he accepted and fulfilled for a short time after his return from Venice. While editor of the *Atlantic* he visited Columbus. He was asked then whom he took his walks with in Boston. "With James," was the reply. The influence of Howells and James in all probability has been reciprocal. Howells is warmly attached to Columbus, interwoven as it is with his early struggles. Like the town of Jefferson, it colors many of his stories. In Columbus he found the original Mrs. Erwin in "*The Lady of the Aroostook*." With his wonderfully keen observation, he studies the idiosyncrasies of the people he encounters as the painter catches the effect of light and shade upon the wavering landscape. A leading incident in "*A Chance Acquaintance*" actually occurred in the author's travelling-experience; while Kitty Ellison's "idle hands fallen into the lap one in the other's palms," it is whispered, was a favorite attitude of the novelist's sister, Anne Howells, who married Frechette, the Canadian poet. In Silas Lapham may we not catch a fleeting picture of a steamboat Dean?

With that perversity of human nature which makes us discontented with our best endeavors, Howells thought at one time that his forte lay in the historic field. "I have thought of writing a book describing a

trip to Niagara," he said to a friend. "Do you think people would read it? I think we like to read about what we have seen, and I can only describe that. I have no inventive genius." This was before the completion of his first story, "A Foregone Conclusion." There is much in Howells's style to lead to the inference that if he had confined himself to historical writing he might have attained more enduring fame. It is not the writer's purpose to criticise the novelist's art. We are content to quote the clever woman who said she hoped Mr. Howells would redeem himself, and, following the example of him who Artemus Ward said "was a good poet, but he didn't know how to spell," write a "Legende of Goode Womeyne" of the nineteenth century.

L. R. McCabe.

PROMISE.

I STAND and watch the summer now depart,
And all its sweetness in one late red rose
Is garnered, which I lay upon my heart
And feel the life that in it stirs and glows.

O red, red rose, the summer's last soft breath,
To you what heritage of smiles and tears,
What joy of new possession, and what death
Of hopes, and crushing agony of fears!

Wild woful sobbings in the wild night rain,
And passionate farewells, and mad regret,
While southward-flying birds sing sad refrain,
Or beat tired wings low drooping in the wet.

O rose, I hold you close and whisper low,
If I should lay you in my love's fair hand,
Oh, tell me, would she bid me stay or go,
Or should I hope or fear at her command?

Or would she greet you with her sweet dark eyes,
And look upon you with a tender smile,
And half caress you with that shy disguise
That holds a subtile meaning all the while?

Fair rose, still on my heart I lay restraint,
But cherish, though I utter yet no words,
That dawn of something in her face, though faint,
Yet sweet with hope, like notes of waking birds.

Henrietta Christian Wright.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC WORKS.

FOUR years ago, or in August, 1883, there appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* a paper by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, treating of the relations of the civil assistants in the Corps of Engineers to the government service. It may have been the modest protest of a class of employees against a real or an imaginary injustice, or it may have been a patriotic effort on the part of the writer to expose the defects of fortuitous legislation and suggest a remedy, but, whatever the purpose, the seed was sown, has taken root, and is already yielding fruit.

Numerous magazine articles, animated discussions in technical journals, leaders in the dailies, conventions of scientists, resolutions of societies, committees of investigation, committees for collating statistics and information, advisory councils, and in fact a large part of the political machinery of the government, have all aided in developing a growing interest in the important question which is believed to have been definitely introduced by that article.

The policy of the government towards its public civil works, and its relations to those intrusted with their execution, are subjects involving many important questions of history, methods, means, results, and future requirements, and to understand them we must unlock the wicket of the present with the key of the past, that we may obtain a vista of the future.

In the January (1886) number of the *Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies*, President L. E. Cooley shows, in a vigorous argument, that the United States has no "Rational Policy of Public Works;" in the May (1887) number of *The Forum*, General W. F. Smith explains the confusion that exists in various government departments, resulting in reduplication of work and a jealous grasping after appropriations. The same facts are testified to by Major J. W. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, in his evidence before the joint commission to reorganize the "Signal Service, Geological Survey, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department."

The interesting contribution by Mr. F. P. Powers to the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* on "West Point, the Army, and the Militia" is another argument to show cause for progress in a more systematic development of the machinery of government administration. Were further proof of the need of a better system required, it is only necessary to refer to the toils and tribulations of the River and Harbor bill, to the odium which attaches itself thereto, despite the vigilance of its framers, to the serious losses to the country at large from its repeated failures to become a law, and to the depreciation of an important class of works and the demoralization of its *personnel* in such times of suspension.

The need of reorganization being conceded, it remains to determine the available resources and the manner of assembling and arranging them so as to produce more economic results. Here the horizon broadens

and the paths of inquiry diverge: we may follow the *personnel* and its preparation, the *matériel* and its properties, the *service* and its requirements, the *legislation* and its methods, or the *finances* and their disbursements, but the short cut to the goal will be found in a consideration of the *defects of the present system and their remedies*.

And what is the present system of conducting the civil public works of the government?

It is in most instances a tentative, temporary, and temporizing policy, based upon appropriations made or withheld as circumstances may decree, and upon estimates which are generally greatly exaggerated to provide for such contingencies.

Some of the civil works for which appropriation bills are prepared are summarized by General Smith, as follows:

1. *The Improvement of Rivers and Harbors*, which, by precedent only, is in the hands of the Secretary of War, and carried on by the Engineer Corps of the Army.

2. *The Coast and Geodetic Survey*, under a bureau attached to the Treasury Department.

3. *The Geological Survey*, under the Interior Department.

4. *The Survey of Public Lands*, under the Interior Department.

5. *Public Buildings*, including court-houses, post-offices, mints, monuments, State and departmental offices, etc., mostly under the control of the Treasury Department.

6. *The Meteorological or Weather Bureau*, in the hands of the War Department, because the idea of collecting and uttering the data originated in the brain of a clever army officer, who organized the Signal Service of the army and became head of a bureau for its administration.

7. *The Agricultural Bureau*, belonging to the Department of the Interior.

8. *The Bureau for the Administration of the Light-House System*, which is an appendage to the Treasury Department.

9. *The National Observatory*, which, with its varied duties, is assigned to the Navy Department,—a disposition which could hardly be explained without going into a history of the passage of the law creating the bureau.

10. *The Bureau of Patents*, one of the largest and most important of the administrative bureaus of the government. This is under the Interior Department.

11. *The Inspection of Hulls and Boilers of Steamers*, under laws and regulations for the protection and preservation of life and property afloat,—a branch controlled by the Treasury Department.

12. *The Bureau of Pisciculture*.

Such are the principal bureaus requiring the services of specialists and a technical training of a broad range, covering the mathematical, physical, chemical, and natural sciences with their applications. The incongruity of the assignments to the departments is at once apparent; and it may well be asked, why should the Treasury Department, which

is supposed to consider only matters of finance, be expected to supervise and foster a bureau requiring the highest attainments in mathematics and geodesy, or in architectural design and construction, or in the erection and equipment of light-houses?

Again, why should one class of surveys be delegated to the Treasury, another to the Interior, another to the War, and a fourth to the Navy Department, when the principles underlying all are the same and the work could be far more economically performed under one head? or why should the purely civil works of opening up and improving the water-ways and harbors of the country be placed in the hands of the War Department and intrusted to officers whose training has been of a military and not of a civil character?

The existing condition is not the result of foresight and a well-digested, systematic plan for the execution of our public works. It is a mere chance, a growth which has been developed by the exigencies of public requirements; and now that it is seriously proposed to co-ordinate and systematize these bureaus, so as to increase their utility and efficiency, the ever-present spirit of conservatism says it cannot be done, because some of the political patronage dispensed under the present régime would be lost.

This may be a real difficulty, but we think upon further investigation it will be found imaginary. The statesmen who are most influential and who retain the respect and confidence of their constituents are those who, with broad and liberal views of their obligations not only to their districts but to the whole country, legislate for the general good, knowing that the greater includes the lesser. They are returned to their posts of honor term after term so long as they are willing thus to serve their country. It is unnecessary to cite instances.

The proposed reorganization does not reduce the amount of work to be performed, but, on the contrary, increases it, and at the same time removes many serious objections to present methods which render a large percentage of the appropriations utterly useless.

The same or larger amounts of money are expected to be appropriated, to be expended upon the same class of works, under the same honesty of administration, and in the same districts, but it is proposed to modify somewhat the manner of preparing the appropriation bills, so as to avoid the present objectionable methods of legislation, waste of time, danger of failure, local jealousies, and contests over items, and to relieve members from the reproach of not obtaining their *pro rata* of the total amount appropriated for their district. It is further proposed to consolidate the bureau, so as to avoid the duplication of numerous parts of the work, to reduce the *personnel* in some bureaus, that it may be available in others, and so to distribute the duties as to secure more permanent and efficient results, accompanied by a sense of personal responsibility which does not now prevail.

Having faith in the possibility of effecting a reorganization at no very distant date, let us proceed "to determine the available resources, and the manner of arranging them so as to produce more economic result," or, in other words, to discuss "the defects of the present system, and their remedies."

As our space will not admit of an analysis of all the bureaus on the list, it will suffice, by way of illustration, to consider but one. For that purpose let us take the first, which is that relating to the Improvement of Rivers and Harbors.

The first serious defect in this branch of the government service is, as intimated, in the manner of preparing the appropriation bill. The estimates for works in progress or for those recommended are submitted by the Chief of Engineers, through the Secretary of War, to Congress, and thence referred to the appropriate committee, composed of jurists, merchants, manufacturers, and other gentlemen of culture, but seldom, if ever, of engineers. Yet the excellent practical judgment of the members of this committee is an admirable substitute for a scientific training, and after months of arduous labor a bill is formulated and submitted which is as free from objectionable items as it is possible to have it. This bill may contain hundreds of items, some of which exceed a million of dollars, and it may include any of the navigable creeks, rivers, or harbors in the United States or Alaska. It is not to be expected that a committee of fifteen members, representing as many States, should possess so intimate a knowledge of the requirements of this vast field as to be able to make an entirely equitable or satisfactory allotment of the money to be expended. Without the facts embodied in definite surveys and plans before them, they must be guided by the opinions of others; and hence the influence of parties interested in promoting special, local, and independent improvements must largely prevail in deciding upon the importance of the item and the amount to be assigned to it. Due consideration must also be given to the probable increase in the number of items of the bill in the committee of the whole, as well as in the Senate and its committees, and also to the aggregate of the bill and the probable amount of the "horizontal reduction."

It is true that after a few years the members become well informed as to the relative merits of many of the improvements; but the committee itself is not permanent, its *personnel* is continually changing, the policy of the government is often vacillating, and it therefore frequently happens that works begun under one administration are neglected and permitted to decay by another, or that improvements carried to completion are so situated as to be of no service to the public, because they are inaccessible, the other links in the chain of improvements not having been made.

Such are a few of the defects in the method of securing the funds for river and harbor improvements. Those which are incidental to their expenditure may perhaps best be stated by a brief reference to the history of the works themselves, as shown by the laws relating to these matters, and by the inherent defects in the executive departments for conducting the works.

On the 11th of August, 1790, Congress passed an act ratifying certain acts of Maryland, Georgia, Rhode Island and Providence Plantation relative to their public improvements.

In 1798 it ratified an act of Massachusetts incorporating a private company to repair a pier at the mouth of the Kennebunk River.

In the year 1800 Georgia was authorized to collect a duty of three-pence per ton for "clearing the river Savannah."

Two years later, certain light-houses and public piers were authorized to be constructed in the Delaware River, and thirty thousand dollars were appropriated for the purpose.

The funds for further improvements of the Delaware were authorized to be collected by the port wardens of Philadelphia levying a duty of four cents per ton, by an act passed February 28, 1806.

Again in 1816 Congress assented to an act of Virginia incorporating a company for the improvement of the James River.

On the admission of Alabama as a State, March 2, 1819, an act was passed authorizing the appropriation of five per cent. of the net proceeds of land sold after September, 1819, for public roads, canals, and the improvement of the navigation of its rivers.

The first appropriation for surveys of the Mississippi and its tributaries, amounting to nine thousand five hundred dollars, was passed April 14, 1820. The next year the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to expend one hundred and fifty dollars in removing obstructions from the mouth of the river Thames in Connecticut; and on the same date—March 3, 1821—the President was authorized and requested to cause examinations and surveys for light-houses to be made by "proper and intelligent persons;" also to have a pier repaired at Portsmouth, "by contract under the direction of the collector of the district."

The following year the responsibility of supervising these affairs was transferred to the Secretary of the Treasury, and on May 7, 1822, he was authorized to build, by contract to be approved by the President, a sea-wall at Smutty Nose and the breakwater in Delaware Bay. In 1823 the authority to make several surveys was vested in the President, and he was authorized to employ one of the Topographical Engineers of the United States* for the survey of Presque Isle, Pennsylvania; for this purpose one hundred and fifty dollars were appropriated.

In the year 1824 several important acts were passed extending the duties of the President with reference to public works, authorizing him to cause the necessary surveys, plans, and estimates to be made "of such roads and canals as he may deem of national importance," and "to employ two or more skilful civil engineers, and such officers of the corps of engineers, or who may be detailed to do duty with that corps, as he may think proper," also to provide the necessary "plant." On February 21, 1825, an appropriation was passed "for making surveys and carrying on the operations of the board of engineers." During this and the next year certain special bills were passed, and the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to subscribe to the stock of the Louisville and Portland and of the Dismal Swamp Canal Companies.

Beginning with May 20, 1826, the policy of Congress appeared to be to assemble the sundry items into a general bill, which was passed annually, throughout the John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson administrations, until the year 1839, when only a few special appropriations were made. This condition of affairs continued until June 11,

* The United States Military Academy was organized in 1802.

1844, when the general bill was resumed and passed. This was succeeded by special bills and land-grants to States conducting public works until 1868, except in 1852, when a bill was passed for Western rivers. In 1868 the government once more returned to the general appropriation bill, and has adhered to it ever since, although the bill failed in 1869, 1877, 1883, 1885, and 1887, in consequence of the veto or of "short" sessions. The present method of conducting these public civil works probably dates from the act of March 2, 1867, which provided that "the Chief of Engineers may, with the approval of the Secretary of War, employ such civil engineers, not exceeding five in number, for executing the surveys and improvements of Western and Northwestern rivers, as may be necessary to the proper and diligent execution of the same." To-day the total number of officers in the Corps of Engineers is one hundred and nine; while the number of civil assistants is believed to be much greater.

From this *résumé* of the history it appears that the ways of communication, whether by land or water, have been under the supervision of the States, of custom-house officers, private companies and contractors, port wardens, the President, the Secretaries of the Navy, War, and Treasury Departments, and even of the Quartermaster-General.

It appears, then, that since about 1868 the execution of river and harbor works which are purely of a civil character, and for which a special training is required, has been intrusted to the United States Corps of Engineers, a body educated for the performance of military service.

May we not, with propriety, inquire why the graduates of the Naval Academy are not assigned to similar civil duties, or why any other of the alumni of West Point or Annapolis are not placed in charge of works in other civil bureaus, as that of agriculture, for example, since they study chemistry, geology, and mineralogy, or in Patent-Office positions, since they have read mechanics and physics, or on the Geological or Coast Surveys, for similar reasons? Again, we might ask, with reason, why selection is made only from the highest corps in the service, when all the cadets are put through the same course of studies and are graduated as proficient, and particularly in view of the fact that the best executive officers are not, as a rule, those who take the academic honors. Why should not the Ordnance, Artillery, Cavalry, or Infantry officers who are alumni of the Military Academy be placed in charge of civil works?

The first defect of the present system we find, then, to be the assignment of a class of military specialists to civil duties for which their academic training does not primarily adapt them, as will be shown later on. Another defect arises from the absence of the usual incentives to labor, and of personal responsibility as to results. This is an inherent evil due to the regulations of the War Department relative to stations, duties, and promotions in the corps. It is seldom that an officer remains in one place longer than four years: instances are on record where there have been as many as four or more changes in that time. This frequently involves a shifting of all the civil assistants, and at least the chief clerk, leaving but a few subordinates who may be familiar

with the details of important works, and often changes the plans of the work, resulting in a waste of time and materials.

A good idea of the frequency of this kaleidoscopic change may be obtained from an exhibit of the dates of retirement of the ranking officers of the corps, which involves generally a movement all along the line, with some changes of stations.

The present Chief's term will expire in 1888, that of his successor in 1889, the next in 1891; five officers go out in 1895, one in 1896, one in 1897, one in 1899, one in 1900, three in 1901, etc.: so that there will be about an average of one change each year.

The time of the officers in charge is largely consumed in administration; their duties are varied, and their works often too remote from their stations. It not infrequently happens that an officer stationed at New York may be in charge of works extending from Florida to Long Island and from the source to the mouth of the Mississippi. Another stationed at New Orleans may be connected with works in New York or on the Great Lakes.

Another defect consists in the fact that the government makes no provision for educating specialists for these most important branches of the public service. The Military and Naval Academies are primarily for supplying officers for the army and navy, but of the members of the Corps of Engineers only the second and a few of the first lieutenants are assigned to purely military duties. These, with a few others, making twenty-two in all, are connected with the Engineers' School of Application and Battalion of Engineers at Willit's Point. Twenty-one officers are in charge of fortifications scattered over the United States, but all have civil duties to perform on river and harbor work in addition. This is generally true of the entire corps, excepting the second lieutenants: so that of the one hundred and nine members all but twelve may be said to be engaged on civil works.

As it has been broadly asserted that the curriculum at West Point is eminently adapted to prepare its graduates for such occupations, it will not be out of place to make a statement of the amount and character of the instruction given as contrasted with that of any technical school in good standing, that more correct and intelligent impressions may prevail as to the fact.

A comparison of the "Regulations" of 1883, issued under Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, with those of 1857, under Jefferson Davis, shows no material change in the subjects of study or in assignment of hours; and a prominent member of the Academic Board has recently stated that for more than forty years the division of time has been substantially the same as now. In fact, the restrictions upon a change of the curriculum or text-books are almost prohibitory, and tend to fossilize the course of instruction.

To what a limited extent studies adapted to the requirements of professional civil life are pursued will be seen from the following extract from the latest "*Regulations*."

ARTICLE III. COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

"22. The studies which shall be pursued, and the instruction which shall be given, at the Military Academy, are comprised under the following heads:

"1. Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry Tactics; Target Practice; Military Police and Discipline; Use of the Sword, Bayonet, and Gymnastics.

"2. *Mathematics*. 3. *English*. 4. *French*. 5. *Spanish*. 6. *Drawing*. 7. *Chemistry*; *Chemical Physics*; *Mineralogy and Geology*. 8. *Natural and Experimental Philosophy*. 9. Ordnance; Gunnery and the Duties of the Military Laboratory. 10. *History, Geography, and Ethics*. 11. National, International, and Military Law. 12. Practical Military Engineering. 13. *Civil and Military Engineering, and Science of War.*"

The extent of the civil studies is shown in italics. The corresponding text-books used are—

In Mathematics: Davies' Elements of Algebra, Davies' Geometry and Surveying, Church's Analytical Geometry, Trigonometry, Descriptive Geometry, and Calculus, and Chauvenet's Method of Least Squares.

In Languages: Keetel's French Grammar and Reader, with other French works; Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar; Hart's Manual of Rhetoric and Composition; Abbott and Seeley's English Lessons for English People; Abbott's How to Write Clearly.

In Natural and Experimental Philosophy: Bartlett's Mechanics and Astronomy, and Michie's Elements of Wave-Motion relating to Sound and Light.

In Chemistry, etc.: Bloxam's Chemistry; Everett's Deschanel's Heat, Part II.; Tillman's Principles of Chemical Philosophy; Thompson's Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism; Dana's Mineralogy; Le Conte's Elements of Geology.

In Civil Engineering the text-book by Colonel J. B. Wheeler is taught for one term of about twenty weeks; in Spanish, Knapp's Grammar and Readings; and in History, etc., Swinton's Outline of the World's History and Labberton's Historical Atlas.

There is no practical instruction given in Surveying and studies pertaining to civil engineering, as all the available time is consumed in military duties, drills, and routine.

The course in Topographical Drawing is very complete, yet but little attention is paid to field-sketching.

Twenty years ago dancing was optional; now it is required, as essential to the proper development of a gentlemanly and graceful deportment.

From "veille" to "taps" the distribution of time is as follows: Before breakfast (6.30) police of quarters, followed by guard-mounting and recreation. From 8 to 9½ o'clock one-half of each class attends recitations, while the remaining half studies. This order is reversed between 9½ and 11. The first half of each class again recite, or drill, during the next hour, and this is succeeded by an hour of study; and the reverse for the other sections. The hour from 1 to 2 P.M. is occupied by dinner and recreation. From 2 to 4 there is either one recitation alternating with study, or a drill or drawing on alternate days.

From evening "call to quarters" until "tattoo" (9.30) all cadets are expected to study; from 9.30 to "taps" (10) make down beds and prepare to extinguish lights.

Saturday afternoons are devoted to recreation and visiting or to punishments.

Thus, about three hours and a half are spent in recitation-rooms,

six in study, seven to eight in sleep, and seven and a half to six and a half in meals, military duties and police of quarters, and recreation.

The duration of the course is four years. The requirements for admission are lower, probably, than are those for any scientific school of good standing in the country. As about one-half of the time is occupied in military studies, is it not therefore impossible to include in the curriculum so comprehensive a range of civil and purely professional topics as may be embraced in a civil institution?

The most general outline of the course required of civil engineers at the University of Pennsylvania, for example, includes English, with either French or German, History, and English Literature, all extending through three years; Logic and Philosophy, one year; Mathematics, three years; Astronomy, one; Physics, three; Political Economy, one; Mercantile Practice and Laws of Business, one; Chemistry, two; Metallurgy, Mineralogy, and Geology, each one; Civil Engineering, three; and Architecture, one.

The subdivisions of the technical studies of this course are too numerous to note in this paper. The aggregate number of hours of required attendance in the recitation-rooms or upon technical work is, during the first two years, twenty hours, each, per week; during the Junior year, twenty-nine; in the Senior, twenty-six; and in the Post-Senior, thirty; while the corresponding time at the Military Academy is but twenty hours for both civil and military instruction.

The work of the last or fifth year consists largely of visits and excursions to shops and works in process of construction, upon which students are required to write illustrated reports and note the commercial and engineering features of the plant or structure.

From these comparative exhibits and statements it would seem that, whilst the government makes no pretence of educating engineers for its civil service, it also fails, through its present method of administration, to secure the permanent services of those alumni of the civil institutions who are well trained to perform these most important duties. This also is a serious defect of the system.

It is manifest, therefore, that the remedies must lie in the direction of permanency of residence, individual responsibility for results, adequacy and certainty of appropriations, and a system of promotion based upon relative ability and not upon a military succession.

These results can readily be secured by dividing the country into topographical basins and assigning to each a chief engineer, whose tenure of office shall be for life, subject to removal only for incompetency or misdemeanor. The first appointment should be made by the President from nominations made by the Chief of Engineers and the various engineering societies throughout the country. Subsequent appointments should be by promotion under the civil service rules from among the junior engineers of that residency. In this way only can a thorough knowledge of the physical, mechanical, commercial, and social elements be intimately united in an efficient, local, executive officer.

The chiefs of these districts should compose a Board to estimate and recommend the amount of money required to continue improvements in their districts, and should frame a bill for the total amount to

be submitted to Congress; or the total amount required to complete any projected work may be submitted and appropriated payable in annual instalments by the Secretary of the Treasury. The salaries of such engineers should be sufficient to avoid all extras and contingencies such as commutation for fuel and quarters, service-rations, mileage, etc.; but the actual expenses of travel should be allowed upon the certificate of the officer incurring them, as is done at present in some of the civil bureaus.

The topography of the United States readily admits of such a plan, which is similar to that existing in France,—a country no larger than the basin of the Ohio, yet its expenditure for river improvements and canals up to 1870 is estimated at \$240,000,000, which is more than double that of the entire United States, although the latter is fifteen times as large. The annual reduction in the price of articles of first necessity, due to the saving in cost of transportation in consequence of its river improvements, is stated at \$5,000,000. The population per square mile is over one hundred and eighty, while that of the Ohio basin is about forty. The expenditures for this latter district are less than \$10,000,000, and for the entire country, up to 1882, about \$111,000,000.

The relations of several of the bureaus as shown by their expenditures from 1789 to 1882 are as follows:

Public Buildings	\$88,135,270
Mints, etc.	5,373,000
Rivers and Harbors	111,300,000
Light-Houses and Beacons	78,778,000
Roads and Canals	19,890,000
Forts, Arsenal, and Armories	91,356,000
	<u>\$394,832,270</u>

These might readily be grouped into two classes,—viz., a Bureau of Transportation and a Bureau of Architecture. The last item, "Forts," etc., should be placed in a Bureau of Military Affairs. The various surveys now being conducted under four departments should be consolidated into a Bureau of Information and Surveys.

There is no reason why the graduates of the Military and Naval Academies should not be men selected from the best technical schools and colleges in the United States, instead of, as now, from so wide a limit as is permitted under the present low requirements for admission. As a matter of fact, some of the matriculates have completed a college course before entering, and hence have at once a great advantage over their classmates in the contest for standing and honors. Moreover, the time spent in repeating the more elementary parts of the course is virtually wasted in waiting for the less favored to overtake his more fortunate brother. If instruction were confined to purely military matters, and selection were made, after rigid examinations, from the alumni of civil institutions, the length of the course might be reduced to two or at most to three years, it could be made more thorough and technical, and a much larger amount of practical work could be done in chemistry, electrics, signalling, etc., with superior results as to scholarship and military skill and at much less expense to the government.

L. M. Haupt.

ABEL PERRY'S FUNERAL.

JOSIAH ALLEN and me had visitors, along the last of the winter, — Abel Perry's folks from 'way out beyond Loontown.

They come in good sperits and the mornin' train, and spent three days and three nights with us.

You see, they wuz relations of ourn, and had been for some time, entirely unbeknown to us, and they come a-huntin' us up. They said "they thought relations ort to be hunted up, and hang together." They said "the idee of huntin' us up had come to 'em after readin' my book."

They told me so, and I said, "Wall."

I didn't add nor demenish to that one "Wall." For I didn't want to act too backward, nor too forward. I jest kep' kinder neutral, and said, "Wall."

You see, Abel's father's sister-in-law wuz step-mother to my aunt's second-cousin on her father's side. And Abel said that "he had felt more and more, as years went by, that it wuz a burnin' shame for relations to not know and love each other." He said "he felt that he loved Josiah and me dearly."

I didn't say right out whether it wuz reciprokated or not. I kinder said, "Wall," ag'in.

And I told Josiah, in perfect confidence and the wood-house chamber, "that I had seen nearer relations than Mr. Perry's folks wuz to us."

Howsomever, I done well by 'em. Josiah killed a fat turkey, and I baked it, and done other things for their comfort, and we had quite a good time.

Abel wuz ruther flowery and enthusiastick, and his mouth and voice wuz ruther large, but he meant well, I should judge, and we had quite a good time.

She wuz very freckled, and a second-day Baptist by perswasion, and was piecin' up a crazy bedquilt. She went a-visitin' a good deal, and got pieces of the wimmen's dresses where she visited for blocks. So it wuz quite a savin' bedquilt, and very good-lookin', considerin'.

But to resoom and continue on. Abel's folks made us promise on our two sacred honors, Josiah's honor and mine, that we would pay back the visit, for, as Abel said, "for relatives to live so clost to each other, and not visit back and forth, wuz a burnin' shame and a disgrace." And Josiah promised that we would go right away after sugarin'.

We wouldn't promise on the New Testament, as Abel wanted us to (he is dretful enthusiastick); but we gin good plain promises that we would go, and laid out to keep our two words.

So along a week or so after sugarin', Josiah beset me one day to go over to Mr. Perry's.

Josiah liked Abel; there wuz sunthin' in his intense enthusiastick nature and extravagant methods that wuz congenial to Josiah.

So I bein' agreeable to the idee, we set out after dinner, a-layin' out to be gone two nights and one hull day, and two parts of days, a-goin' and a-comin' back.

Wall, we got there onexpected, as they had come onto us. And we found 'em plunged into trouble.

Their only child, a girl, who had married a young lawyer of Loontown, had jest lost her husband with the typus, and they wuz a-makin' preparations for the funeral when we got there. She and her husband had come home on a visit, and he wuz took down bed-sick there and died.

I told 'em I felt like death to think I had descended down onto 'em at such a time.

But Abel said he wuz jest despatchin' a messenger for us when we arrove, for, he said, "in a time of trouble, then wuz the time, if ever, that a man wanted his near relations clost to him."

And he said "we had took a load offen him by appearin' jest as we did, for there would have been some delay in gettin' us there, if the messenger had been despatched."

He said "that mornin' he had felt so bad that he wanted to die,—it seemed as if there wuzn't nothin' left for him to live for; but now he felt that he had sunthin' to live for, now his relatives wuz gethered round him."

Josiah shed tears to hear Abel go on. I myself didn't weep none, but I wuz glad if we could be any comfort to 'em, and told 'em so.

And I told Sally Ann, that wuz Abel'ses wife, that I would do anything that I could to help 'em.

And she said "everything wuz a-bein' done that wuz necessary. She didn't know of but one thing that wuz likely to be overlooked and neglected, and that wuz the crazy bedquilt." She said "she would love to have that finished, to throw over a lounge in the settin'-room, that wuz frayed out on the edges. And if I felt like it, it *would* be a great relief to her to have me take it right offen her hands, and finish it."

So I took out my thimble and needle (I always carry such necessities with me, in a huzzy made expressly for that purpose), and I sot down and went to piecin' up. There wuz seventeen blocks to piece up, each one crazy as a loon to look at, and it wuz all to set together.

She had the pieces, for she had been off on a visitin' tower the week before, and collected of 'em.

So I sot in quiet and the big cheer in the settin'-room, and pieced up, and see the preparations a-goin' on round us.

I found that Abel'ses folks lived in a house big and showy-lookin', but not so solid and firm as I had seen.

It wuz one of the houses, outside and inside, where more pains had been took with the porticos and ornaments than with the underpinnin'.

It had a showy and kind of a shaky look. And I found that that extended to Abel'ses business arraingments. Amongst the other ornaments of his buildin's wuz mortgages, quite a lot of 'em, and of almost every variety. He had gin his only child S. Annie (she wuz named after her mother Sally Ann, but wrote it this way),—he had gin S.

Annie a showy education, a showy weddin', and a showy settin'-out. But she had had the good luck to marry a sensible man, though poor.

He took S. Annie, and the brackets, and piano, and hangin' lamps, and baskets, and crystal bead lambrequins, her father had gin her, moved 'em all into a good sensible small house, and went to work to get a practice and a livin'. He wuz a lawyer by perswasion.

Wall, he worked hard, day and night, for three little children come to 'em pretty fast, and S. Annie consumed a good deal in trimmin's and cheap lace to ornament 'em: she wuz her father's own girl for ornament. But he worked so hard, and had so many irons in the fire, and kep 'em all so hot, that he got a good livin' for 'em, and begun to lay up money towards byin' 'em a house, a home.

He talked a sight, so folks said that knew him well, about his consumin' desire and aim to get his wife and children into a little home of their own, into a safe little haven, where they could be a little sheltered from the storms of life if the big waves should wash him away. They say that that wuz on his mind day and night, and wuz what nerved his hand so in the fray, and made him so successful.

Wall, he had laid up about nine hundred dollars towards a home, every dollar on it earned by hard work and consecrated by this deathless hope and affection. The house he had got his mind on only cost about a thousand dollars. Loontown property is cheap.

Wall, he had laid up nine hundred, and wuz a-beginnin' to save on the last hundred, for he wouldn't run in debt a cent anyway, when he wuz took voyalent sick there to Abel'ses: he and S. Annie had come home for a visit of a day or two; and he bein' so run down, and weak with his hard day work, and his night work, that he suckumbed to his sickness, and passed away the day before I got there.

Wall, S. Annie wuz jest overcome with grief the day I got there, but the day follerin' she begun to take some interest, and help her father in makin' preparations for the funeral.

The body wuz embalmed, accordin' to Abel'ses and S. Annie's wish, and the funeral wuz to be on the Sunday follerin', and on that Abel and S. Annie now bent their energies.

To begin with, S. Annie had a hull suit of clear crape made for herself, with a veil that touched the ground; she also had three other suits commenced, for more common wear, trimmed heavy with crape, one of which she ordered for sure the next week, for she said "she couldn't stir out of the house in any other color but black."

I knew jest how dear crape wuz, and I tackled her on the subject, and says I,—

"Do you know, S. Annie, those dresses of yourn will cost a sight?"

"Cost?" says she, a-bustin' out a-cryin'. "What do I care about cost? I will do everything I can to respect his memory. I do it in remembrance of him."

Says I, gently, "S. Annie, you wouldn't forget him if you wuz dressed in white. And as for respect, such a life as his, from all I hear of it, don't need crape to throw respect on it: it commands respect, and gets it from everybody."

"But," says Abel, "it would look dretful odd to the neighbors if

she didn't dress in black." Says he, in a skairful tone, and in his intense way,—

"I would ruther resk my life than to have her fail in duty in this way: it would make talk!" And says he, "What is life worth when folks talk?"

I turned around the crazed block, and tackled it in a new place (more lunny than ever it seemed to me), and says I, mekanickly,—

"It is pretty hard work to keep folks from talkin', to keep 'em from sayin' sunthin'."

But I see from their looks it wouldn't do to say anything more, so I had to set still and see it go on.

At that time of year flowers wuz dretful high, but S. Annie and Abel had made up their minds that they must have several flower-pieces from the city nighest to Loontown.

One wuz goin' to be a gate ajar, and one wuz to be a gate wide open. And one wuz to be a big book. Abel asked me what book I thought would be prefferable to represent. And I mentioned the Bible.

But Abel says, "No, he didn't think he would have a Bible; he didn't think it would be appropriate, seein' the deceased wuz a lawyer." He said "he hadn't quite made up his mind what book to have. But anyway it wuz to be in flowers,—beautiful flowers." Another piece wuz to be his name in white flowers on a purple background of pansies. His name wuz William Henry Harrison Rockfyeller. And I says to Abel,—

"To save expense, you will probable have the moneygram W. H. H. R.?"

"Oh, no," says he.

Says I, "Then the initials of his given names, and the last name in full."

"Oh, no," he said; "it wuz S. Annie's wish, and hisen, that the hull name should be put on. They thought it would show more respect."

I says, "Where Harrison is now, that hain't a-goin' to make any difference," and, says I, "Abel, flowers are dretful high this time of year, and it is a long name."

But Abel said ag'in that he didn't care for expense, so long as respect wuz done to the memory of the deceased. He said that he and S. Annie both felt that it wuz their wish to have the funeral go ahead of any other that had ever took place in Loontown or Jonesville. He said that S. Annie felt that it wuz all that wuz left her now in life, the memory of such a funeral as he deserved.

Says I, "There is his children left for her to live for," says I,— "three little bits of his own life, for her to nourish, and cherish, and look out for."

"Yes," says Abel. "And she will do that nobly, and I will help her. They are all goin' to the funeral, too, in deep-black dresses." He said "they wuz too little to realize it now, but in later and maturer years it would be a comfort to 'em to know they had took part in such a funeral as that wuz goin' to be, and wuz dressed in black."

"Wall," says I (in a quiet onassumin' way I would gin little hints of my mind on the subject), "I am afraid that will be about all the comforts of life the poor little children will ever have," says I. "It will if you buy many more flower-pieces and crape dresses."

Abel said "it wouldn't take much crape for the children's dresses, they wuz so little, only the baby's: that would have to be long."

Says I, "The baby would look better in white, and it will take sights of crape for a long baby dress."

"Yes, but S. Annie can use it afterwards for veils. She is very economical; she takes it from me. And she feels jest as I do, that the baby must wear it in respect to her father's memory."

Says I, "The baby don't know crape from a clothes-pin."

"No," says Abel, "but in after-years the thought of the respect she showed will sustain her."

"Wall," says I, "I guess she won't have much besides thoughts to live on, if things go on in this way."

I would give little hints in this way, but they wuzn't took. Things went right on as if I hadn't spoke. And I couldn't contend, for truly, as a bad little boy said once on a similar occasion, "it wuzn't my funeral," so I had to set and work on that insane bedquilt and see it go on. But I sithed constant and frequent, and when I wuz all alone in the room I indulged in a few low groans.

Two dress-makers wuz in the house, to stay all the time till the dresses wuz done; and clerks would come around, if not oftener, with packages of mournin' goods, and mournin' jewelry, and mournin' handkerchiefs, and mournin' stockin's, and mournin' stockin'-supporters, and mournin' safety-pins, and etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Every one of 'em, I knew, a-wrenchin' boards offen the sides of that house that Harrison had worked so hard to get for his wife and little ones.

Wall, the day of the funeral come. It wuz a wet, drizzly day, but Abel wuz up early, to see that everything wuz as he wanted it to be.

As far as I wuz concerned, I had done my duty, for the crazy bed-quilt wuz done; and though brains might totter as they looked at it, I felt that it wuzn't my fault. Sally Ann spread it out with complacency over the lounge, and thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for my noble deed.

Along quite early in the mornin', before the show commenced, I went in to see Harrison.

He lay there calm and peaceful, with a look on his face as if he had got away at last from a atmosphere of show and sham, and had got into the great Reality of life.

It wuz a good face, and the worryment and care that folks told me had been on it for years had all faded away. But the look of determination, and resolve, and bravery,—that wuz ploughed too deep in his face to be smoothed out, even by the mighty hand that had lain on it. The resolved look, the brave look with which he had met the warfare of life, toiled for victory over want, toiled to place his dear and helpless ones in a position of safety,—that look wuz on his face yet, as if the deathless hope and endeavor had gone on into eternity with him.

And by the side of him, on a table, wuz the big high flower-pieces, beginnin' already to wilt and decay.

Wall, it's bein' such a uncommon bad day, there wuzn't many to the funeral. But we rode to the meetin'-house in Loontown in a state and splendor that I never expect to ag'in. Abel had hired eleven mournin'-coaches, and the day bein' so bad, and so few a-turnin' out to the funeral, that in order to occupy all the coaches, and Abel thought it would look better and more popular to have 'em all occupied, we divided up, and Josiah went in one, alone, and lonesome as a dog, as he said afterwards to me. And I sot up straight and oncomfortable in another one on 'em, stark alone.

Abel had one to himself, and his wife another one, and two old maids, sisters of Abel'ses who always made a point of attendin' funerals, they each one of 'em had one. S. Annie and her children of course had the first one, and then the minister had one, and one of the trustees in the neighborhood had another: so we lengthened out into quite a crowd, all a-follerin' the shiny hearse, and the casket all covered with showy plated nails. I thought of it in jest that way, for Harrison, I knew, the real Harrison, wuzn't there. No, he wuz far away,—as far as the Real is from the Unreal.

Wall, we filed into the Loontown meetin'-house in pretty good shape, though Abel hadn't no black handkerchief, and he looked worried about it. He had shed tears a-tellin' me about it, what a oversight it wuz, while I wuz a-fixin' on his mournin' weed. He took it into his head to have a deeper weed at the last minute, so I fixed it on. He had the weed come up to the top of his hat and lap over. I never see so tall a weed. But it suited Abel; he said "he thought it showed deep respect."

"Wall," says I, "it is a deep weed, anyway,—the deepest I ever see." And he said, as I wuz a-sewin' it on, he a-holdin' his hat for me, "that Harrison deserved it; he deserved it all."

But, as I say, he shed tears to think that his handkerchief wuzn't black-bordered. He said "it wuz a fearful oversight; it would probably make talk."

But I says, "Mebby it won't be noticed."

"Yes, it will," says he. "It will be noticed." And says he, "I don't care about myself, but I am afraid it will reflect onto Harrison. I am afraid they will think it shows a lack of respect for him. For Harrison's sake I feel cut down about it."

And I says, "I guess where Harrison is now, the color of a handkerchief-border hain't a-goin' to make much difference to him either way."

And I don't s'pose it wuz noticed much, for there wuzn't more'n ten or a dozen folks there when we went in. We went in in Injin file mostly, by Abel'ses request, so's to make more show. And as a procession we wuz middlin' long, but ruther thin.

The sermon was not so very good as to quality, but abundant as to quantity. It wuz, as nigh as I could calkerlate, about a hour and three-quarters long. Josiah whispered to me along about the last that "we had been there over seven hours, and his legs wuz paralyzed."

And I whispered back that "seven hours would take us into the night, and to stretch his feet out and pinch 'em;" which he did.

But it wuz long and tejus. My feet got to sleep twice, and I had hard work to wake 'em up ag'in. The sermon meant to be about Harrison, I s'pose; he did talk a sight about him, and then he kinder branched off onto politics, and then the Inter-State bill; he kinder favored it, I thought.

Wall, we all got drippin' wet a-goin' home, for Abel insisted on our gettin' out at the grave, for he had hired some oncommon high singers (high every way, in price and in notes) to sing at the grave.

And so we disembarked in the drippin' rain, on the wet grass, and formed a procession ag'in. And Abel had a long exercise right there in the rain. But the singin' wuz kinder jerky, and cur'us, and they had got their pay beforehand, so they hurried it through. And one man, the tenor, who wuz dretful afraid of takin' cold, hurried through his part, and got through first, and started on a run for the carriage. The others stood their grounds till the piece wuz finished, but they put in some dretful cur'us quavers. I believe they had had chills: it sounded like it.

Take it altogether, I don't believe anybody got much satisfaction out of it, only Abel. S. Annie sp'ilt her dress and bonnet entirely—they wuz wilted all down; and she ordered another suit jest like it before she slept.

Wall, the next mornin' early two men come with plans for monuments. Abel had telegraphed to 'em to come with plans and bid for the job of furnishin' the monument.

And after a good deal of talk on both sides, Abel and S. Annie selected one that wuz very high and p'inted.

The men stayed to dinner, and I said to Abel, out to one side,—

"Abel, that monument is a-goin' to cost a sight."

"Wall," says he, "we can't raise too high a one. Harrison deserved it all."

Says I, "Won't that, and all these funeral expenses, take about all the money he left?"

"Oh, no," says he. "He had insured his life for a large amount, and it all goes to his wife and children. He deserves a monument, if a man ever did."

"But," says I, "don't you believe that Harrison would ruther have S. Annie and the children settled down in a good little home, with sunthin' left to take care-of 'em, than to have all this money spent in perfectly useless things?"

"Useless!" says Abel, turnin' red. "Why," says he, "if you wuzn't a near relation I should resent that speech bitterly."

"Wall," says I, "what do all these flowers, and empty carriages, and silver-plated nails, and crape, and so forth,—what does it all amount to?"

"Respect and honor to his memory," says Abel, proudly.

Says I, "Such a life as Harrison's had them; nobody could take 'em away, nor demenish 'em. Such a brave, honest life is crowned with honor and respect anyway. It don't need no crape, nor flowers,

nor monuments, to win 'em. And at the same time," says I, dreamily, "if a man is mean, no amount of crape, or flower-pieces, or flowery sermons, or obituries, is a-goin' to cover up that meanness. A life has to be lived out-doors, as it were: it can't be hid. A string of mournin' carriages, no matter how long, hain't a-goin' to carry a dishonorable life into honor, and no grave, no matter how low and humble it is, is a-goin' to cover up a honorable life.

"Such a life as Harrison's don't need no monument to carry up the story of his virtues into the heavens: it is known there already. And them that mourn his loss don't need cold marble words to recall his goodness and faithfulness. The heart where the shadow of his eternal absence has fell, don't need crape to make it darker.

"Harrison wouldn't be forgot if S. Annie wore pure white from day to day. No, nobody that knew Harrison, from all I have hearn of him, needs crape to remind 'em that he wuz once here and now is gone.

"Howsomever, as far as that is concerned, I always feel that mourners must do as they are a mind to about crape, with fear and tremblin',—that is, if they are 'well off, and *can* do as they are a mind to; and the same with monuments, flowers, empty coaches, etc. But in this case, Abel Perry, I wouldn't be a-doin' my duty if I didn't speak my mind. When I look at these little helpless souls that are left in a cold world with nothin' to stand between them and want but the small means their pa worked so hard for and left for the express purpose of takin' care of 'em, it seems to me a foolish thing, and a cruel thing, to spend all that money on what is entirely onnecessary."

"Onnecessary?" says Abel, angrily. "Ag'in I say, Josiah Allen's wife, that if it wuzn't for our close relationship I should turn on you. A worm will turn," says he, "if it is too hardly trampled on."

"I hain't trampled on you," says I, "nor hain't had no idea on't. I wuz only statin' the solemn facts and truth of the matter. And you will see it some time, Abel Perry, if you don't now."

Says Abel, "The worm has turned, Josiah Allen's wife! Yes, I feel that I have got to look now to more distant relations for comfort. Yes, the worm has been stepped on too heavy."

He looked cold, cold as a iceickle, almost. And I see that jest the few words I had spoke, jest the slight hints I had gin, hadn't been took as they should have been took. So I said no more. For ag'in the remark of that little bad boy came up in my mind, and restrained me from sayin' any more.

Truly, as the young male child observed, "it wuzn't my funeral."

We went home almost immejiately afterwards, my heart nearly a-bleedin' for the little children, poor little creeters, and Abel actin' cold and distant to the last.

And we hain't seen 'em sence. But news has come from them, and come straight. Josiah heard to Jonesville, all about it.

The miller at Loontown wuz down to the Jonesville mill to get the loan of some bags, and Josiah happened to be there to mill that day, and heerd all about it.

Abel had got the monument. And the ornaments on it cost far

more than he expected. There wuz a wreath a-runnin' round it clear from the bottom to the top, and verses a kinder runnin' up it at the same time. And it cost fearful. Poetry a-runnin' up, they say, costs far more than it duz on a level.

Anyway, the two thousand dollars that wuz insured on Harrison's life wuzn't quite enough to pay for it. But the sale of his law library and the best of the housen stuff paid it. The nine hundred he left went, every mite of it, to pay the funeral expenses, and mournin' for the family.

And, as bad luck always follers on in a procession, them mortgages of Abel'ses all run out sort o' together. His creditors sold him out, and when his property was all disposed of it left him over fourteen hundred dollars in debt.

The creditors acted perfectly greedy, so they say,—took everything they could; and one of the meanest ones took that insane bed-quilt that I finished. That *wuz* mean. They say Sally Ann crumpled right down when that wuz took. Some say that they got holt of that tall weed of Abel'ses, and some dispute it; some say that he wore it on the last ride he took in Loontown.

But, howsomever, Abel wuz took sick, Sally Ann wuzn't able to do anything for their support, S. Annie wuz took down with the typus, and so it happened the very day the monument wuz brought to the Loontown Cemetery, Abel Perry'ses folks wuz carried to the county house for the winter, S. Annie, the children, and all.

And it happened dretful cur'us, but the town hired that very team that drewed the monument there, to take the family back.

It wuz a good team.

The monument wuzn't set up, for they lacked money to pay for the underpinnin'. (Wuzn't it cur'us, Abel Perry never would think of the underpinnin' to anything?) But it lay there by the side of the road, a great white shape.

And they say the children wuz skairt, and cried, when they went by it,—cried and wept.

But I believe it wuz because they wuz cold and hungry that made 'em cry. I don't believe it wuz the monument.

Josiah Allen's Wife.

IMMUNITY.

LEAF of the deep-leaved chestnut-tree,
Long spared the weather-god's disdain,
Have not thy brothers borne for thee
June's inavertible raging rain?

And they are beautiful and hale,
Those sun-veined revellers; and thou
Still crippled, still afraid and pale,
Sole discord of the singing bough!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 7.

SOCIAL LIFE AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

NESTLED snugly away from the rest of the world, in the pleasant Hoosac Valley, lies Williamstown, the seat of Williams College, and a community of well-marked local color. The town contains two villages, each as unlike the other as you can well imagine, and with the most diverse aims and sympathies. The idea you get of the surroundings of old Williams as you flash by in the train, or during the thirty seconds' stop, is that entertained by the majority of your fellow-travelers who have no better source of information, and is by no means flattering to the taste of men who have chosen this as the home of their student life. From the car-window you see a country railway-station, and a rude covered bridge across the little river that flows beside the track, while just beyond looms up the prosaic front of a huge factory, set off by rows of white tenement-houses, uniform throughout, even to their lack of blinds. But leave the train, enter the waiting village coach, and a few minutes will effect a complete transformation of the scene. Making a sharp turn, you approach "Consumption Hill," crowned on the right by the Soldiers' Monument, and on the left by Clark Hall, a mediæval-fortress-like stone structure that seems an outwork to defend the little college world just beyond. Ascending the hill, you pass out between these sentinels along the main street, a broad park-like plateau, with the road in the middle bordered by green lawns. Outside these run the sidewalks, shaded by a profusion of old elms and maples. Along this street, on both sides, stand the college buildings, dating, one by one, from the Revolutionary period to the present time,—the earlier ones of brick, the rest of stone.

If you are of the genus summer visitor, a genus which flocks hither in swarms with every recurring June, you will now be borne away from the immediate vicinity of the "classic shades" to one of the summer hotels. But if you come as a student (and this we will suppose) your fate will have little in common with that class. Your first act will naturally be the application for a room, and, as in Williams the great majority of students room in the college buildings, you will probably soon find yourself established in one of these with a chum, who is usually a total stranger; that is, of course, unless you prefer to room alone and pay a double rent. Next morning you go to chapel at the summons of the bell. After prayers the Freshmen are convened, college rules explained, work is assigned for immediate preparation, and you are fairly launched upon your four-years' voyage.

A sense of loneliness soon causes you to fraternize with your brother neophytes, especially as the vigilance of the powers that be is not always able to prevent a midnight incursion of the dreaded Sophomores, who, joyful at their own release from the state of freshness, oc-

casionally hazard their prospects of the sheepskin in their zeal to duly initiate the new-comers. The initiation usually consists of a warm greeting and hand-shaking all around, followed by an imperative demand for a speech or a song, and a polite invitation to "scan algebra" or accomplish some other easy scholastic feat. Refusal is out of the question. The entertainment is sometimes diversified by the alarm of "The faculty!" and a mad flight of the visitors, through the windows when possible; for they all know that detection means exile. In fact, nearly every year witnesses the departure of a small and saddened band of victims.

These calls are followed by the annual Monument Rush, which occurs in the evening, on the first Saturday of the term. This is caused by an attempt to break up the first Freshman class-sing, which action is made a point of honor by the Sophomores. The Freshmen always muster in full force, and the occasion is equally enjoyed by both parties, the attack and struggle for possession of the monument usually resulting in a claim of victory by each side.

Meanwhile, you have received, in common with your classmates, an invitation to a reception given by the College Y. M. C. A. Students and professors are present to welcome you, and a pleasant evening passes, chiefly characterized in your memory by introductions, hand-shaking, conversation, and ice-cream. As the evening wears away, you are invited to inscribe your name on the roll of membership, and in this way the Association is at once recruited from the new class, whose representatives immediately assume their places in the organization, unhampered by that sense of diffidence as to "freshness" which is so strongly felt in the ordinary course of college life. The meetings of the Association are held Sunday evenings, and are largely attended. Occasionally, delegates are sent away to the great Y. M. C. A. conventions, and their reports, made at the next meeting after their return, are awaited with much interest.

The chief factor of social life, however, is the body of Greek-letter societies. These are nine in number, and comprise a little more than half the entire body of students. Each occupies a building of its own, —in most cases a handsome and expensive structure. These fraternities are of the same description as the principal societies of other colleges, and are all chapters of organizations more or less widely diffused. The great majority are nominally secret, but their general tendency may easily be perceived by any one familiar with college life. In one you will find a preponderance of literary or high-standing men; in another, the sporting element, or, as they are proud to be termed, the "bums," whose first principle is to do no more work than is absolutely necessary to get through. The character of others will not be so strongly marked, though each bears a certain stamp that varies little from year to year and depends largely upon the discerning selection of new members from the incoming classes. The selection is usually made at the beginning of Freshman year, though accessions are sometimes received during the later years of the course. Some Freshmen are, of course, in greater demand than others, and these are industriously "trotted," as it is termed, for the different societies. In other words, the candidate is in-

vited to visit the society-house, where he meets the members and is entertained during the evening. If he makes a favorable impression, he is invited to join their fraternity. If not, he hears no more upon the subject.

The effect of these secret societies has been a fruitful theme for discussion in the past, and is still a mooted point. Officers of different institutions take different stands upon the subject, as is well known. Here the societies suffer under no ban of constituted authority, nor do they conflict with the large body of non-members, as is often the case elsewhere. The expense of membership, though moderate in some instances, in others proves a serious drawback to many students; and two or three organizations are quite beyond the means of the average man. Then, too, membership involves many incidental expenses that contribute to swell the sum-total. Still, it is not a useless expenditure, for many privileges are open to members that cannot be enjoyed by outsiders. For example, while you are yet a stranger, the natural loneliness and homesickness of Freshman year is in a great measure dissipated by the kindness and good-fellowship with which you are received by your new friends. You are made a sharer in whatever local acquaintance they may possess, and are brought into contact with their friends and visitors,—a privilege highly valued, owing to the great lack of feminine society experienced by all Williams men.

In the old times before Greek-letter societies were known, their place here was filled by the two literary societies, the Philotechnian and Philologist. Every student belonged to one or the other, and the rivalry between the two was something more than we can imagine at the present time. Hawthorne, in his "American Notes," describes a visit to Williams in 1838, at Commencement, which occasion was then celebrated in much the same way as the modern country cattle-show. Among other circumstances, he mentions the mustering of 'Technians and 'Logians, each with his badge of pink or blue ribbon. The two societies still exist, but their sphere and influence are greatly modified, and it is very doubtful if many of the present members could tell you whether they are champions of the pink or of the blue. Their sessions are held every Wednesday evening at the same hour, and, conducted by a few of the ablest speakers from each class, their reputations are maintained upon a purely literary basis, though they possess some influence as a means of bringing together men who would otherwise not meet as acquaintances during their college life. Once a year occurs the Joint Debate, wherein the chosen champions of the two societies contend stoutly for the victory,—the contest taking place in the presence of the students and faculty, besides a goodly sprinkling of towns-people. But the interest excited is not that of the past, and little sleep is lost by the defeated party.

Something like the Y. M. C. A. receptions, already mentioned, are those given by the President and prominent members of the faculty; but their frequency resembles that of angels' visits. Here, however, the feminine element is not lacking, as in the case of the former, and the majority of the students are not slow to avail themselves of the invitation. The Freshmen usually receive this invitation during the

winter term, and attend on different evenings, in parties of suitable size. On your arrival you are put at ease by the presence of various members of the faculty, who introduce you to their families and to the other guests, doing their best to make the occasion a pleasant one in all respects. Conversation is started, acquaintances made, and long before the usual refreshments are served you find you are enjoying yourself thoroughly. Then come the good-nights and departure, possibly preceded by a wild inward doubt as to the propriety of offering your services as escort to some one of the fair maids present. After this reception takes place, you may not get a chance to attend a similar event until Senior year. Formerly the Seniors were received by Dr. Mark Hopkins at his house, and they esteemed the privilege at its full value, knowing him, as they did, through the medium of the classroom. Now that pleasure can be enjoyed no more.

As to social intercourse with the towns-people, you will be likely to have little or none of it, though there are notable exceptions to this rule. Of course, if you have friends in town already, or are fortunate in possessing intimates among the fellows who have power to introduce you, you may in time build up a considerable acquaintance. Still, in a village of this size it must needs be limited, and is really no great factor in the sum-total of student life. Turning then to the other aspect of this cloistered existence, you seek entertainment and employment of your surplus energies in the routine of the college life itself. This feeling is made especially manifest in the enthusiasm displayed over baseball, foot-ball, tennis, mountain-climbing, bicycling, and athletics of every description. Some give themselves over completely to the habit of hard study, even, perhaps, without the expectation of obtaining high rank; but these are few, proportionately, for the reputation of a "grub" is hardly a desirable one at the present day, and even Diogenes, with an electric light, could scarcely find a college man willing to admit that he studies hard.

Another favorite way of spending extra time is to seek a retreat in the cosy alcoves of the college library and browse around among the books, not aiming there to improve your mind with history or logic, but to pass the time most pleasantly, and of this you seldom fail. But, as mentioned above, base-ball is the great attraction while it is in season. Games usually occur twice a week, sometimes oftener, and the whole college turns out to almost every game. It expects great things from its nine, and is seldom disappointed, owing to the hard work and constant practice of the members. A position on the nine is no sinecure, as is soon found by the successful candidate. Every day of the season he must devote a part of his time to batting-practice, and when winter comes he knows no rest; for then he is rigorously drilled every day in the gymnasium, under the eye of his captain, and spends hours in getting into good condition for the great contest of the coming summer. For the championship of the league is the golden prize, and, with Amherst and Dartmouth to beat, no flimsy preparation will avail, nor, indeed, be tolerated by those who have so generously contributed to the team's support. But, on the other hand, who so proud, or who so envied by all beholders, as the happy members of the nine when the

championship games take place,—realizing, as they do, that everything may depend upon their individual efforts, and that their every movement is watched by the crowded wearers of the purple in the grand stand! Then, too, no luxury is spared in providing for their comfort when they visit other colleges for the return games, and at the opening of the season they are taken on an extended and expensive trip, in the course of which they play the prominent professional clubs of the country. Truly the base-ball man has many rewards for his patient labor.

Foot-ball, the great sport of the autumn, is played clear up to December, so that many of the later games take place upon frozen ground, and some when it is covered with snow. Here, great strength is a requisite, though useless without the added elements of skill and pluck, thus bringing in a class of men differing widely, as a rule, from the base-ball players. Nevertheless, nearly all that has been said of the advantages and drawbacks of base-ball is true of foot-ball, though in a less degree. Still, these sports, being confined to the representative nine or eleven men, are enjoyed by the great body of students only in the capacity of spectators. But if you seek the one almost universal source of recreation and exercise, you will find it to be tennis. The West College campus is completely covered with tennis-courts, set close together, and from morning till night the balls are kept flying back and forth across the nets. As soon as one party retires, the court is occupied by another, and so, in the course of the day, a large number can be accommodated. Men who take no other exercise whatever are kept in good physical condition by their daily hour or two at tennis.

Still, there are some few who do not even indulge in tennis, but have various other ways of obtaining pleasure and exercise. Of these, the most usual is the custom of tramping and mountain-climbing. This form of exercise is practised constantly by a few, but on Mountain Day, which is a holiday coming twice a year, every one takes to the fields and woods. Of course the first objective point for all newcomers is Greylock, the highest peak that Massachusetts can boast. It is about nine miles from the college to the summit, and, if you join one of the parties made up for the ascent, you will probably leave early in the evening, camp on a plateau half-way up, and, completing the journey before dawn, wait cold and shivering for the sunrise,—only to discover that at that hour the clouds will completely conceal the landscape. If, however, you are not anxious to do your mountain-climbing in the dark, an early start from the college will bring you to the summit in the forenoon, when the clouds are gone, and the whole country from Monadnock to the Hudson lies revealed, bright and beautiful in the sunlight. The return may be made by the same route, or varied by coming down over Mount Williams to North Adams and taking the train back to Williamstown. By this means a fine view of the far-famed Hoosac Valley is obtained from a stand-point new to the student.

On subsequent Mountain Days you will probably take some of the other favorite trips; as, to the Revolutionary battle-field of Bennington, up Petersburg or Berlin (neighboring heights of the Berkshire Hills),

or over Hoosac mountain to the central shaft of the great tunnel, though Hoosac is a poor specimen of a mountain, compared with some of its neighbors, being rather a huge mound, up one steep end of which you struggle, and, traversing a level space of several miles in length, where you find the little village of Florida, clamber down the other side. Then, catching the next train back through the tunnel, you pass directly under the scene of your late exertions. Of course the enjoyment of these mountain-trips depends to a large extent upon the companionship of congenial spirits.

At the approach of winter these outside sports are necessarily interrupted. Then every one turns instinctively to the gymnasium; and it is there that the busiest current of life is to be found during cold weather. On the main floor there is constant employment of the bars, clubs, rings, chest-weights, and dumb-bells, while above, the runners speed around the track in single file, taking the pace from their leader. Down-stairs you will find the bowling-alleys in full swing, while the long base-ball cage is seldom empty. The rumbling of the balls and crashing of the pins combine with the constant swash of the shower-baths, and the flow of talk in the dressing-rooms, to produce an effect lively in the extreme.

Out of doors, workmen have been busy constructing the toboggan slide, which is soon occupied by a gay crowd in the regulation blanket suits and *toques*. Every evening, and every pleasant Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, the slide is open for use; but the evening session is superior as a spectacle, owing to the brilliant and far-reaching array of torches at each side of the double track. Snow-shoes, too, have now no lack of devotees, whose success is often disproportionate to their zeal. Still, the winter term is confessed to be the dullest of the year, though its monotony is somewhat broken by courses of lectures under the auspices of the faculty. Diversion is also sought by some in attending occasional Germans at North Adams, but these are comparatively few. Then, too, the *Gul*, or illustrated college annual, is issued at some period of this term by a board elected from the Junior class, and, ordinarily, Junior Dramatics are then represented for the first time. Election to membership of these boards is considered a special honor, and is the source of much secret disappointment among defeated candidates. Election is also sought by many to the Glee Club, and to the boards of the college periodicals, the *Williams Weekly* and the *Literary Monthly*, the latter of which is known as the *Lit.* and is conducted by the Seniors. Such elections, however, unlike the former cases, are the result of competition. Another source of prominence is the college orchestra; but its ranks are not so easily recruited.

But the return of spring brings the halcyon period of college life; for this is the season of out-door sports, of class-sings, class-suppers, and the longed-for Commencement, with its festivities of every sort. Then, too, the friends and admiring relatives of each proud Senior gather from all directions to witness his final triumph before stepping down and out into the "wide, wide world." The class-sing is a venerable institution at Williams, and on pleasant evenings, in accordance with a previous notice, the members of some one class gather around

the monument, and, led by their "choragus," furnish an impromptu concert. In fine weather these sings usually take place about twice a week, though of late a novelty has been introduced in the shape of a sing by the whole college, which of course comes less frequently. On these occasions there is no lack of auditors, as the first strains are sure to summon forth a considerable number of the villagers, who find these moonlight concerts very agreeable occasions for promenading the college walks.

Commencement week is the Seniors' festival, though the under-classes do not lack means of enjoyment. During this week come the prize declamations, Class-day, Commencement proper, society receptions, the Senior promenade, the Glee Club concert, and a repetition of the Junior Dramatics as presented in the winter term. Then, too, each class holds its yearly class-supper at the close of the usual semi-annual examinations. Albany and Saratoga are the favorite resorts for these suppers, and you will find no jollier assembly anywhere than the crowd of undergraduates that annually boards the train bound for these points. With this one night of revelry, usually quite innocent, the whole score of a year's constant work is to be paid, and no one fails to do justice to the occasion. As to Commencement, Class-day, and the other anniversary exercises, they differ little from the usual observances in all the well-known colleges, rendered so familiar to us through the medium of the press.

In these few pages much has been said of the student's manner of enjoying himself, and little of the unceasing work that makes up the great part of his daily life. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that the former is the exception and the latter the rule. It has for years been the fashion to repeat the old sneer, that a college is a place where men go to play ball,—ignoring the fact that to the collegian athletic sports are virtually the only means of recreation within reach, and that, considering his nightly hours of study, he devotes far less time to them than is spent by his city brother in more questionable forms of amusement. It is gratifying, then, to know that, in the light of facts, this cry is gradually losing its supporters, and now, as never before, is found a due appreciation of a sound body as the receptacle of a sound mind. That Williams has been among the foremost in taking this forward step, is the pride of her loyal sons, and one of the prime causes of her prosperity.

It will be seen from this outline that life at Williams College is neither fast nor furious. This state of things is deplored by some, but it nevertheless subserves the first interests of the college, in that it produces the most favorable conditions for mental growth by reducing to a minimum the usual distractions of early manhood. At the same time, vacation joys have a heightened zest, and at the end of the four years' course Williams men have seldom found time to become weary of the world or habitually bored. The very air seems to have a flavor of earnestness, and experience has taught that those who go forth yearly seldom prove false to the traditions and influence of their *alma mater*.

James R. McDonald (Class of '89).

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES.

THANKSGIVING to the gods !
 Shaken and shivering in the autumn rains,
 With clay feet clinging to the weary sods,
 I wait below the clouds, amid the plains,
 As though I stood in some remote, strange clime,
 Waiting to kneel upon the tomb of time.
 The harvest swaths are gathered in the garth,
 The aftermath is floating in the fields,
 The house-carl bides beside the roaring hearth,
 And clustered cattle batten in the shields.
 Thank ye the gods, O dwellers in the land,
 For home and hearth and ever-giving hand.
 Stretch hands to pray and feed and sleep and die,
 And then be gathered to your kindred gods,
 Low in dank barrows evermore to lie,
 So long as autumn over wood-ways plods,
 Forgetting the green earth as ye forgot
 Its glory in the day when it was born
 To you, on some fair tide in grove and grot,
 As though new-made upon a glimmering morn.

And it shall so be meted unto you
 As ye did mete when all things were to do.
 The wild rains cling around me in the night
 Closer than woman in the sunny days,
 And through these shaken veins a weird delight
 Of loneliness and storm and sodden ways
 And desolation, made most populous,
 Builds up the roof-trees of the gloomy house
 Of grief to hide and help my lonely path,
 A sateless seeker for the aftermath.

Thanksgiving to the gods !
 No hidden grapes are leaning to the sods,
 No purple apple glances through green leaves,
 Nor any fruit or flower is in the rains,
 Nor any corn to garner in long sheaves.
 And hard the toil is on these scanty plains.
 Howbeit I thank the ever-giving ones,
 Who dwell in high Olympus near the stars,
 They have not walked in ever-burning suns,
 Nor has the hard earth hurt their feet with scars.
 Never the soft rains beat them, nor the snow,
 Nor the sharp winds that we marsh-stalkers know.
 In the sad halls of heaven they sleep the sleep,
 Yea, and no morn breaks through their slumber deep.

These things they cast me forth at eventide to bear
 With curving sickle over sod and sand ;
 And no wihl tempest drowns me to despair
 Nor terror fears me in a barren land.
 Perchance somewhere, across the hollow hill,
 Or in the thickets in these dreary meads,
 Great grapes, uncut, are on the limp vine still,
 And waving corn still wears its summer weeds,
 Unseen, ungathered in the earlier tide,
 When larger summer o'er the earth did glide.
 Who knows? Belike from this same sterile path
 My harvest hand, heaped with an aftermath,
 Shall cast the garner forth before their feet,
 Shapely and shaven clean and very sweet.

Thanksgiving to the gods !
 Wet with the falling rain,
 My face and sides are beaten as with rods,
 And soft and sodden is the endless plain.
 How long—how long do I endure in vain ?

Daniel L. Dawson.

THE LESSON OF PRACTICALITY.

ALMOST any experience, correctly recited, of any person, however unimportant, ought to have some interest ; for experience is one of the primary facts of life. This is eminently a writing era, and many persons feel an interest in writing, which is apt to cease after they have adopted it as a profession. One often hears that the inky trade is very pleasant ; but the opinion nearly always comes from laymen. It has, at the outset, its illusions, its allurements, its compensations—other than financial—but these are likely to fade with complete initiation. True, men who have fairly committed themselves to journalism, or authorship, seldom embrace another calling. The reason is that familiarity with ink commonly unfits them for alien pursuits. Their earnings from that may be very small : they might starve at anything else. One is equipped for writing at the expense of every-day practicality. And the longer one writes, the less one is likely to be drilled for the battle of existence.

Many manuscript-makers seem to attach special consequence to their craft : they are fond of talking about it, and glorifying it, as if it were rare, precious, ideal. I am wholly unable to share this prejudice. Manuscript-making is hard, precarious, ill paid : it may be regarded in the main as an unfortunate occupation, and, as such, entitled to some degree of sympathy, but not otherwise. I cannot see wherein it differs, as an employment, from practising law, keeping accounts, or selling groceries, except that these are less unprofitable.

In my early teens, I formed a fancy for contributing to the newspapers: my callow youth might be my plea for bad judgment. I remember the first article—the first I had written—that met my vision in the columns of a journal. It was an essay at criticism on the performance at one of the city theatres of the tragedy of "Ion." It was execrable, of course, though I am bound to say that it did not so impress me at the time. When I recognized it, I was thrilled. I have never since experienced any such intensity of emotion from the same cause. A week or two later, I published some sentimental verses, of the worst possible sort, with but a feeble recurrence of the sensation. Still, I had tasted blood.

From that day, periodically, I used, with the greatest stealth, to drop into the outside box of the newspaper, which had printed my virgin effort, some marvellous product of my unfledged mind. I do not think I was ever detected in the act of slipping a manuscript into the box. I should have been overwhelmed with confusion, if I had been caught; so true is it that modesty is vanity subverted. The editor was ignorant of the authorship of the articles: he did not require the name, concealed by a signature, and nothing would have induced me—those were indeed my salad days—to ask for pay. I got this through the editorial inquiry as to my identity, and through the interest excited by some of my college companions, several of whom I generously took into my confidence. I am amazed now that the stuff I wrote should have been printed. It had all the most flagrant vices of sophomorical composition. Then I never dreamed of writing regularly, or trying to earn money by it, at any future time. It was an amusement, a kind of lark, such as breaking windows, or pulling down sign-boards.

Several years after I had left college—I was graduated at sixteen—I was invited to take the place of a young friend of mine on a daily paper, and my acceptance sealed my doom. I have never since quite cleansed my fingers of ink, though it is a good while since I have liked my trade. Just before the war, when I was connected with the Cincinnati Press, half a dozen of us young fellows were city editors, dramatic critics, and general utility men combined, on different papers there, and had things pretty much our own way. Such extraordinary paragraphs, sketches, and articles as we were wont to print, then, seem wellnigh incredible now. They comprised every form of heresy, expressed in the most stilted, euphuistic language imaginable; for our manuscript was never supervised. We wrote around rather than upon a subject. A vulgar suicide was embellished with supernatural rhetoric, and our private views on the topic, invariably commending the custom, and quoting the ancient stoics in support of it. Fires were described in choicest fustian, and elopements done in maudlin sentiment and extreme cynicism, mingled in equal parts. Murders were treated from within as well as from without. The motives, probable and possible, were conjectured: we acted in advance as judge, jury, temperament, and destiny. The right to take life was exhaustively discussed with every correlative issue. Quotations were given from the philosophers from Plato and Plotinus to Hegel and Emerson. All the poets between Hesiod and Lowell, all the romancers and novelists of every

age and nation, Heliodorus, Cinthio, Mendoza, Calprenède, Balzac, Thackeray, Hawthorne, were laid under contribution. Each occurrence, important or trivial, was magnified, lifted into what we conceived to be epic grandeur.

Our style unconsciously resembled that of John Lilly: we certainly wrote as Walter Scott makes Sir Piercie Shafton talk. We imagined it entirely original, and it was surely bad enough to be. But our sentiments and opinions must have been thought even worse. They were opposed to everything that exists: our scepticism was rampant: we proclaimed against authority, custom, law. We were inimical to marriage on what we believed to be philosophic grounds; but, if marriage had been suddenly abolished, we should, doubtless, have advocated its revival. We were in the condition that Carlyle calls Wertherism, peculiar to very young men who generalize from a few data, and substitute imagination for experience. We were, or fancied we were, unequivocal pessimists: we admired Schopenhauer, because, as we phrased it, he had uttered our thought. We were Bohemians of the Henry Murger school, except that we had a bias in behalf of neat attire and the discharge of debts. Our faith was disbelief; our practice, though we knew it not, was egotism, affectation, and pedantry. We were sentimental cynics, misanthropic idealists.

There never is, and never can be, such intense cynicism as is expressed by healthy, well-to-do youths in their early twenties: the woes they lack they invent; the wrongs they have not suffered, they evolve from their inner consciousness. Cincinnati gained a wide reputation as the city of romantic scribes and transcendental journalists. The example it set became infectious: its sesquipedalian words and bombastic phrases passed, in a measure, into newspaper currency. I am not sure that a good deal of the grandiloquent Greek and Latin English, for which the average reporter has got to be noted, is not derived from that period. How the newspaper proprietors tolerated it, is beyond comprehension. Perhaps they did not read it: if they had read it, they might not have understood it; for it was really a macaronic language. It is not improbable that everybody, save ourselves, regarded the whole thing as a stupendous joke. We thought that we were terribly in earnest; and therein consisted the actual jest. The war came; the euphuistic ravers went into it, in one capacity or another, and that erratic form of journalism ended, never, it is needless to say, to be revived. Newspapers are differently conducted now. If we had had any such influence as we thought, we should have revolutionized society. But our elders graciously gave "the boys" their head. It diverted us, and could do no one harm.

My campaigning as a war correspondent of the *New York Tribune* was wholly in the Southwest. The field was much broader, more varied, more interesting, than in Virginia, where the Army of the Potomac, for the better part of four years, moved mainly between the Potomac and the James. The forces under Grant and his assistants opened the Mississippi from Columbus to the mouth, and restored all the adjacent territory to the Union. The correspondents there were not restricted: they went where they liked; did what they chose, within

reasonable limitations; and they made almost no trouble. They virtually enjoyed the privileges of an independent command. They often performed staff duty: they were amateur soldiers on occasions: they had ample opportunity to determine how it felt to shoot, and to be shot at. Some were killed; others wounded; others captured. They did not escape the casualties of war, though they were entitled to none of its honors. A more thankless, disadvantageous position than was theirs cannot easily be imagined. To put it briefly, they were in the army, and not of it.

One of our drawbacks in the Southwest was, so many wild rumors and false reports were telegraphed from Cairo to the Chicago papers by correspondents stationed there to do the sensational, and retelegraphed thence all over the North, that when our trustworthy letters from the front were published in New York, they were so different as to seem untruthful. Everybody knows how the leading editors in the North arranged the campaigns, and oracularly declared how they should be fought, without any proper understanding of the military situation. Ordinary generals are made by war; great generals are born—in newspaper offices. Half of Grant's success was due to the fact that he could not be affected by journalistic comment or criticism. He determined to conduct his battles in person, instead of intrusting them to editorial captains, hundreds of miles from the scene of action, who could not tell a minié rifle from a Springfield musket. The ignorance of most editors was distressing and irremediable. Hardly any one of them had the remotest idea of the operations around Vicksburg, or of their purpose, for six or eight months previous to its fall. Nevertheless, they tried to hide their lack of knowledge by demanding impossibilities and predicting absurdities.

It was my fortune to be taken prisoner while running the batteries of Vicksburg, our expedition having been totally destroyed, and to be retained, in the face of a regular parole of exchange, nearly two years. The Confederate authorities appeared to think that, if they could hold an insignificant *Tribune* correspondent, they would compel the recognition of Southern independence. During that long and dreary confinement, I had the consolation to reflect that I had not been, in the strict meaning of the term, a non-combatant. Had the war and myself lasted, I should have been in duress yet. Happily, I escaped from Salisbury, North Carolina, the sixth prison I had been in, and by crossing the mountains in midwinter—a distance as travelled, by night, of about four hundred miles—I reached Strawberry Plains, Tennessee. I telegraphed the *Tribune* of my arrival: the next morning it printed my dispatch, with the astounding announcement that “we are not aware whether our correspondent has escaped, or reached our lines by a flag-of-truce boat.”* Could anybody but a New York editor have been in doubt whether a flag-of-truce boat, or any other craft, could cross the Blue

* This was written, a year ago, from memory. Since then, though I have not seen the *Tribune* file, I have reason to believe that the words quoted (I wish to be exact) were substantially used in regard to the late Albert D. Richardson, my friend and fellow-correspondent, who had escaped from Salisbury with me, and arrived at Strawberry Plains a day or two before me.

Ridge and Alleghany Mountains? Navigation is not generally good there, particularly in the dead of winter. When I read that announcement, I blushed for the geographical lore of my native State. The hour before dawn, when I found myself once more under the Stars and Stripes, was exceedingly satisfactory. I owed my freedom neither to the North nor the South, only to my rugged constitution and nimble legs.

War correspondence was often a serious task, being accomplished under many difficulties. After any engagement, whether big or little, the correspondents had the greatest trouble to obtain correct information from the forces that had taken part in it. During the first year, and more, of the conflict, many minor officers of the regular army despised the volunteers, and few took pains to conceal their feeling. They seemed unwilling to give them any credit, and the same injustice prevailed to a certain degree among the volunteer commands. When we inquired, therefore, of a brigade or division as to the part they had taken in battle, they would, if they had participated at all, be likely to appropriate most of the credit to themselves. Then questioning some other brigade or division, they would declare the honors of the day belonged to them, and would deny the truth of the previous report specifically and emphatically. Thus, an Ohio brigade would assume to have done everything, and to have saved an Indiana brigade from being cut to pieces; while an Indiana brigade would make the same assumption for themselves, and disparage the troops of the neighboring State. The same was true of Iowa and Wisconsin, of Michigan and Minnesota troops. Each command had turned the tide of strife, and covered itself with glory, so that there was very little left for the remainder of the army to achieve. The West Pointers had no faith in the volunteers, come from where they might. They not infrequently disputed their courage; and when they did not, they proclaimed their incompetency. War was an art, a science; how could novices be expected to acquire it without study and experience?

Regulars and volunteers corrected in time this vicious habit. With their increase of military knowledge, they became more intelligent and more tolerant: they understood themselves and others better. In truth, the first two years were little else than a series of experiments: they served as a sort of training-school for learning the trade of war.

I often wondered that we correspondents in the field got anything correct. What we were told here, was flatly contradicted there: those who called themselves the heroes of the day were pronounced by others incapables; and so the story continued. We could not be ubiquitous; and yet we learned, after a while, to weigh evidence and to determine probabilities. The facilities for writing were frequently of the worst. Immediately after a battle, everything was in confusion, and accurate intelligence was next to impossible. Our accounts were often prepared on our knees, on boxes of coffins, against the trunks of trees. I thought not seldom that I would rather wield a sword than a pen. With the former, when the fighting was over, one could rest. With the latter, one's hardest work would then begin. Fighting and writing seem to me equally unnatural.

After the fall of Donelson—we correspondents, having neither tents nor provisions there, had nearly frozen and starved—I wrote my description of the siege on one of the transports on the Cumberland that left there for Cairo. The boat, crowded with Confederate officers as prisoners, was like Babel. We started early in the evening; my eyes were exceedingly inflamed from the explosion of a box of cartridges, two or three days before, and I was nearly blind. I toiled until after sunrise at my manuscript by the light of a smoking kerosene lamp, and felt the ordinary delights of composition to be thus enhanced. But I finished my letter, posted it at Cairo, and then attended to my injured eyes.

The longest stretch of labor I have performed was during the war. After our occupation of Memphis, I repeatedly reached there with important intelligence from the front, and would go aboard the steamboat for Cairo to write it up. The boat would leave at 5 P.M., and get to its destination about 11 P.M. the next night. The thirty hours I would spend entirely in writing, except perhaps half an hour in all, bolting some food. I do not speak of the quality of the work,—it could scarcely have been worse,—but refer to it as an example of the protracted industry required at times by military correspondence. I never felt in the least tired after completing my task: I should not be willing to say as much for those who tried to read it. I never wrote any battle-account that was even tolerable. I had hoped after two years to make amends for my delinquency; but the water-batteries at Vicksburg prevented me from probable self-disappointment.

The book (my first) I prepared, after getting out of prison, "Four Years in Secessia," was partially made up of newspaper letters. It was finished in a fortnight, and was what might have been expected from the undue haste. The material, I think, was good; but the treatment was wholly inadequate. I had no idea of making it, and should not have made it, if a Hartford subscription publisher had not urged me into signing a contract, which I then felt bound to execute. I have long been convinced that writing is one of the poorest ways of earning money. But the three thousand dollars received for that volume was a prodigal compensation.

I lectured somewhat on my experience in the field and in prison, at the close of the war, and found it diverting. But even then I had not grown practical. So many more persons "borrowed" money of me, on the ground of having heard my discourses (I felt that they deserved pecuniary reward, if they had really listened to them), than my audiences contained, that I was obliged to relinquish lecturing from decreased income. Lecturing proved, all things considered, more unprofitable than any form of manuscript-making.

Since the war, I have been a general writer, having contributed to nearly every newspaper and periodical in the Republic of good reputation that has anything to pay. I have become altogether practical; money being the sole excuse, to my mind, that any one can offer for wasting ink. Money is an actual test of popular acceptability. Nobody will pay for a thing which he does not find marketable. So long as you can command a price, you can be sure of having readers, though

you may not be able to imagine who they are. Money is a kind of comfort to your self-love. It is the final argument in favor of what is called, in the scribbling guild, availability.

Since arriving at what I regard as mental maturity, my chief inducement to write has been pecuniary. I do not think the reward has been at all equal to the labor—not that I attach any consequence to my manuscripts, but because I believe almost any manuscript worth far more than is paid for it. He who is trained, or trains himself, to write acceptably is obliged to pay a good price for his training. As time is money, in this commercial age, the leisure that one must allow for culture should be regarded as an expense, which it really is. Every man who has acquired the art of writing nice English may justly make large charges to his art. Goethe told Eckermann that every witticism of his had cost him a purse of gold. Generally, the poorest kind of writing, as is notorious, gets the highest reward, and the best kind the smallest. All professional scribes, dependent on their labor, are compelled to do a great deal in which they feel no intellectual interest. It may be, probably is, honest enough; but it is below their standard: they are forced to descend in order to meet their daily wants.

Little as is my natural liking for the ordinary pursuits of my trade, there are themes I might be glad to attempt, if I believed that they would be favorably regarded by publishers. I am entirely aware that I should get no equivalent recompense of a financial character. No man of experience would expect that. Writing into which one puts his best mind, his sincerest heart, never can earn indemnity. But it would not, in all probability, be printed, unless the author should print it himself, which he could ill afford. Very few authors of the non-independent class will undertake what they doubt they can have published. Many of the freshest, most original articles and books, in my opinion, remain in embryo, because the chance of their birth is so slender. Publishers in general are exceedingly conservative—no blame to them therefor—and this is a very conventional country. What seems startling in print is often commonplace in conversation. There has scarcely been a time when the difference between esoteric and exoteric doctrines has been more clearly defined. The world of print is fully a generation behind the world of private speech.

To adopt writing as a trade seems to me a serious mistake for most men. For me it was a stupendous blunder. If I had had the rarest genius, I should not, constituted as I am, have gained any special reputation. I lack enterprise, industry, hopefulness, ambition. I might have thought more about writing; but I should not have done much. Egotism is inseparable from the presentation of experience. I would rather be what I am, and preserve the most modest independence, than possess great gifts, with exalted fame, and yet be incapable of living without incurring debt. Life, thus far, has taught me the absolute need of practicality.

Junius Henri Browne.

ZOBEBIDE, THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

I DON'T pretend to account for it, you know, or to offer any excuses such as inherent madness, or taint in the blood, but I simply say—as I would that I have a lock of gray hair in a bad place on my head and a mole on my neck—that I am irresistibly drawn toward tropical snakes and have a leaning in the direction of fakirs and jugglers. My friend Harcourt is as much drawn the other way, but I swear I had no notion of the probable effect on him the day I drew him into a little cross-street or court, where a number of very fat, well-preserved boas were lolling in the pleasant obscurity of a dark glass case on a pile of semi-white blankets.

Harcourt, something of a dreamer generally, followed me in my searchings after wonders, as amiably as a collie, with only an understanding in a tacit sort of way that I was not to introduce him to women who would fancy it an incumbent benevolence to pull him out and make him talk.

I hardly think he knew where we were until I forcibly plucked him in out of the unrestricted glare of a July day to the gaudily-papered passage-way to the museum.

"Harcourt, I have some lovely specimens to show you,—mottled boas and cobras, and an awfully swell kind of snake-charmer done up in the true Oriental flimsies,—red coif, bracelets of sequins, bare ankles, and all that. The Rajah is a snake you should know. Upon my life, I think he begins to know *me*."

With the best intentions in the world, I gave Harcourt a little push, and he stumbled against the cage with a dull thump on the glass which roused "Rajah," and, rearing his head very sensibly, he gazed straight into our eyes. As pale and limp as a live man could ever become, my friend shrank back and seemed suddenly bereft of his legs. I steadied him up, and really thought on the moment that the ministerial Harcourt had imbibed an extra glass of some spirited American drink. He asked me to take him in the air. He was pitifully weak, and as ghastly as if he had seen his grandmother's ghost in a camera obscura.

The strong, rollicking breeze brought him round, and almost quite himself he led the way to one of the little wayside parks so refreshingly frequent in the large cities of this country.

He laid his hat on the park seat and nervously wiped his forehead, while I tried to entice a pigeon from the gravel without plum-cake, seeming not to notice his strange agitation.

He reverted to the affair uppermost in my mind himself in his painfully straightforward way:

"Don't laugh, Strahan, when I tell you that I am the slave to an all-pervading dominant horror. I cannot look at snakes, although once I really believed that Nature intended to inspire admiration in making a brown-and-green boa. And women of the tropics were once my

adoration, with their brown velvety skins, black eyes, and graceful movements." He shuddered. "Now I can never see the one without being reminded of the other. In fact, I think there has been a sort of sympathy between women and snakes since the conquest of Eve by the Serpent. Both are fascinating. The serpent fastens you with its gaze like a woman; the woman stings you to death like the snake. Let me tell you my story. Perhaps then you may find some excuse for me, and tolerance of something which is not superstition, heaven knows!"

I could not think of anything to say, so I said nothing.

Harcourt, as I have explained, was painfully direct. I do not like verbiage, but I shun a man generally who dives headlong into a thing and drags you with him. Yet I liked Harcourt, as we sometimes do a chap who we fancy has suffered his full measure.

"There are pages in my life, Strahan, which you do not know; but you do know that I was one of Her Majesty's Foot Guards in India, and that I sold my commission on account of fever to De Land, of the Hawkhurst Blues, and left before my time. I was a wild fellow in those days. A few hours before my departure, while returning from a tiger-hunt in which I and my followers were shamefully outwitted, I ran across the tent of a snake-charmer,—a villanously dirty old Hindoo, who with horrible yells and imprecations made the twilight hideous by cudgelling his daughter, as he swore she was, while she asseverated, with lifted arm to 'Allah,' that she was simply his slave. I interfered, of course. We had a free fight, leaving the old fakir *hors de combat*, and I bore off the child Zobeide,—one of the loveliest creatures even then that I had ever seen, and as wild as a hawk.

"It was lucky that I had been fully prepared to quit the country. As it was, the boys of my mess begged me to have nothing to do with Parsee, Hindoo, or Arab women,—to leave this dark-eyed houri behind. Seeing me obdurate, Captain Bellamy said,—

"Do as you will, Harcourt; but you may regret the day you did so foolish a thing. Kindly remember that I warned you.'

"And how often I have!

"But then—it was with a glow of exultation I admitted to myself the entire ownership of anything so untainted and so beautiful as Zobeide. She was as delicious to my senses as a pomegranate-blossom, and was gratitude itself. Poor, starved, unloved little thing! She twined about me like a vine." Again that convulsive shudder.

"You recognize the old routine,—the manner of disposing of such cases? My maiden aunt declared it scandalous, but consented to chaperon my *protégée*. Into her hands I gave Zobeide for a year, stipulating that she be taught all Christian graces. And so I left her to tapestries, French verbs, and the piano.

"I confess I thought very little about her. The only life between me and my estates was severed by the death, while hunting, of my cousin, the young Earl of Favisham, and I was brought to realize my position by my solicitor. I could give my wife a position which would seem desirable in English eyes; I entertained some extravagant notions about the new life at the Hall and the new Lady Favisham whom I would introduce to my people. The most dazzling beauty on the walls

of the old picture-gallery would, I felt, pale beside the charms of the last Lady Harcourt, Countess of Favisham.

"Yet how shall I describe my first meeting with her? I heard her light foot in the corridor, and the rustle of her silken gown. The morning sunshine flooded the room, the odor of roses from their tall green vases for a moment turned me faint. Was it a fancy that the old musty incense of the jungle where the boa lies coiled entered the room with her, emitted by her white garments?"

"She glided toward me, scarcely making a sound, and my senses seemed bound by a spell.

"There were no forbidding airs of *hauteur*. She coiled her arms about me, and slid her dusky cheek along until it lay against mine; yet it was cool!

"I was very nearly overcome when my aunt entered the room, bringing a current of fresh air with her. 'Is she not lovely, your little Indian savage?' pointing to Zobeide, who seemed to drift—not walk—over the floor to the piano, from which she evoked such quaint minor chords that I begged her to come and talk to me instead of playing.

"From that hour my soul passed out of my body to the keeping of this girl. She spoke to me caressingly, soothingly, as a child. When wearied of my cravings for her kisses and caresses, she would shut herself up for hours in her own apartments, or would gallop away over the downs on her black horse Selim, an Arabian I had given her.

"We had married in London one day, and began life in an irresponsible, un-English way, as my aunt had said. But we were always together. If we gave no balls, that was a mere matter of taste. I had once had a passion for such diversions, but it had died in me, as had most passions except for my child-wife. Zobeide seemed to revel in the county ball at first, and to gloat on the homage and admiration she received. But very soon she tired of that sort of thing, and even of her rides with Selim, the great splendid rooms, the library and the picture-gallery, the lakes, the swans, and the elm-shaded avenues, with snowy statues gleaming ghostly in the moonlight.

"She had wearied of the homage of men, and the envious amazement of women awe-struck by her beauty, long ago. She locked herself up more often in her own wing, and always laughingly refused to admit me. I cannot see why I did not marvel at this, but this was no more strange than that I gave up hunting, which had been a passionate fancy of mine before. My aunt had laid her hand on my brow, saying,—

"How changed you are, Henry!"

"Nonsense!" I had replied. "It is you who are altered. Where is Zobeide?"

"Always that question!" she murmured, in a tone of distress.

"Once she pulled me into her own chamber, saying, in a way calculated to startle me,—but it did not,—

"My dear boy, I want to speak to you. I must speak now with you. Why do you allow Lady Favisham to amuse herself daily with a brood of detestable snakes?"

"Does she?" I asked, listlessly. "My good soul, why should I

interfere if the child really does amuse herself? Don't worry about Zobeide, dear: *I don't!*

"No, poor boy! I wish you *did!*"

"Strange! I passed this conversation off as if it had related to the flannels of the rheumatic tenants. Yet ordinarily I should have been paralyzed with horror at the idea of my wife juggling with snakes. It sets my teeth on edge now only to think of it, and it would have made my hair stand on end had I been in my right mind.

"I was insane all that horrible summer when a snake-charmer ruled at Favisham Hall, the seat of a loyal and hot-blooded race, of which I was the last and the least worthy.

"Yet any one who knew Lady Harcourt at that time would not have wondered at her autocracy, I am sure. Even the servants were tinctured with the poisonous atmosphere, and only my aunt, who constantly went abroad, was able to shake off the leaden pall which had settled down upon us at the Hall.

"Suddenly, in obedience to the wishes of my physician, I made ready to run over to my shooting-box in Scotland. I was stubbornly firm about taking my wife with me, although she demurred and even wept when I presented the tour to her. I carried my point, and we were away just ten days.

"Lady Harcourt stipulated that her wing of the Hall was to remain undisturbed during her absence. But she expected fully to be back within a week. My aunt had gone to Rugby.

"I will try to describe our coming home as intelligently as possible.

"I had noticed with wonderful elation that my head was clear and my whole mind more coherent during our absence, as if some terrible influence had been wanting to sway and blacken my life.

"On the contrary, my wife, although so young and lovely, with all the world to fall at her feet, seemed strangely ill at ease during our trip, and grew so nervous nearing home that she actually leaped from the carriage as it drew up before the Hall. She had coiled herself up in it without a word, although I talked incessantly of the rains and the hops.

"Perkins, the butler, gravely met us, saying, 'Dinner waits, my lord,' like a theatrical call-boy. But my wife sprang out and rushed off to her own apartments with her wraps on her arms, humming a little strain of a Hindoo song which she knew made me particularly unhappy.

"I threw myself in a deep chair and broke the seal of two or three letters, running over their contents in the great banquet-room, where the tall wax lights flared in their sconces, trying to be patient until Lady Harcourt came. The flowers wilted in their blue-and-gold vases, the clock ticked on ominously; still Lady Harcourt did not appear. I think a sort of paralysis must have seized me; yet I remember that I felt satisfied that the end had come. I knew by some strange foresight that the curtain had fallen on the tragic little comedy I had played at the old Hall, with the woman who society had declared would one day shock or startle every one. I knew that I should never lift my head again to find her great black eyes glowing from behind the tea-urn. I had not been unhappy with Zobeide, but I question that I was in a

state to know the quality of the happiness she gave me. I had grown to think the thoughts she gave me: that was all.

"I simply told Céleste, my lady's maid, that I would go to her apartments; but Céleste, with the desire probably to save me a detested sight, ran up the polished stairs, her little slippers making a loud noise in the silent house.

"With a shriek Céleste staggered half-way down the stairs, her face like chalk, her eyes wildly staring.

"Oh, monsieur! don't go in, if you value your life!"

"I pushed her aside, and entered Lady Harcourt's boudoir, hung with the pale-green silk curtains she had chosen because it would remind her of the jungle where we first met. The old overpowering indefinable odor met me at the threshold, but I stepped across her tiger-skin rug and felt every vein in my body congealing with horror.

"My wife's little gray silk bonnet and scarf lay on the floor near the sofa where she reclined, her hair, unbound, streaming in disorder over the mossy green carpet. She was quite dead, but had perhaps breathed her last only a moment before I found her.

"On the bosom which had pillowed my head so often lay the head of a monster boa. His loathsome body wrapped tightly about the luckless girl had squeezed her to death. In a fervor of gladness over her return or madness from hunger, he had killed the woman who fondled him when not with me.

"I managed to retain my senses somehow, and left the room, so permeated with poison. Down-stairs once more, I breathed freer than for many days. I leaned out of the window and looked at the old stars which had twinkled through every hour of my miserable mis-spent life. I realized all at once how base and inactive I had become, a dreamer; but was I to blame?

"The old butler kindly led me to my room, begging me to drink of the glass he forced to my lips, saying that all should be done well.

"I drank, and, throwing myself on the bed, I lost my mind in a dreary and dreadful maze which melted into a long sleep. I knew in that sleep that the python had been strangled and the rumor given forth that Lady Harcourt had fallen dead from heart-disease.

"The end of it all came, of course, and I went through it properly, I heard afterwards; but I think my body had acted without soul for once.

"I went to Switzerland,—a place happily free from snakes, where I recovered my old mental poise, and got back to a point where I could reflect upon all that fearful time which had seemed a sort of heaven to me while it lasted,—my strange irresponsible life with Zobeide, a charmer of serpents, a ruler of men!

"Now you know, Strahan, why I do not care to look on such sights. It unnerves me to look on a boa more than to meet a wild beast face to face. Don't laugh."

Laugh! I was never further from it at any moment of my life!

Harcourt's experience only strengthened me in my theory about the sympathy between snakes and—some people. It is always a woman who charms snakes, you know; never a man. I wonder why?

Annie Robertson Noxon.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A WOOD-ENGRAVER.

ONE day during recess instead of going out to play with the other boys I took a piece of chalk and slowly made a drawing of an Oriental head on the blackboard, representing one of Joseph's brethren as he might have looked after the sale of his innocent brother. When the teacher returned and saw the sketch, she was as startled as though the villain had appeared through the blackboard. On being questioned, I confessed, and was reassured when the teacher praised my work, saying that the school would have to get me to make pictures for them.

A school-mate with whom I was intimate had a little book only two inches square, but containing one hundred pages, and on each page was a tiny picture, of animal, bird, boy, or girl. I was seized by an ambition to emulate his success among the boys, but, I fear, more in regard to the number than the quality of the designs. One day the family doctor saw me drawing a bird,—a blackbird, I told him, for it would be black when finished,—and when he said he could not do this himself without tracing on the window-pane, I felt I was quite an artist. The next year at school I made a large landscape, copy of an "Otis;" and when the principal told me it was the best in the class, my head was so turned that I went on sketching-expeditions and thought I exhausted nature for miles around. I was then about twelve years old.

My ideas ran in grooves: sometimes I would have a book full of artistic pig-pens, next queer old stumps, then tumble-down sheds, fences, and so on.

Afterwards I copied from Otis's book various eyes, noses, mouths, and ears. The servant-girl, being asked what they were, replied, "Leetle pigs!"

I was such a strict adherent to nature that I was once found in tears because the wind blew the trees so hard that I could not draw the landscape accurately.

By this time I thought the art-possibilities of western New York were about exhausted, and I longed to do for the city in the same summary manner. To my great joy, my brother, who kept a large engraving establishment in New York, and who had been pleased with some of my drawings, sent for me.

If I was willing to run errands the first year, my brother's partner would consent to give me a dollar and a half a week. These were liberal terms, for most apprentices paid quite a sum the first year. The city was fairy-land to me. How I liked the hot odor of decaying garbage in Fulton Street! Nothing like that in the country. I made frequent tours of the picture-stores, until the clerks all knew me, and appeared to watch me as though I had been employed by some picture-thief. I set myself up for an art critic; but after all these years I have now learned how little I know of art.

After a series of drawing-lessons, I was presented with a sand-bag, eye-glass and standard, and a set of tools. Then I began to cut lines.

They were not intentionally crooked, but my tool persisted in going on lateral excursions. It would slyly work itself away from the preceding line, as if scorning its company forever; then, to my surprise, it would suddenly fetch up with it again on the most intimate relations. But I soon learned its tricks, and, being determined, I would drive it slowly, very slowly, just where I wanted it to go. I was told that no apprentice ever did so well before. I got proud, and longed for the time when I might have fifty tools to keep in rows, like the other men.

Among the men those whom I can recall are Johnson, with large sleepy eyes and slow of movement, like a cow; Jo, who often got money from his father and treated me to pie, and who when he cut off a lady's nose said, presenting his block, "Mr. W., I just grazed that a little;" tall Aleck, who had a big brother in the navy, got shampooed every few days, and swelled over me with odd nautical terms; Hank, known to be a coward, proved so one day, when a fire-cracker was exploded in the stove and he jumped and ran half-way down-stairs; Mr. Mix, the artist, a mild and quiet man, who walked as if on eggs, and carried his head on one side, as though it would be a bold proceeding to hold it straight up; and, to cut the list short, Cal., who was a bright, cheerful little gentleman, as we shall see.

On the first floor was Ryder's hat-store, and above our floor the hatters made and kept stock. Their man Mike flitted up and down between the two stories. I don't know who started it, but one might hear any day, "Mike, Mike, strike a light, in the middle of the night, baby got the colic." This made Mike hate every one on our floor. Near the corner where Cal. sat ran the speaking-tube that called Mike to duty. Through a convenient hole in the tube Cal. soon made the poor man's duties too heavy to be borne. We could hear Mike tearing up and down stairs, grumbling and swearing. At last some one injudiciously called upon Mike to strike a light, etc., when the mystery was stopped, with the hole in the pipe.

I had drawn and engraved a little cut two inches square, but had not taken any proof of it. After an absence of a week I returned to the office one morning, and my brother called me to him. I expected a lecture, as usual, about some trifling matter; but he surprised me by saying, "It's capital!" and he brought out my tiny picture, which in his impatience he had proved for me. He showed me all of its excellent points, none of which I had ever seen for myself, and said, "I haven't a man in the place who could draw and engrave this as well as you have done." He sent proofs of it around to the different engravers, and I soon got sick of the praise, which I thought was too cheap, because I was not conscious of having made any great effort.

I remember one afternoon we young fellows had a game of toss-bag, four of us forming a square and starting four sand-bags on the rounds, making such lively work that in a short time we broke about twenty panes of glass from the four windows in the rear, besides losing a couple of bags that went through the skylight below and set Ryder's book-keeper palpitating.

Hard times came. The firm exploded, and I was landed at a new place in Beekman Street; and although my employer could not give

me anything better than "Ledger" cuts to do, I found him so kind and indulgent that it was a pleasure to work hard for him. I usually worked four or five nights in the week; and often the artist would be so tardy with his designs that it was no uncommon thing to work nearly all night without losing any time in the day. When Mr. Bowbeat put a block in my hands with the words "Must be done Thursday noon," he knew I would hand it to him finished at the hour of twelve on that day. The others thought it very foolish of me to do so much work for so little pay, but I always replied that bigger pay would follow when it was known what I could do. I bore their sneers patiently, and it was not long before Mr. Bowbeat said to me, "John, for all overwork I will pay you double what I am giving the other boys." I have always found that the strictest attention to my employer's interests has been liberally rewarded; and I may as well say here that to balance the previous night-work I was given two afternoons each week for play, and that if I was at all ill—as was often the case from such abuse of my strength—I was kindly sent home to get well. Besides many kindnesses, in my third year of apprenticeship Mr. Bowbeat took me into his office mysteriously one day and seriously made me an offer of partnership, to be consummated before long.

Though an engraving establishment usually seems a very dull place, with its occupants apparently asleep with glasses to their eyes, ours was really more lively than appearances would indicate. Cal., who was transferred about the time I was, was the moving spirit, and, whatever he lacked in artistic advancement, developed in mischief and mechanical inventiveness.

Charles, the office-boy, was principally noted for his rapid growth. Anybody found to be an eighth of an inch shorter than himself was simply going to the dogs fast. Nearly every morning when he came in his first duty was to back up against the wall for measurement, and he always wanted to drag us up in a row, where now and then we solemnly stood while he announced the melancholy fact of a serious shortage in our stature, whence he would draw the most dubious conclusions as to our future. He could not keep the secret to himself that he expected his inclinations towards art would soon send him away ahead of the best in the office. When he had been there a week he said he had imagined it a very difficult business to acquire, but that now he thought it ever so easy. After some years he had not engraved anything fit for publication.

Tom was a worthy young Scotchman. We liked Tom. But he worked nights so much he could scarcely keep awake in the daytime, and sometimes would be found fast asleep, his head on his sand-bag, but his tool in proper position. Whenever his head dropped off with a thump he would suddenly brace up, and, like Bob Cratchit, industriously try to overtake the previous hours. Cal. would annoy Tom, when he had a hurry block, by snoring in imitation of him and whispering, "Wake up, Tom, or you won't get that block done on time." Then Mr. Bowbeat would trot to the little window between the offices, to peep at Tom, who would be smilingly scauping away on his block. Tom was carefully training a pair of promising side-whiskers, for

whose reputation he was very solicitous. One Sunday morning Tom and I went to Plymouth Church. As the sermon was a powerful one, I wondered what induced Tom to indulge his office propensity, but he did go to sleep. Suddenly he started, much as if his head had dropped from his sand-bag, leered at me with blood-shot eyes, leaned over, and, caressing his hirsute pets, said, "I say, John, do you really think these will ever come to anything?"

We had a provoking character in the place, by the name of Swallin, a thin-faced, sallow-skinned, dark eyed, and dark-haired fellow of forty, who ignored everybody, and never returned a greeting, nor answered a business question unless it was in a case of absolute necessity. He worked in the office every evening till the City Hall bell struck nine, and it often happened when he returned from the restaurant at six o'clock to begin the night's work that he would find the younger boys had played some trick on him. The janitor told us he nearly died of cayenne pepper one night. He was troubled with cold feet, and in winter kept them on a soft mat beneath his desk. One cold morning I observed he made very frequent visits to the stove, uttering mysterious words to himself, poking the fire, and keeping his toes at the hottest part. Of course I was expected to enjoy the occasion when told that the mat was soaking wet. Another morning, hearing his steps on the stair, Charles lighted a quantity of vile oil-rags beneath a box under his table. When he sat down we all waited with an exaggerated aspect of innocence. Fine blue threads of effluvia rose almost invisibly to his fastidious nostrils as he patiently applied his tools to an artistic party of Indians tomahawking and scalping beautiful Ledger maidens. We began to tingle with ecstasy when we saw he detected something out of order with his immediate atmosphere. And we were fairly convulsed when he humbled himself to rout out the offence and consign it to the stove. One day Cal. had a little toy resembling a tea-kettle with a peculiar spout, which he rigged up on wire, heating the water within by a wax taper beneath, when the steam rushing out would cause it to spin swiftly. His idea was to add to the mechanism until he had a miniature machine-shop; but one day the arrangement came to a violent termination by an explosion that sent fragments in every direction. It so chanced that the largest piece struck Swallin a stinging blow on the cheek. It was the only time we ever saw him exhibit much vitality. He sprang to his feet, his indolent eyes sparkling with the dark anger behind them, like the tinsel in a sugar cigar, and exclaimed, "Calvin, what the devil *are* you about?" But Cal. was hardly less surprised himself, for his nose had had a narrow escape, as the blood on it showed.

The next morning on coming to the office Swallin found his chair fastened back to back to the chair of another engraver, who would not assist him in divorcing the couple, but cautioned Swallin to be very careful and not joggle him at his work, as he was on a very particular part and it was in a hurry. We never saw Swallin show more patience than he did in cutting and undoing the interminable maze of bonds till he came to the wires, which long resisted, when he began to stamp about and bite his fingers, offering very liberal rewards to learn who had played

the trick. But that was difficult among such an innocent lot. We kept him in a continual state of nervousness, which would have ceased had he offered us one civil word.

Mr. "B.," as he was always called, was a good-hearted, deaf old bachelor, and we liked him very much, in spite of his eccentricities. He worked a few hours a day on the cheapest kind of physiological cuts, and we thought the different portions of the human system must be interchangeable, they looked so much alike. The brains and bowels, the lungs and kidneys, might have swapped offices. But we were sure nobody had anything like them inside, excepting Swalin. In addition to his duties as book-keeper and cashier, Mr. "B." was a professional pipe-smoker, and, laying aside his tool, he would make his room blue with a dense cloud, substantial enough to support all the castles he seemed always building. Suddenly he would be aroused from his reverie by a little old man with scraggy gray hair, crooked nose, distorted mouth, queer legs, and large boots turned up in front like skates, carrying in each hand a two-gallon jug, that seemed to bend his legs. Mr. "B." made and sold Worcestershire sauce, and always kept a supply of some dozens of jugs in his room. The queer old man said, "Morn'n'," and Mr. "B." said, "Fine day." (He always greeted us with "Fine day," no matter what the weather outside.) Then they both made strange noises through their noses, like the snort of a frightened horse. The queer legs skated across the floor, and the crooked mouth said, very loudly, "Hi'll take choo, now, Hi'll take choo," and the little old man would hold up two stubby fingers to indicate the number of gallons. After his wants were supplied he skated off to the various restaurants. But he always came and went in the same manner, and always did and said the same things. It would be wearisome to detail the various expedients we resorted to to lubricate the balance-wheel of tedious labor.

But the war came. I dropped my tool and shouldered a musket. I marched and fought and bled in a way that now might seem all a dream but for a severe wound that cut short my military career at the battle of Antietam. For nine months in the hospitals of Red Springs, Smoketown, and Frederick, in Maryland, I suffered almost beyond endurance from a wound that no surgeon has even to this day encouraged me to think I could much longer survive.

After six months I began to carve ornaments. Propped about with nineteen pillows and pads of all sorts, though I could move only my hands very carefully, there, lying upon my back, I would grit my teeth, while with an old penknife I carved picture-frames of walnut from Antietam, rings and pen-racks of laurel-root from South Mountain, and pipes of the mulberry-tree of Newport News, under which Cornwallis surrendered his Yorktown army.

It was years before I was enabled to set up my engraving apparatus and recommence work. By the half-hour at a time I sought to do a little,—to make a trifling progress in my art. But what could it be, when every pick was pain and every line agony? For more than ten years insomnia induced by suffering turned for me night into day and day into an excruciating bondage. But, whatever of heart-wrung an-

guish or despondency I felt or succumbed to in the loneliness of my own room (when my frequent cry for deliverance was unheeded), no human being, save only a wife of almost superhuman devotion, ever saw me give way or bear my sufferings with less than a fortitude schooled by long and constant trial. But, on the other hand, I was always ready to listen sympathetically to a friend's half-hour toothache or headache. Hours upon hours, weeks, months, and years together, my wife read and re-read over and over again nearly all the long nights through the works of Scott and Dickens, with many others, and under this stimulus I kept at work (my sweet heaven, what a task!), and not only maintained my independence, but could give to help others.

For twenty-four years scarcely a moment have I been free from pain. I fear, however, that this portion of my experience has so little of the artistic about it that it may be regarded as a digression rather than the part most deeply engraven into my life. Some of my best work has been done when my sufferings were most acute.

There has been much controversy over the so-called "new school" of wood-engraving, W. J. Linton taking the lead in opposition. He started with a misunderstanding of the aims of the new school, confounding the erratic experiments of a few of its most promising adherents with the general progress of the main body, and they in turn attributed his gratuitous lectures to envy or other motives. Both were wrong. Linton is an artist with the graver, but he will not do similar justice to any one deviating from his methods, going so far as to deny that some of the new experimenters are wood-engravers at all. His strictures were serviceable in stirring up the art, that the faulty and meretricious might be skimmed off. He advocated pure line, and yet maintained that the proper texture should be preserved. Yet upon looking over his work I find the same kind of line on rocks, trees, clothing, water, and so forth. In consequence of his methods, it is generally believed that when he has finished an engraving it represents himself only: the artist has been cut down and out to the arbitrary requirements of the artistic laws laid down by W. J. L.

The true aim of the new school was as far as possible to reproduce the artist's intention. Mr. Linton would engrave a design in oil, ink, charcoal, or guache with lines of similar character, so that no one would be able to distinguish which of those mediums had been employed. A reproduction should bear sufficient characteristics of the original to show what material the artist had employed to convey his impressions to the public. I belong to no "school," though Mr. Linton has kindly put me before the public as having done "the lowest thing in art" (referring to my fac-simile of Whistler's etching called "Io"), while acknowledging "it is wonderfully like the original." It was only an experiment, but I accomplished what I aimed at, and it stands alone in the world as the perfection of its kind. I have done much similar work, and, whatever others may be able to do, no one in the States or on the continent has done anything of the kind to equal them. I may be pardoned the insertion of one testimonial out of the many I have received from artists at home and abroad. In regard to my fac-simile of Seymour Haden's etching,

"Breaking up of the Old Agamemnon," that artist wrote me, "Your reproduction is a more wonderful performance than the original etching." He was scarcely one day making the etching on the copper, but I was about three weeks putting it on wood.

Any one might tell Mr. Linton that it is hardly worth his while to characterize efforts he could never equal himself as "the lowest things in art," so long as he is guilty of publishing such work as his portraits of "Some French Republicans" in the *Century Magazine*, of which it is charitable to say they are outside the pale of art altogether. As I heard an engraver remark, "I could fasten a block against the wall and throw tools at it in the dark and do better than that." He uses the fewest lines possible, so that much of his work looks coarse and cheap, such as would never be accepted from my hands, though the errors of his tool often show the master-hand, and the critical eye can detect how skilfully he ruins most of his blocks.

I am an advocate of pure line, believing it has great use and power in assisting color, form, technique, and perspective, but I cannot see that any devotee of pure line has the right to seize by the collar as counterfeiter any faculty that inclines to the reproduction of water-color, etching, or charcoal effects. I know the latter is not art *per se*, but they may be combined with very good art for all that. There may be much art talent exhibited in engraving a picture that has originally no artistic merit at all. There may not be much beauty in the eccentricities of a bashful old bachelor trying to win the affections of a smart widow, but an actor might infuse great artistic beauty in the reproduction of such a character. The engraver is a translator, conveying to the public in his own manner a correct interpretation of the original. Why should an engraver give to the public the effect of a wash drawing when the original is pen or charcoal? Let us be honest and give everything after its kind.

My parting words may be that my ambition to possess fifty beautiful tools in rows has vanished, and that all my work is now done with one very homely-looking square tool.

J. H. E. Whitney.

A SUMMER'S RECKONING.

LOOKING back on what to me was dearest
In the year which now is taking flight,
Once again I fancy you are with me
In the splendor of that August night,

With the gray rocks rising up around us
Stretching giant arms on either side,
And the starry silence of the heavens
Sweeping downward to the restless tide.

Would that I had died that happy evening,
 Ere your arms unclasped their strong embrace,—
 Died—before your lips had spoken coldly,
 Or the love had faded from your face!

I can feel you clasp my cloak around me,
 Looking deep into my eyes the while:
 How, when in your heart you meant to leave me,
 Could you look with such a tender smile?

Yet I would not change a single moment
 Of that blessed summer by the sea,
 Not to know my future should be cloudless,
 Not if you were given back to me.

In your eyes the old love might not linger,
 In your heart the old trust might not stir:
 Time, that changes all men, O my darling,
 May have made you other than you were!

So I go alone to face the future,
 Only hoping we may meet at last;
 For my trust is all in what is over,
 And my faith is given to the past.

H. W. F.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THERE is no subject before the public to-day more depressing in all its aspects, or better calculated to excite a contemptuous disbelief in the philanthropic tendencies of the nineteenth century, than that of woman-labor. No one who has read "The Children of Gibeon" or "Prisoners of Poverty" will be likely to rise from the perusal with a feeling of exhilaration, or find therein the slightest encouragement for optimistic views of the future as it looms before the feminine portion of the working-world. And yet the old adage, "the devil is not so black as he is painted," never had greater applicability than to this very matter. We cry out on the selfishness of the age, the sluggishness of Christianity, the inadequacy of all the proposed methods of relief, and stand bewildered, if not confounded, at the depth and extent of the evils which we do not know how to extirpate. To add to our confusion, we eliminate the spirit of enthusiasm and of hope from the discussion, and, thus shorn of our strength, we sit blindly grinding, like Samson at the mills of Gaza. The writer—a worker who has had ample opportunity for observation, and who has experienced in person much of the suffering so bitterly and so pathetically set forth by recent literature—has been "moved," in Quaker parlance, to record one fact hitherto unregarded and, apparently, unnoted. That fact was elicited in the course of constant business relations with the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of American working-

men. The unanimity of testimony, often unconsciously given, was one of its most remarkable features. That such women entered the factory doors at all was, generally speaking, because "he" had fallen upon evil days, low wages, loss of work or of time. Following this statement was almost invariably another, containing the gist of the fact to which allusion has been made,—viz., "He hates so to have me do this work!"—or, "He can't bear the idea that I must help!" And, in truth, this fractious "he" spoiled many a good hand. At the very earliest glimmering for him of a brighter dawn, away went the woman, sure of his summons to share it, and as certain to respond as the wild bird of the forest is quick to fly at the first love-call of its mate. The sneer in a recent novel that a girl "only takes up a trade until some fellow comes along and tells her to lay it down," embodies a truth for which God should be thanked. As yet greed has not yet spoiled her, nor the spirit of chivalry utterly died out of him and his race. The restiveness and discontent so widely manifested by workmen throughout the land must ultimately find their adjustment, if for no other reason than that "upon justice the foundations of the earth are laid." Elevate his condition, give him good work and adequate pay, and he will see to it that his wife or mother keeps the house and his children go to school. This is an effective, because perfectly natural, method of relief for the overstocked market where women and children compete. Pending the settlement of the labor-question for men we have one powerful source of hope for the future, which, in spite of sinister and disheartening croakers, lies in the bent of the age. That it is, in the highest sense, chivalric, surely ought to be unquestionable. In the words of Isaac Taylor, "it is constantly at work, edging away oppression, and moving on towards the perfect triumph which avowedly it meditates,—that of removing from the earth every woe which the inconsideration or the selfishness or the malignancy of man inflicts upon his fellows." C. L. Eckel.

A propos of Federal aid to education and of the remark of one of the Southern Senators that there are already schools enough in his State, I am reminded of a certain little school-teacher in whom I was interested a few years ago. There are teachers and teachers, and I cannot help wondering how many may be found in that Southern State whose equipment is superior to that of Milly Graham.

Half of the winter visitors to Florida know "Aunt Eve," who has been time out of mind a sort of general factotum of one of the best-known resorts. It would never occur to the mind of the most daring hotel proprietor to discharge her. She seems to belong to the soil, by some principle of tenure known only to herself, and, whoever else may come or go, owners, managers, guests, or servants, Aunt Eve stays on, never demeaning herself to take wages, but simply claiming without discussion the right to her store-bill during the summer, and such clothing as she may need. Every year she grows more withered, her black skin more corrugated, her ear perhaps a little less responsive; but she loses neither vigor nor "faculty" nor that keenness of vision upon which she prides herself. "My daddy Injun: my sight keen,—*ke-en*!" is the formula with which she preliminaries her attacks upon heedless chambermaids, "no-'count gals," whom she may have caught tripping in the matter of dust or cobwebs.

It was Aunt Eve's daughter, pretty Milly Graham, whom I sent for one winter "up to Shad's," to be my little maid. Mother and daughter had not met since the bitter time, sixteen years before, when Aunt Eve, gathering together

her little flock of seven children, had started for the Union lines, stimulated by the vague rumor that "we niggers was free." They had suffered pains innumerable, from hunger and exposure, and the poor mother had at last been fain to leave her starving baby with a kind woman in some indeterminate place which she knew only as "up to Shads'," while she struggled on with the other six to "the river" and freedom.

Fortunately, some of the people of the neighborhood knew something more definite about the location of "Shads'," and I was able to gratify the mother's longing heart by sending for her "baby." The girl, when she came, was as unlike as possible to the little, withered, keen-eyed woman who was her mother. Tall and willowy, with clear olive-brown skin, soft wavy hair, large, pathetic, velvety brown eyes, and a voice as rich and soft as velvet, though she had been born a slave she was a lady in every motion, every attitude, every inflection of her voice. Education she had absolutely none. Who "Shads" were I knew nothing, except that they were cattle-graziers on rather a large scale for Florida; but there must have been some well-bred woman among them, for Milly's English was perfectly pure, and, beyond that lingering cadence which is peculiar to the voices of Southern women, there was not the slightest local indication in her speech. But the girl had been taught nothing. She could not read, she could not sew, she could do no household work; except riding bareback after the cattle, she had never done a useful thing, as far as I could learn.

Some things she learned very easily,—to make a bed, to put a room in nice order, to dress hair. This occupation she delighted in, and the soft touch of her taper fingers in one's hair was a real luxury. She was slow in learning to use a needle, and slower still in learning to read; but the greatest of all her trials was the daily walk in which I claimed her companionship. The sighs of the poor little amateur cow-boy as she plodded through the Florida sand were something piteous to hear, and after once seeing her catch a vagrant horse, and, leading him to a stump, spring upon his bare back and canter away, suddenly metamorphosed from her languid softness into a creature all life and fire, it did seem cruel to condemn her to the means of locomotion to which ordinary mortals are limited.

When I came away North in the spring, Milly had barely learned to read. I had never succeeded in awaking in her any desire for information or interest in books: she listened patiently when I read to her or told her stories, her pathetic eyes fixed wistfully on my face, and her bosom heaving with soft sighs of weariness, a gentle light of relief coming over her face when I had done. I was surprised enough when, on returning South in the autumn and asking for Milly, Aunt Eve told me that she was "gone up country for a teachah." She had taken to study during the summer, and, whatever progress she might have made unaided except by the colored preacher, who was, to be sure, a Hampton man, she had managed to get a situation in a public school.

She came home to her mother in the spring, the brief school year having closed. She was not quite as pretty as before; one felt an indescribable sense of loss, as when some beautiful wild creature has been tamed; and yet her eyes were as lustrous, her motions as lithe, her hands as delicate, and the lingering cadence of her voice had not been lost amid the harsh discords of the school-room. It was as much curiosity as any better motive which impelled me to examine into her acquirements. I really could not discover that she knew anything. She could read and perhaps write better for the year's additional practice,

and I suppose she had learned to find some places on the map. How she taught arithmetic must remain a mystery, for she certainly knew nothing of it. Yet I am not sure that her sweet manner, the soft inflections of her gentle voice, and the perfect purity of her English were not of better value to her pupils than anything a normal-school graduate could have taught them.

Milly taught for two or three years, and finally married a handsome, light-colored scamp, who made a business of fascination, and who had no other. Last winter I saw her again, after four years. Her husband had deserted her, and she had gone back to her mother with her child. The little girl in no respect resembles either her loving mother or her handsome ne'er-do-weel father, but has "reverted" to the strongly characteristic ugliness of her half-Indian grandmother. Perhaps it is just as well. I asked Milly why she did not go back to teaching, and she lifted her pathetic eyes—more pathetic now for the worn face in which they are framed—and said, with the soft lingering cadence of old, "I don't guess I know enough. I've forgotten all I used to know, and sometimes I almost think I never did know anything." Poor little Milly!

L. S. H.

If you care to have the views of a practical engineer on the subject of "The Keely Motor Secret," I take pleasure in giving them to you, as follows:

I have seen Mr. Keely's motor in operation, and I am obliged to say as an engineer that in my judgment there is nothing particularly new in the entire subject. It is a reproduction of force by well-known means.

The shrouding of this Keely motor business in words and sentences void of rational meaning in order to surround the simplest facts with an air of mystery has been during the entire life of the undertaking one of the most amusing features of the scheme.

Boscovich's hypothesis of the constitution of matter, which may almost be considered the foundation of analytical mechanics, contains the very essence of the so-called Keely motor.

This motor is clearly nothing more nor less than the generation of an elastic condition of air, gas, or vapor produced by causing the molecules of the gas acted upon to vibrate violently in a containing vessel, and from thence it is allowed to escape in this strained condition in order to produce a development of power in any way that may be thought desirable.

The production of steam is a similar development of power,—viz.:

1. The vibration of water by means of a form of motion known as heat causes it to assume an elastic condition of vapor, and

2. The vibration of air, gas, or vapor by means of a form of motion known as sound causes it to assume an elastic condition.

There is not the slightest difference, scientifically speaking, in the two actions. Similar causes produce similar results.

The etheric vapor or ether, which is so much spoken of as a great discovery by Mr. Keely, was known and acknowledged before he was born. Unquestionably it pervades all space and all substances, and without its presence in space and matter the transmission of heat, light, sound, and electricity cannot be accounted for.

The old law of action and reaction being equal, contrary, and simultaneous is shown in the actual movement of Mr. Keely's motor, and were the law untrue, his machine, as I saw it, would remain perfectly stationary; neither does he produce something out of nothing, as stated by some of those interested with him, for

the very force employed to produce the sound which starts the action of his machine requires the consumption of some description of fuel, either animal, vegetable, or mineral, for its generation, and the resulting action of his engine is dependent upon an original expenditure of power.

Whether Mr. Keely can ever make a machine, upon the principle in question, which will be a practical and economical motor I have the gravest doubts, but it is time that those interested in his schemes should make themselves acquainted with the fundamental laws and facts of accepted physics, and they will then find that what they consider mysteries of inscrutable power are in plain English nothing more nor less than interesting experiments in acoustics and mechanics.

Russell Thayer.

IN reading the note of Robert Waters in which he wonders what there can be in the manufacture of literature to induce so many people in practical America to drudge away at so notoriously an ill-paid profession, it occurs to me that he has left out one not uncommon cause.

Years ago I had a boy friend with a face like an angel, and a poetic soul which I firmly believed would make him famous. (It hasn't yet, although, just out of Harvard as he is, it *has* brought him a call to a two-thousand-dollar-per-annum pastorate.) As a boy I looked up to him, admired him, and mourned that I could do nothing to make the world the better for my having lived in it. My friend wrote poetry which was printed. I saw it myself in type, and in the sight I also saw the first crevice of a rift which would surely grow into a crevasse between us if I did not succeed in struggling to his side. So I tried. With my trial I had still some discretion. I did not send it to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but to a local paper, and "saw myself in print."

Growing bolder, I tried the *Youth's Companion*, which not only accepted but paid for a number of my "poems," of one or two of which I always had a lurking suspicion that they were taken by way of encouragement, because they thought that better things might come by and by. I never saw them in print, at all events. I was not satisfied with that success: it did not reach my aim, for, like my friend, I still dreamed not of fame, but of doing a little good somewhere. Meanwhile, money gave out, physique would not admit of getting more for educational purposes, so my friend went to Harvard and I to business; and as I wondered what there was for me to do besides bread-winning, which was hard enough, I wrote, as an experiment, an article on natural history for boys. To my surprise, I received ten dollars for it. I wrote several more before it occurred to me that here was my field, that whatever good I was to do in the world was to be applied to the young world now in bud. So to that I turned my pen. How much I have done it is not for me to say. The childish letters which my first long serial brought out gave me more pleasure than any success I had yet achieved. It gave me more than the check did, for that was not only small, but the accompanying letter (which reached me when the story had nearly run its course) informed me that I had parted with the copyright, which I had not had the slightest idea of doing. (I believe as a book it was a juvenile success.)

Thus I found my life-work,—not how I could earn the most money or fame, but my "mission," which every man has, whether he regards or disregards it. Thus I work at my commercial desk by day, and at night, once or twice a week when the day's toil has been lightest, I sit down at my type-writer and do what I may towards making life pleasanter for others. And because I

believe that I am not alone in this, but that there are many who are doing the same work according to their strength and opportunities better or worse than I, but always with the same aim,—because of this I have said my say to-day. We are not all of us money-makers, Mr. Waters. Some of us still "have no time to get rich," as Agassiz said. Some of us still believe that there is something higher in life than the pork-market.

My own audience is as small as is their stature. The readers of *Lippincott's* probably never heard of me but once, so I may be pardoned if I use a *nom de plume* below. But, as a last word, let me say again, think better of us, Mr. Waters, think better of us! There are more precious things in the universe than gold and fame.

J. P. T.

BOOK-TALK.

LAST month some harmless heresies were printed in this department on the subject of plagiarism. But the ink had hardly dried on the Reviewer's manuscript ere the Providence which is known to hate heretics sent a swift and cruel retribution,—the messengers chosen to convey the divine wrath being, of all people in the world, the Messrs. Harper Brothers, who have republished in their Franklin Square Series Walter Besant's "The Holy Rose." It will be remembered that the Reviewer showed a genial tolerance towards the actions of Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, and others in rescuing some of the flotsam and jetsam of literature and claiming them as their own, urging that, so far at least as he was concerned, these novelists had simply given him a certain amount of pleasure which might never have been his had he been left unaided to explore the literary ocean. But when a light little ephemeral skiff seeks to claim salvage in one of the Great Easterns of literature, sailing proudly and calmly on to the haven of immortality, the effect is ridiculous and even painful. Every well-educated man is acquainted with Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." To take the plot of that story, altering it in unessential details, but emphasizing its resemblance in essentials by preserving the *locale* and the period, is an offence that cannot be condoned; but, unfortunately, the innocent reader suffers more than the guilty author. It is no defence to urge that the *donnée* was not original with Dickens, that the central idea—a man's profiting by an extraordinary resemblance to a condemned prisoner in whom he was interested to substitute himself in the prisoner's place—had been used in this or that story, poem, or drama before the "Tale of Two Cities." There is no such resemblance between the "Tale of Two Cities" and any literary work that preceded it as there is between "The Holy Rose" and "A Tale of Two Cities." Moreover, when a great genius has pre-empted a story, even if at one time it were common property, it is just as well for succeeding mediocrities to respect his claim. We want no more "Hamlets," no more "Romeo and Juliets," since Shakespeare.

Of course the line must be drawn somewhere. It would not do to say that a great genius must be left in the undisturbed possession of those stock situations which are subject to infinite diversity of treatment. Shakespeare has used,

and used over and over again, the idea of a girl being dressed in male clothing, and has rung the changes upon the love-complications that might thus arise; but none the less this theme has proved an inexhaustible subject for both tears and laughter in the hands of dramatist, poet, and novelist ever since his time. Within our own generation, in the hands of Victor Cherbuliez ("Count Kostia") and Anthony Trollope ("A Ride across Palestine"), the old theme is found to be still full of surprising novelty. Two cases in point are suggested by a little volume, "Tales Before Supper," recently published by Brentanos, New York, which contains a couple of stories translated from the French of Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée by Myndart Verelst and "delayed" by an excellent poem from the pen of Edgar Saltus. The story chosen from Mérimée is "The Venus of Ille." This is a modernization of the old legend of the mediæval knight who on his wedding-day placed the espousal-ring by accident or in bravado upon the forefinger of a statue of Venus, was horrified to find the finger close over the ring, and was pursued to his death by the goddess. Mérimée is not one of the world's great men, like Shakespeare or Dickens; nor is "The Venus of Ille" a portion of universal literature, as "Hamlet" and "A Tale of Two Cities" are. But even if the conditions were altered there is no reason why William Morris should not have taken the old legend and treated it in his own delightful way in "The Earthly Paradise," and certainly no reason why Anstey should not have burlesqued it in his extravaganza of "The Tinted Venus." Story, poem, and burlesque, though they have the same substratum of incident, differ so essentially in treatment as to be independent creations.

"Avatar," that delightful little fantasy by Théophile Gautier, which is the other story that Myndart Verelst has translated, has set some wise people to crying "Stop thief!" at Mr. Edgar Fawcett. "Avatar," it is said, is similar in incident with "Douglas Duane," the eerie and powerful romance which appeared in the April number of this magazine. Mr. Fawcett is quite able to take care of himself, and the Reviewer gladly gives place to a quotation from a letter which the romancer wrote to one of these critics. "No one," says Mr. Fawcett, "who reads Gautier's fanciful, beautiful, but somewhat trivial tale, with its necromantic, mesmeric absurdities, cleverly handled by a master of ingenious quaintness, and then considers the much more serious motive of 'Douglas Duane,' founded upon an imaginative treatment of actual scientific law, can fail to perceive that the two stories bear no intrinsic resemblance to one another. It must, I am certain, be plain to any such unprejudiced observer that in 'Douglas Duane' I endeavored to portray the tragic anguish and guilt of a soul that believed itself possessed of a secret founded upon exact scientific discovery, and not the impossible romantic bugaboo 'business' of Brahministical occultism, about as credible and important to minds of the present century as would be the skull, the hieroglyphs, the crystal ball, and the darkened chamber of Cagliostro. I wrote 'Douglas Duane' with no more idea of imitating Gautier's poetic and pretty work than of imitating 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It has been for some time a theory of mine (whether a tenable one or no I, of course, leave to the sapience of the just and wise critics) that modern romance, if it took any life at all from living conditions of thought, must find stimulus in the extraordinary advancements of nineteenth century science. The romance of Mrs. Radcliffe is no more: the creaking stairway at midnight and the ghastly moonlit face at the old castle window have lost their blood-chilling

power with our present generation. But romance itself is imperishable, and will be so long as the unknowable still sets its threshold of gloom and mystery beyond all formulated natural causes. I don't want to accuse myself of desiring that people should read 'Douglas Duane' in any light but the experimental and precarious one of fantasy; but to read it by the 'red fire' of Gautier's adroit little trifle is wholly a different process."

Leaving aside the question of plagiarism with a consciousness that Mr. Fawcett has got the best of the argument, the student of comparative literature and folk-lore may find much to interest him in tracing the genesis of the idea that has branched out into "Avatar" on the one hand and "Douglas Duane" on the other. That idea is simply the transference of a soul to an alien body. How Mr. Fawcett has treated it is familiar to the reader of *Lippincott's*. Gautier is ingenious, fantastic, humorous. The souls of Count Labinski and Octave de Saville—one the husband, the other the hopeless lover, of the heroine—are made to exchange bodies through the magic arts of Dr. Cherbonneau, invoked by the lover. The lover, of course, is conscious of the change, the husband at first is not. Ingenious complications ensue, the climax of absurdity being reached when the two men fight a duel, each knowing that if he kills the other he kills his own body. But the transformed Octave is in despair at finding that the countess, warned by feminine intuition, has closed her door upon him: he confesses all to Labinski, the duel is dropped, and they repair to Cherbonneau for restoration to their original selves. The wily old doctor causes Labinski's soul to migrate back to the proper body, but transfers his own soul into the youthful body of Octave, first taking the precaution of making the latter Dr. Cherbonneau's legatee. Mr. Fawcett's accusers have discovered a number of stories which turn on this same idea of metempsychosis,—one, "A Life Magnet," by Alvey A. Adey, published in *Putnam's Magazine* in 1870; another, a German novelette, called "Wer?" by the Baroness Ida von Duringsfeld. They might have amplified the list by adding Julian Hawthorne's "Professor Weisheit's Experiment," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for May, 1886, and especially a once famous story, "The Metempsychosis," contributed by Robert McNish to *Blackwood's Magazine* about the same time that "Avatar" appeared in France, and resembling the latter story not only in the double transmigration of souls, but also in the amusing effects gained from a personal encounter between the transformed. The comparative mythologist will find no difficulty in relegating all these stories to the cycle of which "King Robert of Sicily," the monkish legend which Longfellow has versified, and "Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened," of the Arabian Nights, are the best-known examples.

"Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" (Benjamin & Bell), the first essay in fiction of Mr. Edgar Saltus, is the sort of novel which you might expect from the clever expounder of the "Philosophy of Disenchantment," the biographer of Balzac, the admirer of Schopenhauer and of Mérimée. This ghastly study of the quiet, sedate, easy-going, yet vindictive and relentless man of middle age who has taken to himself a young wife on her positive stipulation that the marriage shall be one in name only; who cherishes the hope of winning her over until he finds out that she has a lover, and suspects that the lover has dishonored him; who makes no outward sign, however, until the time arrives when he is enabled to trump up an accusation of cheating at cards which drives the lover to

suicide; who goes quietly home to his wife, and, at the very moment when she owns herself won over to him, coldly reveals his knowledge of her guilty secret, chloroforms her, lets the gas on again after extinguishing it, and locks her chamber door by a burglar's contrivance that turns the key from the outside,—this unpleasant yet powerful novel is imbued with the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, while its art is the art of Balzac and of Mérimée, resembling the latter especially in the cleverness of its epigrams, and in the cold, impassive, cynical manner in which the most startling incidents are related. Not all the readers of this story will like it, but of those who begin it few will be able to lay it down until the last page is reached.

Mr. Baring-Gould's reputation is an anomalous one. He has written a thoughtful, brilliant, but erratic study of "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," which few people have ever heard of; a series of iconoclastic "Lives of the Saints," which few people have ever seen; an excellent survey of "Germany, Past and Present," which few people have ever read. These constitute his real and genuine titles to lasting fame. But he has also published a little volume of no great intrinsic value on "The Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," which has made his name a household word almost wherever the English language is spoken. Of recent years he has turned his attention to fiction, with the result of becoming a popular novelist. His novels are all well written, are hearty and wholesome in tone, and embody a philosophical thought or a salutary moral lesson. But they are rather the product of invention (or perhaps construction would be the better word) than of imagination. The bricks are put together with careful, minute, and accurate workmanship, but the traces of the scaffolding have not been entirely effaced. These traces are evident enough in his latest and in some respects his best novel, "Red Spider" (D. Appleton & Co.). Indeed, in his preface the author confesses that he has taken a little German story which he once read, has altered and twisted it to suit his purpose, and has strung on it sundry pictures of what was beginning to fade half a century ago in his native county of Devon. The odd customs, the quaint sayings, and the weird superstitions which the author has collated add a certain scientific value to the story; the two brothers-in-law are drawn with a keen eye for picturesque eccentricities in human nature; Honor Luxmore is a striking and noble figure, and the whole story has a vigor and vivacity in the telling which never suffer the reader's interest to lag for a moment. "Red Spider" somehow reminds you of George Sand's country stories: it needs only the *abandon* of genius to rival them. But

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!

The little less, and what miles away!

"The Story of a New York House," by H. C. Bunner (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a little masterpiece of its kind. A series of dissolving views illustrating the fortunes of three generations of a Knickerbocker family, which built the house originally as a suburban residence, and, after financial reverses, witnessed its degradation to a squalid tenement-house in the most crowded and noisome part of the city, it is full of a gentle and pathetic grace, with snatches of humor and poetry won from the manners and customs of the olden time, the whole limned with so deft, adroit, and delicate a touch that you scarcely realize the underlying strength until you feel its command over the fountains of tears and of laughter.

In Edgar Fawcett's novels you are sure to find artistic workmanship, careful studies of character, and the nameless charm of style. "The Confessions of Claud" (Ticknor & Co.) is no exception. It is a powerful sketch of the influence of heredity upon character. The hero's father is mastered by an insane jealousy which makes him maltreat his family, and ends in his being hung for his wife's murder. The hero, partly through jealousy and partly through revenge for a series of insults and injuries, murders his unsuccessful rival in love, and just escapes the gallows because the only witness against him, his adopted brother, goes mad at an opportune moment. It will be seen that the story is a grim one. The hero, though well drawn and though he sometimes extorts sympathy in his desperate struggles and strivings with the doom that overhangs him, fails to win the liking of the reader, who rather resents his not being hung. The main reason for hanging is not to punish the victim, certainly not to reform him (except on the same line of reasoning as that which proclaims that the only good Indians is them that's dead), but to remove a dangerous element from society, and especially to prevent the transmission of evil qualities to posterity. Mr. Fawcett seems to feel this when he makes his hero, though he married the heroine after his acquittal, remain childless.

Reading a novel by the author who calls herself "The Duchess" is somewhat like the kissing of which her characters are so fond. It is pleasant while it lasts, and one is always ready to do it again, but somehow one is a little ashamed to be caught in the act. Yet why should one be ashamed of reading a novel by "The Duchess"? To be a popular author, to write books that go to the heart of the masses, even though they gain their popularity by appealing to an ephemeral taste, is not an achievement to be despised. Success in literature requires rarer abilities than success in any other department of human exertion, as the field of competition is so immeasurably wider. A lawyer or a doctor, at the outset of his career, at least, is brought into competition with local talent only. If he prove himself the equal or the superior of Jones and Smith, who may be his next-door neighbors, he plants his foot securely on a comfortable rung of the ladder. But an author from the start has to compete not only with all the professionals of his own country and of other countries which speak the same language, or who are susceptible of translation, but also with the amateurs who occasionally dabble in literature, and not only with the men of the present but in a measure those of the past as well. He is judged by the standards applied to the great masters of all times and countries, and if he fails in the test the critics and more thoughtful readers speak contemptuously of his work as trash. Yet even the failure in literature may be cleverer than his readers or his critics, and the same amount of ability put into some calling with a more restricted field of action might win him a distinguished position in his own locality. And *a fortiori* the successful author, no matter how ephemeral his success, is as one man picked out of many thousands. A sliding scale of merit should be recognized in literature. The author who fails to satisfy the higher intelligence of his age may yet be a purveyor not only of agreeable entertainment to thousands of his fellows, but of instruction also. The progress of civilization is a slow and gradual evolution. At certain stages of development men may be helped immensely by books that may be worse than useless to those who are but one remove above them. A man derives pleasure from a book because it brings him in contact with a higher intelligence, a nimbler wit, a ripper judgment, than his

own. There may be no point of contact between him and the great masters. In that case the latter can have no salutary influence over him. The books that he does relish may in time educate him to the level of appreciating higher things. The Reviewer, for his part, remembers with gratitude a great many works which assisted him in his callow youth and would be *caviare* to his maturer judgment.

Even if the reader finds no great intellectual delight in the novels of "The Duchess," his sociological interest in his fellow-creatures may shed a reflected light upon the printed page in the effort to determine their value to other minds. But at any rate let him beware of looking upon the work of an unusually bright and clever woman as useless rubbish. The author of "Molly Bawn" deserves all the suffrages that she receives, and that is saying much, for they give her an exalted position in popular favor. Her last book, "A Modern Circe" (J. B. Lippincott Company), has less of the wit and dash and artless *abandon* of her earlier works; it has more passion and tragedy, and incidents of an intenser character. Whether it is as good as or better than the others must be determined by individual taste. The Reviewer himself would prefer "Molly Bawn" and "Mrs. Geoffrey."

Two novels that have recently been issued—"As in a Looking-Glass," by F. C. Philips (M. J. Ivers & Co.), and "The Confessions of a Society Man," edited by Blanche Conscience" (Belford, Clarke & Co.)—are a *reductio ad nauseam* of the principles of that school of fiction which demands a realistic fidelity to life. They are both sincere attempts to picture human nature as it is, blinking none of the unclean and unpleasant features: indeed, the realist might plausibly urge that the artists have directed their attention only to the unclean and the unpleasant, and therefore that their picture is incomplete. Nevertheless these two books form a sort of pendant to the fiction that seeks to describe the real and yet leaves out all the uncleanness; and if human nature in its wonted moods is the proper study of the novelist, they fill a needed gap. But many of us believe that the higher aims and aspirations of the present, and not its wonted moods, represent the real life of the future, and that the efforts of the artist should be directed towards bringing the future closer to us. The Ideal, it cannot too often be insisted on, is the higher Real. "We descend in order to meet," says Emerson, and the meeting-ground is what we denominate real life, but with every completed cycle the meeting-ground is higher up and the Ideal comes nearer of attainment. At all events, the spectacle presented by these two books is not a pleasant one. "As in a Looking-Glass" is far the cleverer and more unwholesome of the two. As a picture of the morals and manners of blackguards it is accurate enough in its general effect, but many of the details are highly improbable. Since Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans," the heroine of mature charms has been a stock-character with novelists, but we are hardly prepared to accept a female charmer of nearly thirty-five, who paints and "makes up," yet who fascinates every man that comes within her range. "The Confessions of a Society Man" aims to present the darker undercurrent of that sort of social life which seems only frivolous and foolish on the surface. It lacks imaginative insight. The feigned author is painted as a bold, bad man, the real author somehow conveys to his reader's mind an impression of innocence and inexperience.

Among the other publications which have found their way to the Reviewer's table he might mention two new satirical sketches by the author of "The Auto-

biography of a Prig,"—"The Venerable Bede" and "How to make a Saint in the English Church" (Henry Holt),—which are full of a pleasant, subacid flavor that only occasionally suggests the acrimony of the recent convert; a new issue of a popular manual on "Philadelphia and its Environs" (J. B. Lippincott Company) which has run through a number of editions and is now brought out in an enlarged, improved, and modernized form that makes a practically new book of it; a sufficiently amusing brochure called "Summer Folks" (Globe Printing House, Philadelphia), which Mr. Burr W. McIntosh has written and Mr. Henry McCarter has appropriately illustrated; "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and other Verse," by Margaret J. Preston (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a volume of wholesome, hearty verses, the ballads being especially remarkable for their unusual success in reproducing the good old ballad tone; "Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People," by Mariana Monteiro (A. C. Armstrong & Son), a book which would have been better if the authoress had left the tales to tell themselves, instead of diluting their gold so plentifully with her own tinsel; "Brother against Brother, a Story of the Great Rebellion," by John R. Musick (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.), a badly-conceived, badly-written, badly-printed, and badly-bound novel; "His Star in the East," by Leighton Parks (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a thoughtful and scholarly study in the early Aryan religions; "Society in the Elizabethan Age," by Hubert Hall (J. B. Lippincott Company), a series of essays descriptive of social life during the second half of the sixteenth century, full of quaint interest and possessing a real archaeological value from the new light which the author has succeeded in throwing on persons and things; "Connecticut, a Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy," by Alexander Johnston, and "New York, the Planting and Growth of the Empire State," by Ellis H. Roberts, two additions to the excellent series of "American Commonwealths," which are edited by Horace E. Scudder and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; "The Story of the Three Tetons," by Alice Wellington Rollins (Cassell & Co.), a well-imagined story of travel in the Yellowstone regions, with descriptions of scenery all aglow with fine poetical feeling; "Mistaken Paths," by Herbert G. Dick, and "Thekla," by William Armstrong (J. B. Lippincott Company), two rather commonplace novels; "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," written and published by Karl Kron (University Building, New York), in which that famous bicyclist gives a record of his journeys over the United States, describes the scenery, the condition of the roads, etc., in every locality, and furnishes other details which should make the book invaluable to all who wish to follow in his footsteps—or wheel-tracks, especially as all this mass of information (the author with pardonable pride calls the book "a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopædia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts") has been placed within easy reach of the reader by means of an elaborate system of indexing.

CURRENT NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Daylight*, of Norwich, England, says these pleasant words of *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which a successful edition is now published in England: "I have read with delight that always interesting magazine published by Lippincott. *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a complete story of about one hundred pages, by a well-known author, every month. 'Sinfire,' by Julian Hawthorne, is worthy of the son of one of the greatest literary men of America,—Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is full of distinction, force, and has a poetical thrill about it which haunts the reader like the melody of Schubert's 'Erl King.' 'The Whistling Buoy,' too, struck me as vigorous, breezy, and charming. But I must not forget one of the most delightful stories I ever read, entitled 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth.' It is a work of real genius, full of the priceless gift of humor; it has also touches of pathos and strokes of real dramatic power. It is like the very best work of Thomas Hardy, with some of the breadth of the Elizabethan dramatists. In fact, I know no publication more interesting, varied, and delightful than *Lippincott's Magazine*."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Beware of Imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

THE attack recently made by Swinburne in the *Fortnightly Review* upon Walt Whitman has been a surprise to the admirers of both poets, and a shock to the admirers of Swinburne. It is impossible to reconcile the lyric fervors of Swinburne's earlier apostrophes to the American poet with the coarse and brutal strictures of his prose essay. If the feeling in the latter be genuine, and not assumed for the purpose of attracting attention, the whole episode suggests a curious commentary on the conservatism that attends advancing age. Schiller, who in his lawless youth wrote "The Robbers" and a number of revolutionary lyrics, survived to write "The Fight with the Dragon." The Lake poets, who all began as sympathizers with the French Revolution and with all rebellion against the established order, ended up as respectable, humdrum, God- and king-fearing Englishmen. "I am no more ashamed of having sympathized with the French Revolution than I am of having been a boy," writes the Southey of mature and sober age. Wordsworth's defection to the conservative majority excited Robert Browning to compose his magnificent lyric "The Lost Leader." But Browning himself can hardly be numbered among the radicals and progressionists of the present, either because they have gone beyond him or he has fallen back. In a humorous extravaganza called "P.'s Correspondence," Hawthorne pictures Lord Byron as an old man, fat, gouty, and reconciled to his wife. "Her ladyship's influence, it rejoices me to add, has been productive of the happiest results upon Lord Byron in a religious point of view. He now combines the most rigid tenets of Methodism with the ultra doctrines of the Puseyites, the former being perhaps due to the convictions wrought upon his mind by his noble consort, while the latter are the embroidery and picturesque illumination demanded by his imaginative character. Much of whatever expenditure

his increasing habits of thrift continue to allow him is bestowed in the reparation or beautifying of places of worship; and this nobleman, whose name was once considered a synonyme of the foul fiend, is now all but canonized as a saint in many pulpits of the metropolis and elsewhere. In politics, Lord Byron is an uncompromising conservative, and loses no opportunity, whether in the House of Lords or in private circles, of denouncing and repudiating the mischievous and anarchical notions of his earlier day. *Nor does he fail to visit similar sins in other people with the sincerest vengeance which his somewhat blunted pen is capable of inflicting.* If Mr. Swinburne goes on recanting all his earlier heresies, it may not be very long before this description will apply pretty closely to himself. He began life as a Catholic,—and a tremendous ultramontane, probably, for Mr. Swinburne is always positive, domineering, infallible,—he developed into a fierce and bitter opponent of all established conventions. His article on Whitman is not the first announcement of a change of heart. There have been dim rumors, which no one believed before, that he had “experienced religion” and was becoming devout. Is there any hope, we whisper, that he will give us in time an expurgated edition of his own works? Lord Byron, in Hawthorne’s sketch, is represented as doing this. He favored “P.” with a few specimens of Don Juan in the moralized version. “Whatever is licentious, whatever disrespectful to the sacred mystères of our faith, whatever morbidly melancholic or sullenly sportive, whatever assails settled constitutions of government or systems of society, whatever could wound the sensibility of any mortal, except a pagan, a republican, or a dissenter, has been unrelentingly blotted out, and its place supplied by unexceptionable verses in his lordship’s later style.” Imagine such an expurgated version of “*Laus Veneris*,” “*Dolores*,” “*Faustine*,” and so on.

HORSFORD’S ACID PHOSPHATE.—In Gastritis and Nervousness.—Dr. W. J. Harris, Resident Physician, Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri, says, “It has achieved great results in several chronic cases of gastritis, and afforded great relief to very many cases of extreme nervousness resulting from debility of the digestive organs.”

A NOVELETTE by Amélie Rives, entitled “The Man of the Golden Fillet,” the scene of which is laid in classic Athens, will appear in the November number of *Lippincott’s*.

HORSFORD’S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Hundreds of Bottles Prescribed.—Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Illinois, says, “I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in *all forms of nervous disease* which are accompanied by loss of power.”

A CURIOUS and entertaining article by Professor John Johnson, Jr., of McDonogh Institute, will be contributed to *Lippincott’s* for November, entitled “The Schoolboy as a Microcosm,” in which the customs and morals and economic principles of the average school-boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized and savage periods of the human race.

HORSFORD’S ACID PHOSPHATE.—In Nervous Headache, Fever, and Impotence.—Dr. A. S. Kirkpatrick, Van Wert, Ohio, says, “I have used it with the most brilliant success in chronic nervous headaches, hectic fever with profuse night-sweats, impotence, nervousness, etc.”

THE



TERRA-COTTA BUST.

BY

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEPTUNE VASE," "THE CATSKILL FAIRIES," "THE HOUSE
OF THE MUSICIAN," ETC.

"Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him."

GEORGE ELIOT.

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